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A JOURNEY  
ACROSS  
THE DESERT.

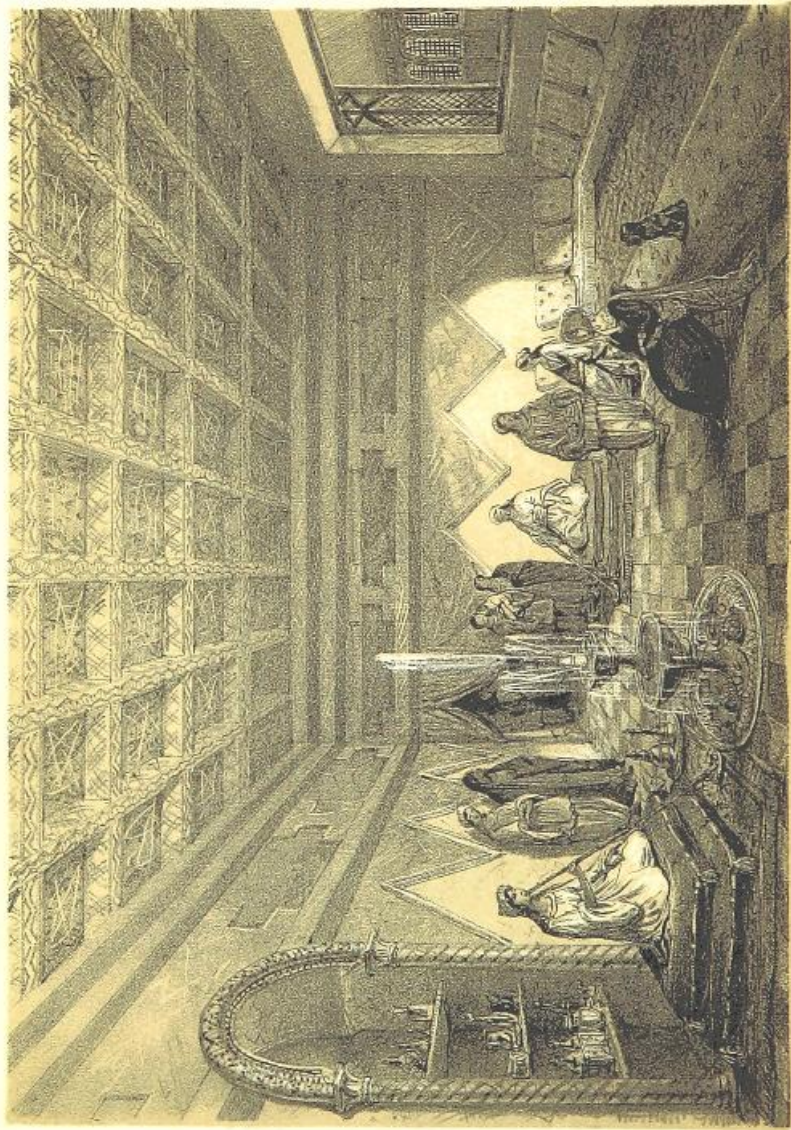
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VOL. I.

LONDON:

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LEICESTER SQUARE.





A JOURNEY,  
ACROSS  
THE DESERT,

FROM  
CEYLON TO MARSEILLES:

COMPRISING SKETCHES OF  
ADEN, THE RED SEA, LOWER EGYPT,  
MALTA, SICILY, AND ITALY.

BY  
MAJOR AND MRS. GEORGE DARBY GRIFFITH.

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IN TWO VOLUMES.

VOL. I.

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LONDON:  
HENRY COLBURN, PUBLISHER,  
GREAT MARLBOROUGH STREET.

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1845.



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## PREFACE.

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IN making the Overland Passage from India, I repeatedly and inconveniently felt the want of some work that might serve at once as a guide and companion in pointing out and examining the many features of novelty and attraction connected with that highly interesting route. This feeling has been my chief inducement for venturing on the publication of a journal made under circumstances which were not in themselves favourable to such an intention. Nor do I for a moment suppose that so desultory and unpremeditated a record of the scenes and incidents in question will answer all the purposes which should be aimed at in a work of the nature to which I have alluded. Still, in the absence of any such

work, it may be not without utility, and will, I trust, be received with reasonable indulgence by the reader.

On the other hand, I venture to hope that these volumes will be found to contain many details which the circumstances of an ordinary overland passage would not have called forth. The account of our recently acquired military Colony of Aden, for instance, could scarcely have been given in the absence of those facilities afforded to us by our kind hosts, Dr. and Mrs. Malcolmson. In like manner, the unusual stay that we made in Egypt, and also in Malta, and our letters of introduction to influential persons in both those countries, enabled us to visit scenes not usually open to the mere passing traveller, the descriptions of which I have not hitherto seen in print: while the outline I have given of the coasts of Sicily and Italy, described at a time of year when they are inexpressibly lovely, and when, owing to the great heat of summer, comparatively few English visit them, will, I trust, prove interesting to the reader.

With regard to the orthography of those Arabic

words it has been necessary to employ, I have adopted that pursued by Mr. Lane in his work upon "Modern Egypt."

I may further observe that the whole of the illustrations to these volumes are taken from drawings made by my husband at the actual moment, and on the spot to which they relate. Among them will be found representations of some objects which form new features in the Desert route.

I cannot conclude these prefatory remarks without offering our best thanks to our sincere friend the Rev. I. Wenham, the highly esteemed Government chaplain of Pointe de Galle, and to his most amiable family, for those acts of kindness so much in accordance with the Christian charity they habitually exercised, and which smoothed the otherwise almost insurmountable difficulties of our sudden departure from Ceylon.

LUCINDA DARBY GRIFFITH.

*London, October 1844.*



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Page	4, line	20, <i>for</i> dearest, <i>read</i> old.
—	8, —	6, <i>for</i> leaves, <i>read</i> houses.
—	16, —	2, <i>for</i> exquisite sentimental, <i>read</i> exceedingly effective.
—	23, —	7, <i>for</i> laborious, <i>read</i> labourers.
—	56, —	19, <i>for</i> furious, <i>read</i> ferocious.
—	58, —	15, <i>for</i> brooks, <i>read</i> banks.
—	58, —	16, <i>for</i> any, <i>read</i> every.
—	63, —	12, <i>for</i> or, <i>read</i> and.
—	76, —	9, <i>for</i> violets, <i>read</i> violet.
—	154, —	19, <i>for</i> us, <i>read</i> we.
—	206, —	5 & 6, <i>for</i> with great, <i>read</i> with the great.
—	286, —	19, <i>for</i> door, <i>read</i> doorway.

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—	56, —	22, <i>for</i> pedestal, <i>read</i> capital.
—	70, —	4, <i>for</i> forming, <i>read</i> facing.
—	78, —	24, <i>for</i> Syria, <i>read</i> Syra.



## CHAPTER I.

Pointe de Galle—Arrival of India Steamer—Leave-taking — Sorrowful Thoughts — Landing again — View from Harbour—Dirty Ship—At Sea—Cockroaches—Rats—Captain's Table—Maldivé Islands — Stormy Weather — Dinner Scenes — Bulkhead — Porpoises, Dolphins — Storm — Coast of Africa — Cape Guardafui—Curious Appearance of the Sea—At Anchor—Back Bay of Aden—The Point—The opposite Coast of Arabia—Arabia Felix—Isthmus—Fort — Evening Row — The Charger — Zanzibar Coolies—Oyster Island—Species of Caper—Hotel — Singular Stone—Arabs—Dyeing Hair red—Row in Gig — Numbers of Fish — Landing — Scene of Desolation — Turkish Wall — Stroll — Plants — Insects—Butterflies—Bouquet—Beautiful Flowers—Scramble up the Rocks—Curious Bees—Rencontre of Arabs—Fright—Sailor Friend—Camels—Water Donkeys—French Friends—Benighted—Evening Scene — Escape — Tonjon—Invitation—Moonlight Row—Horrors of Coaling.





# J O U R N E Y,

&c.

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## CHAPTER I.

*MAY 20th.*—This morning the India steamer, on her way from Calcutta to Suez, came in sight of Galle. She had been some time expected, and the idea of my return to Europe by her had been often canvassed between my husband and myself; but we had always decided that I could not undertake so long a journey without his protection, and I could not bear the idea of his making such a sacrifice as leaving Ceylon so soon. However, the last week my health had declined so much, that he sent up an express

to Colombo to ask for leave to return home by the India. This was yesterday refused him ; and this morning, as soon as the India sighted Galle, he despatched another to send in his papers for half-pay. Immediately we were all hurry and bustle ; our quiet, peaceful home was transformed into a labyrinth of confusion.

We were told the India was to sail either to-night or to-morrow morning. My kind friends the Miss Wenhams, daughters of the chaplain of Galle, came over to help me to pack up. The few things that were necessary for our overland journey were heaped together, and every thing else was left either to be sent after us, or to fall a prey to the auctioneer's hammer. How sad it is to have to abandon all one's own familiar things, which happy or afflicting circumstances have rendered so many dearest friends ! I wished in my heart that the leave might arrive too late.

*April 21st.*—The permission to quit the island arrived ; the cabin was taken, the passage-money paid, all our things were sent

pell-mell to Mr. Wenham's, his daughters having kindly offered to pack them and send them afterwards. It was Sunday, and what a Sunday! How inappropriately spent! Little did I think this day week, when I went to the quiet church, from which illness had absented me a long time, and took the sacrament there—little did I think it was for the last time, and that in so short a space of time I should be bidding adieu to this fair land, which, although it has been the cradle of so much suffering and affliction to me, has yet been the scene of much of our domestic happiness and many innocent joys. Here we had only to live for each other, and could bid defiance to the world and all its annoyances.

In the morning many of our acquaintances came to say farewell. It is a painful effort to exchange the conventional phrases of society, when one's heart and mind are pre-occupied with sorrowful and all-important reflections! We dined with our friends the Wenhams, and I cannot describe the lingering regret I felt at leaving our own short,

happy home, every plant and flower of which appeared as so many friends. We had scarcely finished dinner when we were told the signal of departure was given: we hurried into the carriage, and once more stopped before the dear old house, to wish Mrs. Cripps good bye, who was standing in the verandah. At length we reached the little pier. O how I regretted the dear quiet fort! The very sentry at the old gateway, and the guard who turned out and presented arms to my husband for the last time, acquired an interest in my mind.

At length, we reached the ugly black steamer, smoking at anchor in the harbour. Every thing was in the greatest confusion, and covered with coal-dust; I went down into the saloon, and viewed my cabin, which, although fitted up in the most costly manner, and one of the best of the ship, appeared like a large box. After being on board about an hour, we heard she was not to sail till the next morning. I could not resist the desire of spending another night on shore; we therefore sent to ask Mr. Wen-

ham to send his carriage to the pier, and receive us for the night. It was a dark, wet evening, but just as we entered the town it cleared up, and as we went up the commandant's hill I saw our house at the top, with all our servants on the steps, as they used to await my return from my evening drive.

We spent a sleepless night, and at four o'clock in the morning we took an affectionate leave of our friends, who so much smoothed the difficulties of our departure, and re-embarked. I sat on the deck above an hour before we weighed anchor, and took a lingering look at the beautiful though familiar scene. The view from the harbour at Galle is certainly lovely: the entrance being narrow, the panorama is uninterrupted. To the right is the picturesque fort, with its old walls and fortifications jutting far into the sea; at the extreme point is the flag-staff, and beyond it are several rocky islands, upon one of which is a single cocoa-nut tree, which adds much to the effect. In the centre of the town, and rising above every



surrounding object, are the two gable-ends of the old church, built by the Dutch, and from the harbour it appears shaded by a large tulip-tree which grows in our garden. The whole place is shaded by trees, which appear as numerous as the leaves, and make it look from sea like fairy-land. Farther on is the quay, where multitudes of canoes are moored, which have an exceedingly picturesque appearance.

On the left of the bay is a lofty headland, clothed to the summit with trees and the most luxuriant vegetation, of the richest and most varied colours. Two lovely islands are in the same direction, partaking of the features of the main land; but the prettiest part of the whole is the back of the harbour: here is the Galle Face or esplanade, and at the back three verdant hills, clothed to the summit with cocoa-nut trees; at the top of one is the pretty little Catholic chapel, peeping its white face through the trees. At the foot of these, and close to the harbour, is the native town and bridge, all of white, and shaded by numerous trees.

At six o'clock, we weighed anchor, but it was many hours before we lost sight of the shores of Ceylon. I remained on a couch all day on deck.

For the first few days I was very sea-sick, and spent the whole day on deck. I never saw any thing like the dirt of the ship; the coal-dust penetrates into every thing; it is in vain to sigh for even a clean face and hands, for they are unattainable. This is owing, in a great measure, to mismanagement. The India, although built in the most costly way, is very ill-adapted for the service upon which she is engaged: her upper deck is far too large for her size and power; the consequence is she is extremely unwieldy, and inadequate to face the south-west monsoon, which is at present prevalent and right in her teeth. She has no poop; therefore the walk on the deck is delightfully long and uninterrupted. The saloon, which is down-stairs, is profusely ornamented with gilding, cornices, and mirrors; the couches and tables are richly veneered, and the furniture is of morocco leather. But all these

heavy ornaments entirely exclude the air, both from the saloon itself and the cabins ranged on each side of it. Had they been all venetians, the ventilation would have been perfect ; whereas now, although punkas are constantly going, we can scarcely breathe. And the heat of the cabins is not to be described ; ours is suffocating : we have two stern windows, but they are of little use, as, the wind being constantly ahead of us, we can get none ; and where there ought to be a side-port is a large looking-glass, which only reflects one's dirt and discomfort.

But I could endure all this, were it not for the swarms of cockroaches that infest us ; they almost drive me out of my senses. The other day sixty were killed in our cabin, and we might have killed as many more ; they are very large, about two inches and a half long, and run about my pillows and sheets in the most disgusting manner. In order to guard myself against them, I am obliged to sleep with a great muslin veil over my face, which adds not a little to the heat and suffocation. Rats are also very numerous. One



night Mr. Welby Jackson, one of the passengers, was asleep on the cuddy table, and was woke up by a huge monster running down one of the punka ropes into his shirt, and it was a long time before he could dispossess himself of his unwelcome visitor. The captain keeps a very good table, and has an excellent cook.

On the fourth day from Galle we came in sight of the most northerly group of the Maldivé Islands. We were within two or three miles of many of them, and I suppose we sighted about twenty of them altogether. These islands are supposed to be entirely of coral formation, rising up straight from the bottom of the ocean; within two or three yards from the shore the sea is unfathomable. As far as we could see they appeared all flat land; one or two, however, had some trifling eminences. They were covered with cocoa-nut or some kind of palm trees, and gave the idea of so many forests growing out of the sea. We could perceive no traces of habitation; not a hut or even a boat was to be seen; but I believe they are all peopled, and the largest is said to contain 150 in-

habitants. I was particularly interested at the sight of these islands, as it brought to my mind the Maldivian ambassador that came to Galle when we were there. Several boobies hovered round the ship.

The next two or three days the wind blew so strong against us that great fears were entertained of our making the passage, as Captain Stavers wished to go in a direct line to Aden, which has always been impracticable during this monsoon. Every one prophesied that our coals would fail, and we should have to beat back to Bombay. At length the captain consented to follow the advice of Captain Ingledue, commander of the Great Liverpool, who is a passenger, and is returning after making a survey of the Indian Seas for the Oriental Steam Company's service. It was always his opinion that we ought first to go south, and that within two or three degrees from the line we should meet light and variable winds, which would blow us to the north-west. His opinion proved correct: we steamed till within two degrees of the line, and then met

with a south wind ; the steam was stopped, the floats were taken off, and we sailed for three days. The weather was dreadfully rough and stormy, and the vessel was so crank she seemed as if she would tip over every moment.

The breakfast and dinner scenes at this time were most amusing ; I saw them in perfection, as, being the only lady except one on board, who never left her cabin, I dined at a side-table by preference. The *India* was certainly not built for rough weather ; there is not a swing-table in the ship : the consequence was that bottles of wine were flying in every direction ; geese, turkeys, and curry, were precipitated into the laps of the unfortunate people on the lee side, while those on the weather side were thrown forward with their faces in their plates. There are four French passengers on board, and every bottle of wine they were inundated with they considered an insult from the opposite party, and many were the ludicrous and angry complaints they made to the captain after dinner.

But the captain himself was the best joke of all. He is an immensely fat, punchy man, resembling a huge ball, great fat red cheeks, which almost conceal his eyes, and a small turn-up nose. He, of course, is always seated at the head of the table, and I suppose considered it beneath his dignity to have his chair tied. Several times during dinner he made a terrible lurch on one side, and was only kept in his place by the exertions of his servant; at length, in an unwary moment, the vessel gave a tremendous roll, the chair turned round with its burden, and glided off to the bulkhead, where there was a tremendous concussion. Every body was in roars of laughter: it was the most ludicrous sight I ever saw.

During this rough weather numerous porpoises were always playing near the ship; several whales were also seen, and shoals of magnificent dolphins filled every wave; these fish are of the most splendid pea-green and azure colour; they are from three to four feet long.

On the third night of our sailing, the wind



became stronger, and the swell from the south greater than ever. We pitched about in the most dreadful way; and, during the night, two sails were carried away and the fore-topmast. This completely stopped us, until the next morning, when they got up the steam again; we steered north-west, and at length made our passage between the coasts of the island of Socotra and Africa; we were some time in sight of the latter, it is low near the sea, but high mountains are to be seen farther inland. In the morning of the 9th of June we doubled Cape Guardafui, and were immediately in smooth water, running up between the coasts of Arabia and Africa. Although we were forty miles from the nearest land, numerous butterflies, dragon-flies, and moths, were constantly alighting on the ship. The weather became intensely hot, the sun darting down its rays with a force I never felt in Ceylon. We are now sure of our passage to Aden, which had hitherto appeared doubtful. Mr. Welby Jackson (of the Bengal civil service) has a most delightful talent

for drawing, and has beguiled the tedium of the voyage by some exquisite sentimental sketches.

*June 11th.*—In the middle of the day the sea assumed a dirty orange colour, accompanied with a most disagreeable effluvium; buckets were lowered, and the water was found to be filled with minute animalculæ: through the microscope they appeared like white caterpillars with black spots, armed with minute pincers. We traversed this living sea for fifteen miles.

*June 12th.*—Before sunset last night we sighted land, and until daybreak we hove-to off the entrance of the harbour of Aden. As soon as it was light we passed the narrow mouth between the peninsula of Aden and the main land of Arabia, and anchored in the back harbour. I know not how to describe the scene that presented itself to our view. It is completely different from any thing I ever saw, or imagined—huge mountains and rocks rising in every direction, and of the most grotesque shapes; but the most striking thing of all is, that there

is not the smallest particle of vegetation to relieve the eye from these huge cinders, for they are literally nothing else, which reflect the sun threefold.

The whole place is supposed to be of volcanic formation, and it certainly gives the idea of the mouth of a crater. Notwithstanding the disadvantages of the glare and heat, it is remarkably picturesque, and affords a wide field for the pencil; the rocks are of the most varied colours, and of the most grotesque shapes.

From the spot where we are at anchor the view is splendid. Immediately in front are two magnificent cliffs, and a narrow valley between them affords a sight of the two highest mountains on the peninsula, which, in the early morning, are of a cobalt colour. On the top of one are two ruined towers, scarcely distinguishable from hence with the naked eye. In the foreground of one of the two cliffs is a rock, having the exact appearance of a gigantic coal; it seems, indeed, to form a part of the stacks of coal which are laid up in store at its base: in

front is a sandy beach, covered with loose pieces of rock.

To the right is a point of high land jutting out into the bay : upon it are numerous bungalows, belonging to the principal inhabitants of Aden, and are so many country seats ; in fact, it is the sanatorium of the place. I have not been up there yet, but it is said that they enjoy a fine sea-breeze, although the houses look perched in the eye of the sun. The town of Aden is in a valley on the other side of the mountains we see from hence ; the bay in front of it is too shallow to admit of the approach of any but the smallest craft. Opposite the point, and divided by the entrance to the harbour, is a lofty range of pointed mountains, very picturesque in their appearance. They belong to the main land, which runs away from them in a low sandy plain, forming the opposite boundary to the bay. In a clear day, lofty ranges of mountains are visible : they are about two hundred miles in the interior, and in one of the most temperate and luxuriant climates in the world, the soil abun-



dantly fertile, and the scenery equal to that of Switzerland. The thermometer there is seldom above  $72^{\circ}$ , while in the sandy plains, immediately adjoining, it is sometimes  $140^{\circ}$ . I received this account from Mr. Crettendon, the assistant political agent here, who has travelled much in the country.

To look at the coast from this spot, nothing but a sandy desert presents itself. The peninsula is joined to the main land (which is Arabia Felix) by a narrow sandy isthmus, nearly level with the ocean; it is only 14,000 feet wide. There are three rocky islands in the bay, one of which, commanding the isthmus, is fortified; last year it was taken by the Arabs for two or three hours: they are constantly making attacks upon the English, to whom they are very inimical.

We were disturbed during the whole day by the yells of the Arabs who were bringing the coal on board. They look like demons more than human beings, and will never work without making these terrible vociferations; of course, we were in a cloud of coal-dust, and it was impossible to keep either one's self or

any thing else clean for a moment. We had brought a letter to Mr. Crettendon, from Mr. Wenham, at Galle. He came to us immediately, and promised to endeavour to procure a bungalow for me on the point. However, he failed in his endeavours, and I was obliged to content myself with the ship. In the evening, he came to take us for a row in his boat.

I was anxious to taste the oysters, which they say are very fine; so it was agreed we should go to the rock where they are found, and taste them there. Accordingly, we first called at the ship charger for hammers to break the shells off, and pepper and vinegar, &c. The charger is the hull of the steamer *Semiramis*, formerly "the *City of Waterford*." She ran aground some time ago, and was so much injured that they took her engines out, and the Bombay Government established her here as a *dépôt* of coals for their steamers, which run monthly with the mail between Bombay and Suez. They are placed alongside of her, and the coals are transhipped in a very short time.

The coolies employed on this service come from the coast of Zanzibar, and, in addition to their yells, perform a kind of dance all the time they are at work. They never cease, night or day, until they have finished their task, and the fatigue is so great, that it was calculated that one man died for every 100 ton of coals ; but this has not been the case the last six months, as they have been made to drink grog. The charger is manned and officered complete by the Bombay navy. Near her we passed two gun-boats, which are kept in constant employment scouring the bay, as none of the Arabs are allowed boats, and if any thing like one is found in the bay it is destroyed immediately.

The island where we found the oysters is nothing more than a block of lava. The shells were sticking all over the low rocks in masses : they are small and delicate. The boatmen jumped out into the water and knocked them off, opened them, and we ate them in the boat. We found several shells, which I brought away ; also a large kind of weed, a species of caper, which grows in

patches on all the Aden rocks ; it has a large woody stem and thick leaves, and its seed-pod is shaped like the fig. They tell me it is so acrid that no animal will eat it, not even the camel. As we turned a point of rock we came in sight of a building which is erecting for an hotel, to accommodate the passengers by the steamers, which will be a great convenience, as it is so dreadful to remain on board while they are loading with coal. A road from the point follows the winding of the beach for nearly five miles, when it strikes across a pass in the mountains to Aden. Camels and donkeys are constantly passing to and fro ; the latter are excellent, and trot and gallop along at a great pace. Many of the inhabitants also have very good Arab horses.

Near one of the distant points of rock we visited a very singular stone : it is a conical lump, of about a dozen yards in circumference, mounted upon a stalk of two feet high and about six inches round. Mr. Cretendon says he remembers it seven years ago—it looks like a great cabbage. We saw



the isthmus very plain, and the sea beyond it; the water is so very shallow from thence to the town, that the enemy, under the cover of darkness, have often waded round and attacked it.

The Arabs on the coast are divided into two classes: the laborious, or cultivators of the soil, and the warriors. It is the latter who are so jealous of our possessions; the former, on the contrary, are very friendly, and are the servants of the place. They have a curious custom of dyeing their hair red, with lime, which they consider a great beauty. But I must say, that a creature as black as a coal, surmounted by a mop of red wool, has any thing but a captivating appearance.

We had a delightful row back to the ship: the sea was as smooth as glass, and reflected on its surface the graceful form of a Bombay man-of-war frigate, now at anchor in the bay; also the Berenice steamer, belonging to the same company.

*June 13th.*—Immediately after dinner, we accompanied the captain in his gig, which

was to take us to the mountain pass, from whence the gentlemen had settled to start for Aden. The whole bay seemed alive with fish, although this is not the time of the year when they are most abundant. Many of them jump twelve feet out of the water; the colours of some of them are magnificent, and they are most of them excellent for the table. I believe a great many sword-fish and guard-fish are found here.

We landed directly opposite the pass; and it was the most ludicrous sight imaginable to see two riders on one camel, the captain in front and my husband behind. Neither of them had been on a camel before, and they were, therefore, quite unprepared when the creature, after having lain down for them to mount, began gradually to rise; first, erecting his front legs, which nearly flung them backwards, and then, while they were clinging on with all their might by his neck, as suddenly raising his hind legs, and precipitating them forcibly forward in the other direction, nearly over his head. I believe nothing could have saved them from at least two

severe somersets, had not Lieut. Crettendon and a party of gentlemen, who were taking their morning ride, arrived on the scene of action at the moment they were preparing to mount, and gave them a timely warning to sit firm.

Once safely mounted, they set forward at a brisk trot, leaving their companions, who were more humbly equipped on a couple of stout donkeys, far in the rear. The jolting they experienced must have been of service after the sea voyage, for it was of no trifling description, as every one well knows who has seen a camel trot. G—— being behind acted as steersman over the head of his companion ; altogether, it was a most ridiculous turn-out.

I watched them winding up the steep ascent which leads to the pass, until they were out of sight, and I felt quite discontented at not being able to accompany them ; but I was too weak to ride, and donkeys and camels are the only conveyances to be hired in this Anglo-Arabian colony. Even these were not to be procured six months ago, and

strangers arriving by steam were obliged to remain where they were, or perform the excursion into camp on foot, which is no joke in this land of scorching cinders, where every object reflects instead of shading one from the ardent rays of the sun, which is here never, except as a phenomenon, curtailed by a friendly cloud.

I resisted the pressing invitation of Lieut. Crettendon and his friends to return with them in their boat to the ship, and determined to await the return of my party on the seashore, in the midst of a scene of grandeur and desolation such as I had never before beheld, and which is easier felt and imagined than described. I seated myself on a pile of stones on the beach, and gazed around me, dwelling upon each rugged feature of the landscape, until the whole, separately and collectively, was indelibly engraven on my recollection. How much I regretted, and still do regret, that I had left my sketch-book behind me, and thus lost the only chance of enabling my friends to form some idea of what I am vainly describing with my pen.



Immediately to my right, and stretching far into the bay, rose the rugged chain of rocky hills and promontories which command the narrow isthmus connecting the peninsula of Aden to the main land. The forms of these mountains, as they cut with the most minute distinctness against the clear evening sky, were magnificent yet terrible ; they appeared as if, ejected from the deep centre of the globe by the fierce artillery of volcanoes, they had been left there on the surface of this fair earth, and on the very confines of "Araby the blest," blasted and hideous, as mementoes of nature's fearful convulsions, and as evidences of the mighty power of the Creator of the universe.

Their steep and barren sides presented an endless variety of shades from violet to red, and from black to bright yellow ; the different strata of clay, sandstone, and quartz, were distinctly visible, while every here and there huge masses of apparent cinder were intermixed, with yawning chasms, which seemed so many entries to the unexplored bowels of the earth, but which, in fact, offer only an

asylum to troops of jackals. The grizzly summits of the rocks would lead one, at first, to imagine that none but the eagle or the vulture had rested their feet on their peaked points; but, on looking again, on the foremost promontory two modern bastions are erected, while, on the adjoining mountain, the remains of the Turkish Wall, famed in the bloody annals of Aden, are discovered, leading the eye on in its circuitous winding from peak to peak, until its course is interrupted by the Pass I have before mentioned, and which is rent through the solid rock.

But, overlooking this interruption, the wall is again discovered climbing the higher and more precipitous chain of mountains behind, until two culminating points appear to have arrested the work of man. But even these are crowned each by a ruined turret, now scarcely to be distinguished from the parent rock. However interesting it may be to trace this ruined wall, the erection of which must have cost so much labour, it seems almost impossible it could have been of any service on the defensive, as it is every

where commanded by towering rocks, which must have rendered it entirely useless. But to return to my sketch.

The chain of hills which, as I was seated, were behind me, rose almost directly from the sea, leaving scarcely a quarter of a mile of comparatively level ground, covered with shingles and sand. Their precipitous sides, black and burnt, seemed to frown upon me as I looked round at them, and filled me with an undefinable awe; they seemed as if they would fall and crush me with their burning surfaces, which, retaining all the heat of the mid-day sun, made the atmosphere in their vicinity almost scorching.

They extended in one unbroken line from the Pass, which was sawn through them, till they were hid from view by a mountain which jutted out boldly into the sea on my left, forming the small bay which was before me, and hiding the remainder of the gulf and the ships which were at anchor, thus rendering the solitude complete. No living thing, either bird or beast, appeared to frequent these dreary yet beautiful rocks,

except a few lizards, and they, from their similarity of colour, could scarcely be distinguished from the rock itself.

Towards the east one or two lofty peaks, blue in the distance, were seen towering above, as if peeping over this *flinty* wall at the bright bay of waters which lay stretched before me, rippling and bubbling like an azure lake, and clear as crystal, as if fresh from a mountain torrent, instead of forming a branch of the mighty Indian Ocean. Stretching far away on the opposite shore, were the sandy plains and towering mountains of Arabia Felix, glittering like gold in the setting sun.

Having feasted my eyes on this glorious scene, and indulged in a few waking dreams, prompted by the singularity of my situation, alone on this coast of desolation, in this clime of Eastern fable, I rose from my seat in order to explore, as far as my strength would allow me. At the foot of the chain of mountains I have been describing was the road, which runs a distance of about six miles between the Point or Sanatarium, and



the fortified camp or town of Aden. It emerged from between the promontory, and then continued uninterrupted until it turned towards the Pass, when it wound out of sight. I directed my steps in this direction; the ground was very rough and stony, and fatiguing to walk upon, but at every step I found something interesting; and between the fissures of stone and sand several plants, which had escaped my observation while surveying the whole of this gigantic scenery, were sprouting forth, bearing flowers and seeds in abundance, and apparently deriving all requisite nourishment from the burning rocks.

Amongst others I remarked huge patches of the thorny acacia, growing in bushes of about a foot high; they reminded me, in form and hue, of diminutive yew-trees. Then there were numbers of herbaceous plants in full bloom, and many of them strongly scented. Numerous insects were humming around, and each species seemed occupied with a distinct plant, as if they severally owed to it their life and nourish-

ment. Thus round every patch of a small yellow flowering plant, which was very abundant, swarms of butterflies were basking in the setting sun; they were all of the same hue, excepting that some were larger and rather paler, which I supposed were the females. The superior wings were of deep primrose colour, while the inferior ones were of the darkest and most brilliant orange, almost crimson. I never saw any thing like them before. I examined the leaves of the plant, and found numbers of greenish caterpillars, which I conclude belonged to the butterflies, as they were the only insects near.

Another plant, which struck me as being pretty and curious, was covered with diminutive white and lilach flowers on alternate stems. By the time I reached the coast, I had collected a very curious, if not a very showy, bouquet. Lured by the hopes of augmenting it, I wandered on for some distance, when, all at once, I saw, some twelve feet above my head, a flower of a much more attractive exterior than any I had yet met with. I immediately resolved it should be

mine ; but how to obtain it was the difficulty, for it was growing on the steep side of the precipitous mountain.

I had formerly been a very good climber, but now I was so weak that my legs almost refused to perform their office. However, I determined to carry off the prize, and, at length, found a little crevice in the rock, from whence I could make my first step. This accomplished, after much toil and difficulty, and by clinging on by my hands and knees, I succeeded in reaching a point from whence I could gather the flower. It was really very pretty ; it grew like the wall-flower, which it something resembled, only it was much handsomer ; the colours were very brilliant, and the petals most beautifully and delicately veined. The flower-stalks were covered with thick black specks, making them sticky and glutinous. I never smelt any thing so highly scented ; the perfume was different from every other, and quite overpowering, even in the open air ; not that it was disagreeable, for had it been moderated it would have been delicious.



It was with great difficulty I gathered a few of the flowers and some of the seed pods, as the whole plant was surrounded by swarms of gigantic yellow bees, who buzzed round and round me as I was spoiling them of their booty. In fact, they so alarmed me that I threw down several of them I had culled, and should have abandoned the whole, had it not been that I so much wished G—— to sketch one. I pulled down my veil over my face, and prepared to descend, although my hand was surrounded by these insects. But upon turning round to regain the road, I found it was no longer deserted ; a train of camels, variously loaded, were winding along immediately beneath my feet, and the wild and fearful countenances of their Arab owners, whose eyes were all turned in my direction, terrified me more than I can describe. I recollected all at once that I was in a land whose inhabitants had only recently been bound to an European yoke, and that by force, not free will, and I recollected I had been told that no one ever considered themselves completely

safe unless within the intrenchments of the camp.

I trembled from head to foot, and looked imploringly towards the sea, in hopes of discovering the boat, manned with English sailors, which had brought us from the ship, but they were nowhere to be seen, having gone round the headland to bathe. So, putting on the boldest countenance I was able, I began slowly to descend. The Arabs stopped, and glared upon me with their fierce, black eyes, and then, having satisfied their curiosity, proceeded harmlessly on their way. The warlike mien and savage look of these children of Esau contrasted strongly with the mild and feminine appearance of my Cingalese acquaintance, although the colour of both is the same.

As soon as they had passed on, I hastened to regain the beach, when I secured a stout young British tar as my protector. I made him sit down on a bank of stones near me, and, thus guarded, I felt as if I could defy a whole troop of Arabs, and watched with

great interest the various and grotesque groups that passed from time to time along the road.

This visit to Aden was the first occasion on which I had seen camels, except in a menagerie, and the novelty of the stately mien of these useful animals delighted me. Then there were troops of fifty or sixty donkeys, laden with skins of water, which they transport by this means from the town (where the only wells on the peninsula exist) to the gentlemen's houses on the Point. The transport of this water is the most expensive part of the domestic establishment, as every drop is brought a distance of six miles. Each donkey carries two skins, which are slung on either side like panniers.

I had been waiting about a hour and a half, and the sun was just sinking beneath the horizon, when four gentlemen, mounted on asses, galloped up to me at full speed. I recognised them as my fellow-passengers, Frenchmen, who were returning to the ship, after having spent the day in exploring the

camp. They did not observe me until they came close up ; and, when they found me sitting all forlorn by the roadside, they were "*au désespoir*." One of them got off, and begged I would mount his donkey, and accompany them back to the ship. But I refused, saying I would wait for my husband. "*Ne vous fiez pas aux maris*," said the gay young Frenchman ; " he will not return under three hours, for we met them only just entering the town." However, I persisted in remaining, and they pursued their way without me.

Soon after, the sun sank, and darkness succeeded immediately.

I cannot describe the stillness that pervaded every thing. Not a breath of wind was stirring, and the lofty mountains seemed increased in magnitude by the pale light of the stars, for the moon had not yet risen. The atmosphere was mild and light, and very dry. No dew was falling, consequently one may sleep harmlessly in the open night-air. I felt almost inclined to indulge in a nap, when suddenly I heard a tramp close to me :



I turned round, and found my husband and the captain, on their camel, innocently going to ride over me; for it was too dark for them to distinguish me on the ground. I had scarcely time to get out of their way, and call out; but they did not hear me, and passed on.

The sailor and I soon rejoined them at the hut, where they had gone to seek me; but, as their two companions on donkeys had not come up, we still were obliged to wait. A tonjon was on the beach, ready to carry one of the inhabitants, its owner, to the camp. G—— and I got into it, while the captain sat in the boat.

He told me the town was much farther off than he expected, and gave me such an account of the singularity of its construction, and the beauty of its situation, that I determined to visit it, if possible; and I was quite vexed when G—— told me that he had been introduced to Dr. Malcolmson, the civil surgeon of Aden, and that he and Mrs. M. had invited us to pass with them the remainder of the time the India was

in port, and that they would send their palanquin for us ; but that he had refused, upon the plea of my being such an invalid. However, I determined to accept their kind offer, and had a note sent the next morning to say so.

We waited another hour, and then, the gentlemen not having made their appearance, we determined to row back without them, imagining, what was really the case, that they had passed the place of rendezvous, and had gone off to the coal-wharf and found another boat.

The moon by this time had risen in all her splendour, and threw her soft, melancholy light over the rugged scenery, lending a fresh charm to the natural beauty it possessed. We glided swiftly over the water, which was gently undulating, and varying the gigantic shadows reflected on its glassy surface. The only sound we heard was the even splash of the oars, as they impelled the frail bark swiftly forward. As if by mutual consent, no one spoke a word, and I felt awe-

struck with admiration at the lovely scene. I never shall forget the soft beauty and majestic grandeur of that Arabian evening.

When we reached the ship a very different scene awaited us ; every thing was confusion, noise, and dirt. The deck was covered with coals ; and the demoniac figures of the labourers, who were yelling with all their might, was terrific. I sighed for the quiet beach I had left, and retired to my cabin to pass a sleepless night.



## CHAPTER II.

Mutiny of Coolies—Good Swimmers—Man selling Fish—Sharks and Fish—Sickness on Board—Death—Desert Grave—Visit—Leave the Ship—Coal Dépôt—Dance of Coolies while at Work—Palanquin—Wild Scenery—The Pass—Wall of Sand Bags—Sepoy Soldiers—First View of Camp—Island of Sera—Streets—Bungalows—Dinner—Moonlight View—Evening Gun—Singular Room—Night Air—Early Rising—Historical Sketch—Modern Aspect—Tonjon—Soldiers' Quarters—Bazar—Jews—Parsees—Arabs—Jewish Girl—Provision, Camels, &c.—Supplies—Caravan—Fruit, Vegetables, &c.—Camels feeding—Aden—Wells—Groups—Honey from Arabia—Pet Crow—Hot Wind—Atmosphere—Minerals—Expedition—Camp of Tents—Turkish Wall—The Siege—Panoramic View—Pelicans—Mountains—Alarm—Hotel—Departure.





## CHAPTER II.

*JUNE 14th.*—There was quite a mutiny on board this morning amongst the natives, who refused to work because they were not allowed sufficient water. An agreement is always made with them that, independently of their pay, they are to be found in water, and it is their greatest luxury during their incessant toil under a burning sun. It is quite painful to see the eagerness with which they swallow it, although what is furnished for their use is of the worst quality, and so brackish, that no European would allow it to pass his lips.

On the present occasion, the supply having failed, they desisted from work, and the first mate being very angry, attempted to strike one of them ; he immediately jumped

overboard, and was followed by all his companions. They then swam on shore, a distance of at least half a mile, and refused to return for several hours. They did the same thing, upon the slightest provocation, during the whole time the India was there, which delayed her very much.

It is wonderful what good swimmers they are. They always went away and came to work by this means, which they seemed to prefer to a boat; and while in the water played all sorts of difficult feats and antics.

This morning a man came to the side of the ship to sell fish, paddling himself along on a raft made of a few sticks tied together, upon which he sat with his basket by his side. G. made a faithful sketch of him while he was bargaining with the sailors. The fish were very beautiful, both in form and colour. They say there are no sharks in the Back Bay of Aden, although they swarm in every other part, but I should be rather fearful, as many of the sailors assured us they had seen some playing near the ship. However, many of the gentlemen indulged in

bathing, with impunity as far as regarded sharks; but one of them came in contact with some other finny enemy, which wounded and poisoned his feet so severely, that he was disabled for the remainder of the voyage.

A very distressing event occurred to-day, and threw a gloom over the whole ship's company. One of the engineers had been taken very ill with that scourge of the East, dysentery, soon after he left Calcutta; his life was despaired of, but on his arrival at Galle he was so much better that he thought he could continue the voyage. However, he had a relapse, and all through the late stormy weather he had been getting worse and worse. As soon as we anchored, he was taken on shore by his own request, and lodged in a hut on the beach. This morning he expired, and is to be buried in the evening, in a deserted spot amongst the rocks.

I had never seen the man, and yet he appeared to me as if he were one of us; and I could not refrain from shedding tears

when I saw his comrades, dressed in their best clothes, row on shore to carry him to the grave—a grave so lonely and so forlorn, where no eye of affection or kindred would ever rest, and which no tear save that of Heaven could ever moisten.

Dr. and Mrs. Malcolmson having renewed their kind invitation, we left the ship at about five o'clock, and made direct for the shore, where Mrs. Malcolmson's palanquin was waiting for me at the coal dépôt. I had not landed at this point before, and was much diverted by the grotesque dance of the coolies who were carrying the coal in baskets to the boat. There were about forty of them, and all in an incessant motion, dancing up and down, and keeping time to a barbarian song in which they all joined, partaking of a yell and a howl. To this measure they passed the baskets from one to the other, while those who were for the moment unemployed filled up the measure by clapping their hands violently together. I never witnessed so grotesque a scene, and the fearfulness of the picture was heightened



by the tangled masses of red hair that hung round their distorted jet black features. Close by was a large pair of scales for weighing the coals.

I placed myself in the palanquin, and until then I never knew what the luxury of such a conveyance was; for in Ceylon the bearers were always so ill matched, and carried it so unevenly, that the motion was often distressing. But these were Bombay bearers, and the springing movement given by the short trotting run which they constantly kept up was delightful, and they scarcely paused in changing. G—— followed me on horseback.

We kept the road by the sea-shore, which constantly presented the boldest and wildest scenery of grotesque and barren rocks. After passing a narrow defile between two mountains, we reached the scene of my last evening's adventures, and then suddenly came upon the Pass, the only access to the Camp of Aden on this side, the lofty and precipitous mountains forming an impregnable fortification.

This entrance, which is cut out through the solid rock, is at the extreme end of the valley in which the town is situated. The approach to it is at present defended by a temporary wall formed of sand-bags piled closely one upon another. It has a very singular appearance, but I am told it is a very efficacious substitute for brick and mortar. A strong guard is always posted at this spot, and here for the first time I saw Sepoy soldiers: they belonged to the 4th Bombay infantry, I think. The bright red uniform contrasting with their black complexions, appeared the more strange to me, as the Ceylon rifle regiment of Malays wore green.

The passage through the arch looked so high and narrow, one might almost compare it to the eye in a darning-needle. The road is very rough and impassable for a carriage. When we issued out from the Pass, which almost excluded the feeble light of the setting sun, the whole valley of Aden lay like a map before us, hemmed in on three sides by precipitous mountains rising up straight and

barren like a mighty wall, almost to the sky, while on the fourth, and immediately opposite to us, was the sea; but even here the view was bounded by the island rock of Sera, completing the fortification of this eastern Gibraltar.

But the town! where was the town? how shall I describe it, this ancient and jewelled key to all the treasures of Arabia Felix! The only way I can attempt to give any idea of it is to say what struck me at the first glance. I saw clustered together throughout the valley a number of large baskets, like those to be met with at fairs in England and France, to display crockeryware and other fragile articles. Here and there were a few tents, and in the centre towered a lofty minaret, while farther in the background rose the domes of two mosques. But where are the houses? I exclaimed. There they are; and that very large hamper in the centre is Government House, was the answer I received.

It was long before I could recover from my surprise, although, having just come from the jungles of Ceylon, I had no very substantial visions of masonry in my mind. But I must

reserve any more lengthened description of this singular place for to-morrow, as the shades of evening soon gathered round it, and by the time we were threading its wicker streets all was in obscurity, except where here and there some torch or lamp was flaming in the gentle breeze, threatening the fragile city with destruction.

At length, we reached the foot of the rock upon which Dr. Malcolmson's bungalow is built. I felt by the sudden dip of the palanquin how steep was the ascent. In a few minutes we had arrived at the summit, when Dr. Malcolmson met us, and welcomed us in the most friendly way. By his assistance I climbed up a steep rugged piece of rock which led into the balcony, and from thence into one of the prettiest rooms I ever saw, where Mrs. Malcolmson received us most kindly and cordially. In a few minutes, we were seated round a cheerful English dinner-table; two officers of the garrison had been invited to meet us, and the hospitality of our kind host and hostess made us forget that we were strangers.



After dinner we adjourned to the balcony, which was fitted up with a great deal of taste, and commanded a most magnificent view of the town, the mountains, and the sea, now bathed in moonlight, harmonizing all into beauty. The drums and fifes of the regiment quartered in the barracks near the foot of the hill, which were playing their evening tattoo, gave a martial charm, and made us remember we were in a camp in an enemy's country.

At this moment I was startled by the loud report of a cannon, which shook the frail tenement, and resounded with a lengthened echo through the hills. It was the eight o'clock gun, which stood only a stone's throw from the house, and on the same rock. I retired early to rest, as I was anxious to have a quiet night after the many comfortless ones I had passed on board the horrid steamer.

I was so delighted with my room that I must describe it, as I never had slept, and probably never shall sleep, in a similar one. The door, or rather the curtain (for door

there was none), led out of the balcony of which I have just been speaking. The walls, in common with the rest of the house, were composed of bamboos, fixed into the ground at even distances, and connected by panels of matting; the ceiling, which was formed into an alcove, was covered with the same material, but all looked so fresh and rustic that the effect was charming; a few pictures hung upon the matting walls, giving them a more furnished appearance.

One side of the apartment led into a private verandah, by means of two open doorways; this was provided with sofa, tables, and books, like a little boudoir. The view was the same as from the sitting-room, only more extensive towards the sea, and one looked out through Gothic arches of rustic work. At one end a matting door led out on the rock; G——, by opening it rather roughly, broke it off its hinges, so it remained open all the time we were there.

On the other side of the bed-room were two similar doors, leading into other parts



of the bungalow. The furniture was very handsome, and the muslin toilet and dressing-stool cover were as elegant as any in the most stylish house in England.

I have shewn by this description that we were literally sleeping out in the open air, as there were no doors, windows, nor venetians to close, and any breath of wind agitated the fragile walls. I was awoke in the night by the musquito curtains blowing quite up; the wind had risen, and came every now and then with sudden gusts; but its breath was so soft, warm, and dry, that I, who had never ventured to bear a night-blast in Ceylon, felt it was harmless.

*June 15th.* — I rose by daybreak this morning, as G—— was engaged to take a long ride with Dr. M. and I was to make the tour of the town. Mrs. Malcolmson had procured a delightful “tonjon” for me, and, accompanied by one of her servants, I began my peregrinations, just as the sun had thrown his first ray over the gray hills. But I think I shall do well to throw a retrospective glance on the bygone

days of this Arabian Eden, before I commence a matter-of-fact account of its present aspect.

According to Niebuhr, Aden formed one of the thirteen independent states of Yemen. It was the emporium of all the riches of India, and the key to the treasures and perfumes of Araby; the Blest. The commerce of these mines of wealth passed through her hands, and contributed to her riches and prosperity. It was for some time in the possession of the Turks, and suffered much during their wars with the Portuguese, when its commerce was, in a great measure, transferred to Mocha; but even so late as the beginning of the eighteenth century, at which time it was visited by the French, it was described as being a town of considerable extent, filled with elegant buildings, magnificent mosques, and minarets, while the public baths were lined with jasper, and adorned with galleries supported by splendid pillars.

The houses were mostly two stories high, and very spacious. The markets were abundantly and luxuriantly supplied, but

the masses of ruins and rubbish shewed that the day of its prosperity had departed. No traces of this splendour now remain; not even the shaft of a pillar or a broken arch rears its head to testify the change that time has effected, and, were it not for the solitary minaret, crumbling with age, and the two mosques I have mentioned, one would be tempted to believe the present occupiers were the first; that none but basket buildings had ever reared their heads in this desert valley; and, in short, that nothing but British enterprise would have peopled it.

My tonjon was carried through all the principal streets, and at every turn the most novel and curious sights presented themselves to my view. I passed through the quarters of two of the regiments, which looked like a long line of hen-coops. The married soldiers appeared particularly comfortable, a double row of separate houses being appropriated to them, two families in each house. The officers lived in little huts, hung round with loose mats, and entirely open to the air.

The bazar was a very amusing assemblage of objects both animate and inanimate. Jews, with their sharp black eyes and long beards, were hurrying to and fro, and contrasted strangely with the stately Parsees, worshippers of the sun, and of Persian origin. Their head-dress is the most extraordinary thing I ever saw; it is a kind of helmet cap, at least two feet high, and sloping back from the forehead. Their complexion is a light olive colour, and they are the most industrious class in Aden; they share with the Jews in the labours of building and shop-keeping, as the Arabs are either very idle, or do not wish to make our residence among them easy by assisting us in any way.

The aspect of these children of the desert was very furious, and their jet black countenances scowled under the constraint imposed upon them by our military, parties of whom were to be seen in every direction, whose bright uniforms gave another variety to the motley and picturesque groups. Every now and then I encountered a rich coffee-merchant from Mocha, sweeping ma-



jestically along in his flowing robes and voluminous white turban. The place was thronged with people, and yet I saw very few females, and these few were mostly old and ill-looking.

All classes here are very jealous of their women, but I caught sight of the most lovely young Jewish girls, who peeped out upon me as I passed, from a wicker birdcage—I can call it nothing else—which was perched at the top of one of the *hamper* houses.

It was just the time when the supplies were coming into the market. From eighty to one hundred camel loads are brought in fresh every morning from the main land. The gates are opened to them at a certain hour, and they are all obliged to be out of camp by six in the evening. Fruit, vegetables, forage for the horses, in short, every necessary of life, is brought from the enemy's territory, upon which they are entirely dependent. And when these supplies are stopped, which they often have been, they are obliged to force their continuance at the point of the sword.

It was a very amusing sight to watch this long caravan winding into the town. Some camels were loaded with baskets of beautiful grapes, melons, dates, and peaches, others with vegetables, but the greater number with poultry, grass, and straw. As soon as they were unloaded, the owners proceeded to feed their camels. They were all fed from the hand, to avoid wasting any portion of the food; every thing being so precious here. The graceful animals were lying about in every direction, in the most picturesque attitudes imaginable.

I passed by several wells, which are held in as much veneration as brooks are elsewhere, any drop of water being more valuable than gold. Crowds of people were round, waiting for their turn to be served, and troops of donkeys posted with skins to carry it to more distant parts of the town; the price paid for this necessary of life is enormous. There are only two wells that are good, and these afford by no means an abundant supply.

I had been out about an hour and a half, when the sun became so powerful I



was obliged to return. I found Mrs. Malcolmson waiting for breakfast, and I tasted some of the most delicious honey I had ever met with. It had been brought from the interior of Arabia in a large gourd ; it was fully equal, if not superior, to Narbonne honey.

I could not help being amused at a pet bird of the doctor's, which he fed and took the greatest care of : it was nothing more or less than a raven. I asked him what could have induced him to choose such a singular favourite ; but he laughed, and assured me it was quite a legitimate one, as this was the first and only raven which had ever been seen at Aden, and that it was considered a great curiosity.

I never experienced any thing like the heat of this place ; Ceylon is nothing to it : and just now the hot wind prevails, every puff of which appears as if blown from a furnace ; the air, besides, is filled with minute particles of sand, which not only nearly chokes one, but is very prejudicial to the eyes. Notwithstanding all this, I am pleased with the atmosphere of Aden : sand

apart, it is exceedingly pure and dry, and very elastic. I believe it is now generally considered healthy, and the power of remaining constantly in the open air with impunity is a great luxury in a tropical climate.

We spent the whole morning in drinking soda-water, ginger-beer, and, what is still better, fresh water cooled, I may almost say iced, in the porous jars from Mocha. They are placed in a draught, and the rapid evaporation caused by the heat soon reduces the water to a very low temperature.

Dr. Malcolmson shewed me a large collection of minerals he had made from the rocks in the neighbourhood; many of them were exceedingly beautiful, and they shew that very extensive and useful researches, both in geology and mineralogy, might be made in these desert hills, many of which appear to be of volcanic origin. He gave me several very pretty little specimens.

As soon as the excessive heat of the sun had begun to moderate, we started this afternoon to visit the camp that is pitched at the termination of the causeway which unites

Aden to the mainland of Arabia. I took my seat in the tonjon, while Mrs. M. and G—— accompanied me on horseback. The former was mounted on a beautiful little spirited milk-white Arab, which she called Mahmoone. We followed the same road I came last night until we emerged from the Pass, when we took the sea road to the right, which wound round a bold promontory of frowning rock, and then ran between the principal range and a fortified mountain which rose precipitous from the sea, by which it was surrounded on three sides.

The Turkish Wall followed all the sinuosities of the ridge on our right, over the steep sides of which it climbed until it suddenly descended to the sandy plain below, and ran in a parallel direction across the narrow isthmus of sand I have described. This is our barrier line, and here are constantly encamped a considerable body of troops. I had never seen a tented field before, and was quite delighted with the effect and the martial bearing it gave to every thing. No one can pass the boundary

without traversing the whole length of the camp; but the sea in the vicinity is so shallow, that under cover of darkness large parties of armed Arabs have often marched round to the town. This was the scene of the last stand made against British invasion, and Mrs. M. told me she rode round just after it was over, and while the ground was still strewn with the slain.

*June 16th.*—I did not rise early enough this morning to go from the house, and we spent the whole day in the verandah, conversing and looking at the curious panorama which the elevated position of Dr. M.'s house displayed to us in perfection. G—— took out his brush, and daubed a rough sketch of the whole, beginning at the extreme left, where the island of Sera rose in the centre of the beautiful bay, which at that moment was covered with a flight of pelicans. The water is so shallow that the smallest fishing-boat will barely float, but from our bird's-eye view we discovered several large ships lying about five miles out in the roads beyond the bay. Farther on, and nearly



facing us, was one of the gateways which leads to a small bay. Next is the minaret, surrounded by little bungalows of stone and matting; the two mosques and a large house belonging to a Mocha merchant are the only stone buildings. The mountains, which begin from the sea, become more lofty as they run further inland, until, towards the right and back of the house, they are treble the height. The rock which forms the end of the panorama is that on which the bungalow is built, and from whence the evening or morning gun is fired. The sketch reminds one of the place exactly, but it would be vain to attempt to imitate the colours of the mountains, which are more beautiful and varied than can be conceived or described.

We have just heard that an attack of several thousand Arabs is expected either to-night or to-morrow: all the officers are on the alert, and double guards are ordered out; but, as we are to sail to-night, we have no chance of the novelty of a blockade.

We dined early, and then started with regret for the ship. Mrs. Malcolmson went

in the tonjon, and I in her palanquin. I felt quite sad at leaving Aden, which Dr. and Mrs. M. had made so agreeable to us; and I was quite enchanted with the primitive way of life which is led there. The sun was scorching hot, and we had a very overpowering journey to the point where the boat was waiting for us. There is an hotel building near this spot, for the accommodation of passengers by the steamers, who have no resource but remaining on board, or sleeping on the sea-shore.

When we reached the ship we found we had arrived two or three hours too soon, for they were still coaling, and all was dirt and confusion. Mrs. M. remained till we were under way, and we then parted with mutual regret. Their kindness had been excessive, and they quite loaded us with little luxuries, such as filtered water, porous vases, honey, &c. &c.



### CHAPTER III.

Coast of Arabia—Hadramant—Arabia Felix—Straits of Babel Mandeb—Isle of Perim—Arab Dows—Arab Pilot—Arabian Shore—Mocha—Date Grove—Gebel Tar—Lohei—Tame Bird—Coral Reefs—Remarks on the Red Sea—Coral Islands—Jidda—Mecca—Emerald Mountains—Berenice—The Brothers—Cosseir—Ras Mohammed—Peninsula of Sinai—Gulf of Suez—Mount Sinai—Table of the Twelve Commandments—Rock of Meribah—Imaginative Travellers—Convents of St. Catherine—Tor—El Bourg—Bell Mountain—Baths of Pharaoh—Passage of the Israelites—Valley of Baideah—Howarah, or Marah—Ayoun Mousa—Suez—India Steamer—Arab Boat—Approach to Suez—Landing—Hotel—Jealousy of Mohammed Ali—Hotel-Yard.



### CHAPTER III.

*JUNE 17th.*—At daybreak this morning we were running within a mile of the coast of Arabia, which every where presented a striking picture of desolation and ruin. A wall of naked rocks, dismal and barren, rose precipitous from the sea, while behind them several ranges of dreary mountains reared their flinty heads, brown and bare, to a height of 1000 or 1500 feet. Not the slightest symptom of vegetation relieved the eye ; all seemed dead both to animal and vegetable life. Its savage and inhospitable aspect appears almost to justify the fables of the ancients relative to the shores of the Arabian Gulf, fraught as they are with horror and mystery. These terrors of antiquity have been preserved in the modern nomenclature

of the southern province, viz. "Hadramant," or "the Region of Death."

I felt awe-struck as I gazed upon these rugged peaks, whose flinty bosoms supply no nourishment to the parched soil, and whose summits attract no beneficent clouds to curtain it from the burning rays of a tropical sun. How truly has the prophet Jeremiah described it, "a land of deserts and of pits, a land of drought and of the shadow of death, a land that no man passed through." (Jer. ii. 6.) And yet this is the rampart which guards the fabled land of incense and of sweets; a dark and wild fortification it is, and it seems "as if Nature herself, by the impenetrable deserts and oceans with which she had surrounded it, had set bounds to the cupidity of mortals."\*

At about twelve o'clock we were entering the Straits of Babel Mandeb, and I cannot describe the feeling, almost approaching to awe, which came over me as we swiftly

\* History of Arabia, Ancient and Modern, by A. Chrihton.

approached this portcullis of the Red Sea, rendered so interesting by the scenes in sacred history which were enacted in its vicinity. As soon as we were close to the Straits, the power of the steam was diminished in order that we might go more safely and surely through the narrow and dangerous channel, the very name of it signifying in Arab "the Gate of Tears ;" while the opposite coast, so black and terrific in its aspect, was styled the Cape of Burials.

Till the last few years, not only this part, but the whole of the navigation of the Red Sea, was fraught with dangers and difficulties, which, although partly imaginary, were in a great measure founded on the immense number of sunken rocks and extensive coral reefs which occupy the major part of the Arabian Gulf. Now, however, thanks to the able and exact surveys of our countrymen, and the charts which have been made from them, our ships can pursue their voyage in security, in the channel so carefully marked out for them ; while the traveller may amuse himself with listening to the tales of ship-



wreck, and of those wild spirits whose laughter rang from rock to rock, stifling by their mirth the cries of the drowning mariner.

The scenery on either side the Straits is grand and rugged in the extreme, and awful in its barren blackness. The shores of Arabia and Abyssinia appear as if vying with each other in savageness and sterility. The gulf is divided by the Isle of Perim, which is about three miles from the coast of Arabia, and presents the same arid, rocky aspect. The width of the channel is computed to be between twelve and fourteen miles, although, to judge from the eye, it appears much narrower. But this is probably owing to the refraction in the atmosphere, which lessens the apparent distance of objects in an extraordinary degree.

Notwithstanding the inhospitable and rugged features of this singular coast, the effect of the whole was strikingly beautiful, which, added to the novelty, and the associations inevitably conjured up by the first view of the Red Sea, made the time during which we were running through "the Gate of

Tears" never to be forgotten. The sun was shining in all its mid-day tropical splendour, lending an additional brilliancy to the many island rocks, whose flinty heads appeared almost quivering beneath his burning rays. No sound was heard save the roaring of the sea, whose sapphire waves rushed tumultuously through its narrow flood-gates to the ocean.

At one time, we passed two Arab dows scudding before the wind. Their picturesque construction, and the contrast afforded by their snow-white cotton sails, added greatly to the effect, in the same manner that a well-placed figure enhances the beauty of a painter's landscape.

While on the subject of figures, I must not forget to mention one in the shape of our Arab pilot, that a Teniers or a Holbein would have delighted in. We took him on board at Aden, but I did not remark him till we were passing the Straits, when he was seated in full majesty on one of the paddle-boxes, giving directions as to the bearings of the different landmarks, which

were quite thrown away, as neither the captain nor any of the crew spoke or understood a word of Arabic, and were entirely guided by the charts. However, this did not appear to discourage the worthy Mussulman, for throughout our voyage in the Arabian Gulf he was constantly at his post.

His dress was grotesquely picturesque, but composed of such various articles and of such varied colours that I cannot describe it. His swarthy countenance, which appeared from beneath the folds of a voluminous turban, was exceedingly striking, both for sagacity and intellect. His large black eyes were quite piercing, and although he appeared advanced in age, his teeth were of a dazzling whiteness and perfect in shape. He took all his meals by himself, and religiously observed the hours of prayer prescribed by his creed, making his prostrations with the greatest solemnity on his paddle-box, before all the ship's company. He became a great favourite on board, and was often sent for to the quarter-deck, to point out the different mountains and spots of interest; and

his intelligence, aided by signs, soon made us understand him.

The coast presented nearly the same aspect during the whole of to-day ; we kept near the Arabian shore. Late in the afternoon we passed in sight of Mocha, the summit of whose great mosque serves as an important landmark to ships. Viewed from the sea it appears a very handsome town ; the houses are lofty, and of a dazzling whiteness, looking as if built of white marble, and the numerous domes and minarets give it an imposing appearance. By the assistance of a glass I could discover the most minute objects, and saw the two forts very distinctly. Towards the south a grove of date-palms refresh the eye, and afford a strong contrast to the brown and barren hills around.

*June 18th.*—A favourable breeze bore us swiftly on our course during the whole night, and in the morning we were off Gebel Tar, a volcanic island, which is nearly opposite the town of Loheia in Arabia. The sea became now so wide that it was only here and



there we could catch the outline of the mountainous shores on either side.

A bird flew on board to-day, which G. caught; it was so tame that it perched fearlessly on his head and shoulder. It was web-footed, and had a sharp-pointed beak. Its plumage was of a glossy black, with a white patch on the top of the head. He kept it on board all night, and made a sketch of it the next morning. When he gave it its liberty, it returned to the ship, and pitched upon the awning, as if unwilling to forsake us. The captain remained on deck all day, and did not even come down to dinner; the navigation is so intricate on account of the numerous coral reefs and low rocky islands, that he scarcely ventures to take his eyes off the chart.

*June 19th, 20th, 21st, 22d.*—The last few days have been passed in a pleasing *monotony of interest*, if I may use the expression. Our course lay nearly in the centre of the gulf, nearest, if any thing, to the Abyssinian shore. Sometimes during



the whole twenty-four hours we scarcely sighted land, while at others our interest was constantly kept alive by passing within a stone's throw of some of those islands of desert rock with which the Red Sea is so plentifully intersected, or by catching sight of some of the lofty mountains of Africa, whose entrails contain the hidden and mysterious sources of the mighty Nile.

The Arabian Gulf is computed at 1160 miles in length, while its average breadth is 120. On every side it is bounded by precipitous barriers of rock, through which it appears to have worn itself a channel, and against which it dashes in blind fury, bubbling and hissing under the influence of wind and tempest. But to see this singular expanse of water in perfection it should be contemplated when calm, or when slightly rippled by a gentle breeze, for then the extreme clearness of its bright blue waves cannot fail to excite wonder and admiration; every pebble may be distinctly seen, although at a depth of thirty fathoms.

And what a new world is discovered

through this veil of waters ! what treasures for the naturalist ! In one part are forests of pale pink and red coral spreading forth their luxuriant branches, giving a blush to the element which bathes them ; a few miles further, sprouting from the golden sands, are gardens of every form and growth, in the shape of coralline of the purest white, tipped here and there by the brightest violets ; while, on the other side, the eye is relieved from the aspect of the arid rocks of dingy brown, by submarine groves and forests of the brightest green. Shells of the most exquisite form and colour are yielded from this fairy region, and fish of brilliant hues sport amongst its beauties, adding animation to its charms.

The navigation is peculiarly difficult and dangerous, owing to the formidable reefs of coral that intersect it in every direction, and which are constantly increasing. In many instances they rise several feet above the level of the water ; towards the northern part they are the most numerous, and the winding safely through them is painfully in-

teresting. We passed close to many of the groups of rocky islands with which the Red Sea abounds, all, without exception, presenting the same arid and iron-bound aspect as the mainland.

We did not approach near enough to sight Jidda, but the mountainous land which surrounds Mek'keh was distinctly visible, while on the African side rise the lofty peaks of the far-famed Emerald Mountains of the ancients. Near Berenice we passed some islands bearing the name of the same precious gem, with which they were supposed to abound; but since minute inquiries have been made on the subject, nothing more valuable than green fluor spar has been found.

Not far from Cosseir we came close upon two islands of very singular formation, called "the Brothers." There are some of the same name near the Straits of Babel Mandeb. I passed Cosseir with regret. I would have given much to have landed there, and made a pilgrimage to the venerable ruins of Thebes, Luxor, and Carnac, but my

health forbade any thing so agreeable. The mere sailing up the Red Sea, however, was a pleasure never to be forgotten, and afforded abundant food for reflection and interest, sanctified as it is by one of the greatest of God's miracles for His chosen people.

*June 23d.*—Passed Ras Mohammed, the extreme point of the peninsula of Sinai, which divides the gulf into two branches, that of Akaba and Suez : the former is comparatively little known by modern navigators. The western branch, or the Gulf of Suez, which we now entered, is, owing to the contrary winds which generally prevail there, considered the most difficult part of the voyage. It is about 160 miles in length. From the moment of its entrance the interest and excitement thickens, so that it is almost impossible to tear one's self away from the deck ; every moment some well-known spot in history, either sacred or profane, is pointed out to one's straining and eager eyes.

The lofty peaks of Mount Sinai rear their heads in the blue distance, and it was impossible to look in that direction without a feel-



ing of awe and veneration. This sacred mountain is equally respected by the Moham-medans and Christians. The twin summits are known in Arabia by the names of "Gebel Mousa" and "Gebel Catherine." On the summit of the former stands the ruins of a church, under which the Arabs believe that the original tables of the Ten Commandments are buried. The spot where the brazen serpent was erected is still pointed out; also the rock from whence Moses beheld the battle between Joshua and the Amalekites. A small chapel, dedicated to St. Elias, they imagine to be the scene of the miraculous repasts sent from Heaven by ravens to the prophet Elijah.

In the valley between the two mounts is a block of granite, supposed to identify the "rock of Meribah," which, when struck by the rod of Moses, supplied a fountain of pure water to the perishing Israelites. Indefatigable and imaginative travellers have even gone so far as to state that they have found the vestiges of the flames which issued from the bush, when the Hebrew lawgiver was



called by the great Creator of the universe to deliver His chosen people. But I cannot help feeling that such researches approach almost to profanation ; and no reflective mind could suppose that the ethereal flames of God's Holy Spirit would leave behind them similar traces to those of terrestrial origin. And besides, do not the words of sacred writ expressly state, that although "the bush burned with fire, the bush was not consumed?"—Exod. iii. 2. If, then, this frail plant was spared, is it likely the rock of granite upon which it grew should be scathed ?

But, laying aside all these useless researches, the mountain of Sinai must stand to the world's end a visible monument of the power and mercy of the Almighty ; and none but an atheist could be unmoved while beholding it, and recalling to mind the many miracles performed on its hallowed ground.

Gebel Catherine is so called from the saint of that name, whose mortal remains are said to have been transported there by angels, after she had suffered martyrdom at Alex-

andria. A large convent, dedicated to her, is erected upon the mountain, and inhabited by about thirty Greek monks, who retain their stronghold against the attacks of the wandering Bedouins by a tax, which consists in feeding all who pass that way. As they never admit them within their convent, they lower down the bread in a basket. Scarcely a day passes without their supplying food to at least thirty or forty persons.

Near Tor, which we next sighted, is the small convent of "El Bourg," belonging to the same fraternity; it is inhabited by a solitary monk, who is placed there to superintend some large gardens of date-trees, from whence they draw their principal revenue. Tor is identified as the ancient Elim. A little to the south of this place we passed "Gebel Narkous," or Bell Mountain; it is said to emit a sound resembling musical glasses. This phenomenon has been variously but never satisfactorily explained.

Towards evening, and near Wady Gharendel, "Hammam Faraoun," or the baths of Pharaoh, were pointed out to us on the

eastern shore. The water (which is so hot that it is said an egg may be boiled hard in it in a few minutes) lies within a grotto ; it is considered very efficacious for medicinal purposes. Every spot was intensely interesting, and the scenery was wild and striking in the extreme, and different from any thing else I had ever seen. At length the curtain of darkness fell around, and hid from our view that wilderness of sand and mountains amongst whose labyrinths once wandered the host of the children of Israel, guided by a pillar of fire.

*June 24th.*—By daybreak I resumed my seat on deck ; we were just passing within a stone's throw of a large rocky island, and immediately after were gliding through the glassy scenes of that portion of the Red Sea the waves of which retired on either side, to afford a dry passage through its centre for the children of Israel, forming a wall of waters on the right hand and on the left.

Never till this moment, when I was sailing over the very theatre of this great miracle, did I comprehend its wonder, and, so to speak,

*its incredibility for mortal minds.* I gazed from the side of the vessel into the depth of the water, which is here about thirty fathoms. I saw the golden sands below; those sands which have never known the impress of human feet since those of the sacred multitude, excepting indeed their impious and hardened pursuers, whose winding-sheet was that wall of waters.

I had in my mind's eye that moving mass of men, women, and children, accompanied by their flocks and herds, entering fearlessly upon the road opened for them by the hand of God, and continuing peaceably on their way, safe as if on dry land. Ere they were landed on that shore, blue in the distance, another multitude, equally numerous, covered with jewelled armour and borne on gilded chariots drawn by neighing and eager horses, rushed boldly and tumultuously to the pursuit of these poor Hebrew shepherds. On they went, until their van had reached the centre of the road, and their prey appeared almost within their grasp; but the last of this haughty band had scarcely left the shore,



when God gave the word, a rushing wind was heard, the mighty walls dissolved, and nothing but foaming waves were to be seen rolling over that noble road, and obliterating it for ever. Then arose the scream of many deaths, and the groans of the departed multitude.

I shook off the painful dream, produced by finding myself on the scene of this great deliverance and Divine chastisement, and looked about me, endeavouring to impress the landscape indelibly on my mind. I fully succeeded, for I never can forget it.

Various travellers have fixed, at different places, the exact spot where the miraculous event occurred — some higher up the sea, near Suez and Ayoun Mousa, while others suppose it was much lower down, near Tor; but I think the general opinion sides with Dr. Shaw, who fixes it at the spot I am now describing, viz. from “Gebel Attakah” to the opposite desert of Shur; supposing the “valley of Baidiah,” (Miraculous,) and which still bears the name of “Tiah-Beni-Israel,” or the path of the Israelites, to be



that in which the children of Israel were encamped betwixt Migdol and the sea. Baalzephon is identified with "Gebel Attakah," signifying the hill of deliverance. The sea is at this part ten miles wide. We were very close into the western coast, and the opposite shore of the desert of Shur was only just visible.

It was impossible to look without emotion on this "valley of Baidiah," where they passed the night previously to crossing. It presented altogether one of the most singular scenes I had ever beheld. On the foot of the mountains, sloping down on each side of the ravine, are a number of white rocks, having the exact appearance of a tented field, adding much to the thrilling effect. To the south is the lofty range of "Gebel Attakah," while to the north the mountains rise by degrees in one straight, unbroken line, like a wall of rock. The sun was shining full upon them, and shewed their tints, varying from pale straw-colour to bright red.

Continuing on our course, we passed

“Howara,” whose bitter waters make it correspond with those of Marah of the Scriptures, which were sweetened by Moses for the necessity of the people.

The next thing pointed out to us was “Ayoun Mousa,” or the wells of Moses; they are lukewarm sulphureous springs.

*June 25th.*—Soon after twelve o’clock we cast anchor in the roads of Suez; a short time before which we passed several islands as barren as the mainland; the principal of these are called “the Juffatines.” I cannot conceive any thing more dreary than the aspect of this coast: some arid mountains of dismal brown rose on either side, and then came deserts and sand-banks jutting out in every direction. We could not see the town from where we were anchored; and as the sun was scorching hot, and we saw no prospect of commencing our journey to-day, every body agreed to remain quietly on board until after dinner.

As soon as our arrival was known, several people (amongst others, the agent for Hill and Co.) came off to us. Every one pounced

on him, to get first served. I was very sorry to find that I should be obliged to cross the desert in a van, as no donkey-chairs were to be had at Suez, as there used to be. As soon as dinner was over we bade adieu to the India steamer; and, as far as the ship was concerned, we were very glad to do so, for she was the most uncomfortable and unhealthy vessel I ever entered: every body had been ill on board.

We stepped into one of the Arab boats that came alongside; it was as curious a tub of a thing as can be conceived. The sun was so hot that I seated myself down at the bottom, there being no benches, while G. covered my head with a cloak. We were paddled along by a couple of black-eyed Bedouins, who were laughing and chattering most vociferously. They seemed very much amused with us, and their astonishment was quite ludicrous when G. uncorked a bottle of soda-water he had brought with him. When the cork popped, they started as if they had been shot, and, as soon as he had emptied the contents down

his throat, the man who was steering made a sign to look at the bottle. My husband gave it to him, and the man was so delighted he almost danced for joy. He first peeped into it, but very cautiously, as he appeared to fear its exploding ; he then ventured to smell it, and next to wet his finger with a little drop that remained. He put it to his lips, evidently expecting to burn his tongue ; but, not being able to satisfy his curiosity, he searched for the cork at the bottom of the boat, and the little piece of wire belonging to it, and put them all carefully away together, probably for a charm.

We had been winding amongst the sandbanks for some time, and the water had become so shallow one might have touched the bottom with one's hand. Masses of beautiful coralline were growing in every part, and shells of many descriptions were swimming about. They now hoisted a sail, which one of the men kept in the right direction by holding the corner. We went on much quicker at first, but not long, for in a few minutes the boat had grounded,



although it was flat-bottomed and drew scarcely any water. One of the men jumped out and pushed it along by main force, scraping all the time against the coral reefs. This was very slow work, and seemed to afford us but little chance of landing before dark. I felt very ill, and, although the sun was scorching hot, a cold north wind had risen, and was blowing with great violence.

At length we turned into a little channel between two sand-banks. The men tied up their clothes, and, pointing to G. to steer, they jumped out and towed us along by a strong cord; they continued this for nearly an hour, excepting when we stuck so fast they had not strength to pull us forward by the rope: during the whole time the boat was scraping over the coral.

A great number of hulks were at anchor in the roads; they formed part of the fleet that conveyed the victorious armies of Mohammed Ali, commanded by his sons Tousson and Ibrahim, and lastly by himself, against the Wahabees.

At length we came in sight of the town,



which is a most dismal-looking place. The walls and fortifications have not been repaired since the devastations committed by the French, and the houses appear ruinous and but half inhabited. The principal object from the sea is a large white-washed tomb of a sheykh.

We could not come near enough to the quay to land, the water being too shallow to float the boat; so I was carried through, *sans cérémonie*, on the back of an Arab. The landing-place was crowded by wretched-looking creatures, whose sickly countenances betrayed the unhealthiness of the place, which is subject to a constant malaria, from the vicinity of extensive salt-marshes.

We hurried on to the hotel of Messrs. Hill and Co., in the principal square. Its exterior made me tremble, for it looked more like a barn or a stable than a house; but Mohammed Ali has hitherto allowed no other asylum for English travellers: he has made no objection to their settling in Alexandria, Cairo, or any other part of his dominions, and he has even built stations for

them on the desert, but he has always evinced a jealousy and fear of the English gaining any footing at Suez, or any of the ports on the Red Sea. I believe he has at length consented to erect them an hotel, but of which, however, he is to be the sole proprietor.

When we entered the court-yard we found it filled with camels loading for the desert. Most of them were noble animals, of gigantic stature ; they were all crouched on the ground, for the convenience of packing. The confusion that prevailed was quite appalling to a weary traveller like myself. All our fellow-passengers were on the alert, endeavouring to secure the best camels for themselves, and, as there were not enough to supply all, the excitement was very great. The whole yard was strewed with boxes and packages of every size and shape, some belonging to those who had just arrived by the India, and others to those who were waiting to return in her. Europeans and Arabs were all calling at the highest pitch of their voices, in various tongues.

It was with the greatest difficulty we found a passage through this motley throng, and succeeded in reaching a crazy wooden staircase which led us to the public sitting-room. This really looked very comfortable, and was nicely fitted up with tables and divans. A party of the future passengers of the *India*, who had been waiting at Suez for her several days, were seated very snugly at dinner; but, unfortunately for us, they had engaged all the best bed-rooms, and for a long time it appeared uncertain whether I should get one or not. However, at last I succeeded; and, wishing all our friends a pleasant night-journey across the desert for themselves and their camels, we went round a creaking gallery in quest of our dormitory.

## CHAPTER IV.

Difficulties of Transit—Night-Horrors—The Plague of Flies—Passage Money—Exchange—Luggage—Camels—Camel Pack-saddles—Square at Suez—Desert Carriage—First Day in the Desert—Dead Camels—Bedouin Arabs—Desert Flowers—Wild Melon—Partridges—Larks—Eagles—Station Houses—Agate, &c.—Buckshiesh—Syce—Pilgrims' Graves—Butterflies—Moths—Breakfast—Flowers and Insects—Anecdote of a Wolf—Dinner in the Desert—Lizards—Colour of Desert Animals—Petrified Shells—Rat Holes—Vulture—Arab Coachman—Desert Night-wind—Vultures—Great Speed—Young Camels—Luggage Horses—Mule—A Bey's Hharee'm—Mirage—Young Fox—Sketch of Dining-room—Sheep—Petrified Wood—The Nile—First View of Cairo—Tombs of the Caliphs—Arab Camp.





## CHAPTER IV.

*JUNE 26th.*—Oh, the night of horrors I passed in this delightful hotel of Messrs. Hill and Co.! We retired to our own room as soon as we had finished the arrangements for our desert journey, which was by no means a satisfactory business, as the agent in charge of the transit appears to care very little whether his customers are pleased or not, knowing that it would be difficult for them to make themselves independent of him, as the Company has monopolised all the camels and donkeys, and they have, consequently, no choice but to pay their 12*l.* a-piece, and make up their minds to be treated as he shall think proper. We, however, made him promise that a van should be in readiness for us at half-past four in

the morning, although, as he observed, it was very likely the coachman would not be awake, the Arabs were such sleepy fellows.

At length we shut our door upon all intruders, and disposed ourselves for a good night's rest, which we much needed, after all the excitement and fatigue of the day. The room, too, with its neat white beds, promised well, and looked comfortable, contrasted with the tumble-down hovel-looking appearance of the *soi-disant* hotel. But visions of sleep were soon put to flight, by finding our solitude invaded by numerous bedfellows, who, although they occupied small space, loudly and *feelingly* made their presence known to us, the unfortunate intruders on their domain.

I was on the point of securing the curtains I have already alluded to, in order to protect myself from the innumerable mosquitoes which had commenced their anti-narcotic music, when I saw upon the snow-white sheet—horrible to relate! a huge intruder: he was speedily annihilated, but, alas! he

proved only to be an *avant-courrier* of numerous others of his species, which I attacked right and left, but to no purpose ; my enemies only brought fresh forces to the field, and most delighted was I to see the first dawn of morning, when I arose, more fatigued than when I went to bed, and with the cold I caught yesterday on landing much increased.

We hastened our toilet, and at length succeeded in getting our breakfast, which we ate amidst a cloud of flies that defies description ; the tea was scarcely poured out before our cups were full of them. They infest Egypt periodically, and the season for them is not quite over yet. We were so much annoyed by them that we could not sit down to table. I pocketed a couple of rolls, which afterwards proved a great treat to us in the desert.

The next thing to be done was to hurry our departure. The first step towards this was to pay our passage-money, which does not include camel hire. This may be done either to Cairo, which is half the sum, or the whole way to Alexandria. We foolishly,

by the interested advice of the agent, paid the whole 24*l.*, that is, 12*l.* each, and we were thus compelled to go from Cairo to Alexandria by Mr. Hill's conveyance. Had we not done so, we might have had the choice of several, with equal comfort and less expense; and what they tell one at Suez, about having the first choice of the steamer on the Nile, &c. &c., is mere imposition, as it makes no difference whether the money be paid first or last: in short, it is only a trap to compel you to go by them. I must say I regarded the agent with great abhorrence; but, probably, his attention was less prompt in consequence of the recent death of Mr. Hill, the proprietor, so that just now there is no ostensible head to the establishment. I must mention that the sovereign is the only coin that can be exchanged for any thing approaching to its value in Egypt. We unfortunately brought some hundreds sterling in rupees, and they would only take them at Suez at the rate of 12, that is 24*s.* the pound.

We had to leave our baggage to come



on afterwards, as almost all the camels were taken by our fellow-passengers last night. Every one but ourselves determined to travel during the night, to avoid the heat of the day, and the consequence was that they spent the greater part of it in loading their camels and sending them off (which, by the by, added to my midnight evils), and daybreak found them advanced but a short way on their journey, which continued through the whole heat of the day, and was only terminated by midnight at Cairo. We, on the contrary, took two days, only travelled morning and evening, saw every thing, and escaped the heat of the day, as well as the unhealthy cold night-winds which sweep across the desert.

Just as we were on the point of starting, we had another dispute with the agent. It is in the regulations that travellers are not allowed to take luggage with them in the van, but every one *does* take his carpet-bag, &c. &c. We accordingly sent down a servant with a basket of clothes, to change, and my dressing-box, which were refused admittance; and upon remonstrating that, pro-



bably, our camels would not arrive at Cairo so soon as ourselves, and that we should be destitute of every thing, our friend offered to send the necessaries upon a light dromedary, which would keep up with us. G. was on the point of consenting, when I put in my word, and said we would not go without our things, and go they must in the van. So, after a little parleying, in they went. The light dromedary was only an excuse to add to the already exorbitant charge.

While G. was making some final arrangement, I went down to the square, where the van was waiting, to smuggle in my writing-desk, and I was almost frightened to death by the variety of strange and new objects that surrounded me. I first had to descend some wooden stairs into the court of the hotel, and then pass under a long archway into the large square. To my horror, there I encountered about thirty or forty camels, not like those I saw at Aden, but at least twice their size. Many of them were coming through the archway to the inn-yard, to be loaded with our luggage ; and

as they passed me with their stately walk, and turning their long necks from side to side, uttering that peculiar gurgling sound common to them, I clung to the black servant by my side in no slight alarm.

I succeeded in threading my way through them, and reached the van, wherein I intended to take refuge; but, when I came up to it, it seemed to me such a doubtful-looking vehicle, and the access to it so difficult, that I was obliged to wait till my husband came, though still in the vicinity of the dreaded camels, which were tied in strings of from six to ten each. Every camel was connected to the one before by a cord attached to its head, and fastened to the large pack, or saddle, which those employed in carrying goods, or any kind of burden, are furnished with. These packs come down very low on each side, and completely cover the hips, to which they are meant as a protection; they are thicker at the edges and hollow in towards the centre; at the top two long poles are placed lengthways, for the better accommodation of luggage.

I was soon surrounded by all the beggars of Suez. It is quite shocking to see how many of the lower classes are blind of at least one eye : boys and girls of twelve and thirteen years old have often quite lost their sight ; chiefly, I believe, from want of cleanliness, and the innumerable flies with which they are covered. I was struck with horror at many of the miserable objects around me, several with their eyes covered with flies ; they seemed almost unconscious of their presence, as they never attempted to brush them away, either from those organs or the corners of their mouths. I cannot imagine any thing more disgusting than the sight they presented : poor little children of two years' old, seated across their mothers' shoulders, had all of them three or four of these insects at the corner of each eye.

But, forgetting a moment what immediately surrounded me, I could not help being struck with the picturesqueness of the scene. It was still in the grey of the morning, and the air deliciously cool : the lofty and comparatively neglected houses of the square

cast a shadow around : here and there, beneath a verandah, sat a solitary Turk, with his loose black gown and white turban, smoking his early pipe and sipping his coffee. On the other side were some of the females of the lower class, selling doórah bread, a very coarse kind of cake, eaten by the peasants throughout Egypt. They were dressed in a loose shirt of dark-blue cotton, reaching to the calves of the legs (which were bare), and open in front, so as to expose a great part of the person. Their heads were covered with a large mantle, which, when any one passed, they held over the mouth and one side of the face, leaving only one eye visible.

In the centre of the square things were a little more bustling ; troops of donkeys were passing and repassing, laden with skins of water, one hanging on each side, like those I described at Aden. Then there were troops of camels, standing and lying about in the most graceful attitudes, and their attendant Arabs, with their fine dark, bronze countenances and sparkling black eyes. Every thing added to the effect ; the pea-



sants' dresses were picturesque ; the dark-blue robe, with the red sash and white turban, seemed as if ready for the pencil of an artist. The scene was a striking one, and not the less curious from our *carriage and four* forming part of it, with me standing behind, looking and feeling as if dropt from the clouds.

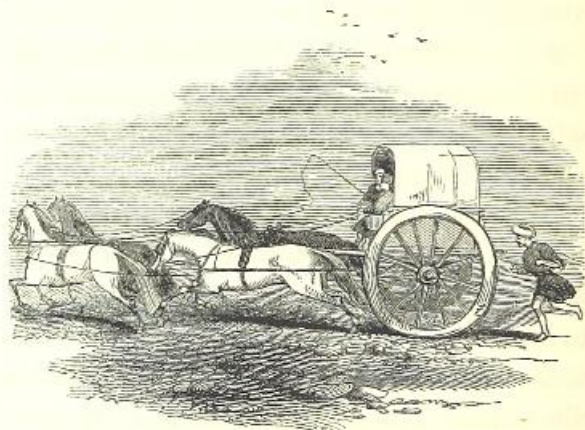
But, whatever my reflections were, or might have been, I was soon called into action, by G. coming to help me into the van : no very easy performance upon first trial. But I must describe the vehicle, and then the difficulty will be better appreciated. Imagine two huge red wheels, higher than those of any gipsy cart or caravan that ever was seen, and far more substantial ; above these, not slung between them, for they reach only a few inches beyond the bottom, a machine, about the size of a very small butcher's or baker's cart, is fixed, upon what are, by courtesy, called springs ; this is tilted, and covered with thin cloth to keep off the heat of the sun. At each side a narrow wooden bench is fixed, on which two persons may sit ; and even this



scanty allowance of room is encroached upon by the coachman's little railed seat jutting inwards, which quite makes him one of the party; at the back is a low wooden door. This completes the interior. Now for the access to it.

As I stood on the ground, the floor of the van was even with my head, and there was only one step to it, which consisted of an iron stirrup four or five feet high. Having, with the assistance of a stool and a great deal of lifting, reached it, I came to a strong iron bar jutting out; this, with an ascent of two feet more, had to be surmounted, to attain the body of the vehicle, which looked every moment as if it were going to tip back with me. At length I reached the top, G. followed, crack went the coachman's whip, and the four horses started off at a full gallop, turning round the corners of the narrow streets with frightful rapidity, threading through troops of camels and donkeys, and making all the grave old Turks and Arabs run for their lives. The jolting, and the velocity with which we went,

quite took away my breath, and almost my senses ; and it was not until we reached the gate of the town, that the hardness of the seat reminded me I had left my favourite pillow behind at the hotel.



We stopped the carriage, and with some difficulty explained to the coachman what we wanted. Much to my terror, G. took the reins of the wild horses, and told him to go and fetch it. However, my fears were groundless ; they were not so wild as they looked, and stood very quiet. Their harness is rather curious ; the off-wheeler, which is invariably the best and strongest,

is put in the shafts of the van, while the other wheeler and the leaders have merely traces. I remarked, the whole of the way, that the near side was the easiest to sit on.

At length our coachman returned with the stray pillow, and we were once more flying over the ground, for I can call it nothing else. We passed through the gate of Suez, and its dilapidated walls, and found ourselves at once on the desert; but all this part, and nearly the whole way to Cairo, is very different from what we expected to see: instead of an endless plain of sand, the view is bounded by a low range of rocky hills, here and there assuming a bolder appearance; sometimes receding and forming coves resembling the entrance of harbours. Near Suez their elevation is so great as almost to deserve the name of mountains.

The whole face of the plain is covered with large loose stones, and the ground, with the exception of two of the centre stages, is rather rocky than sandy; the road is nothing more than a track formed by the wheels of the vans, and is carried over great

pieces of stone and rock, without any regard to the bones of unfortunate travellers. I never experienced any thing like it; I really thought I should have been driven out of my senses by the jolting, which was incessant — bump, bump, bump — without a moment to breathe. I had a dreadful cold in my head, besides being otherwise very unwell, and every jerk was like a knife cutting into my brain. This prevented me taking pleasure in any thing, and made me feel every little thing an inconvenience. But, had my health enabled me to enjoy it, nothing could have been more amusing than the whole of our journey through the desert. The very novelty of tearing across these wilds of eastern fable in a carriage and four, was sufficient excitement to make all the jolting count for nothing, not to speak of the endless objects of interest we met with. It was quite extraordinary the rate at which we went; the horses were never suffered to relax their pace a moment, and certainly the Arab coachman, who drove us the whole way, was an excellent whip.



The first thing we saw after leaving Suez was a well in the desert, where numerous camels were slaking their thirst after a long journey from Cairo, during which time they have nothing to drink. The place was strewn with the bones of these animals, who had lain down and died of fatigue and exhaustion. It is quite shocking to see the hundreds of carcasses that line the road the whole way; the flesh is soon eaten by the wolves and rats, while the bones are left to bleach in the sun. The water of this well, like all those in the desert, is brackish; it is built round with a wall, and has a small mosque standing close to it, for the use of the pilgrims. I believe there are numbers of wells in different parts of the desert, known only to the Bedouin Arabs, who keep them carefully concealed.

We met several of this warlike tribe, sometimes on camels and sometimes on horses; they were all armed with spears, pistols, guns, and swords, and looking so fierce, that we were forcibly reminded it was only through fear of the redoubted Mohammed



Ali that we were thus allowed to tread the sands of their desert with impunity. Their complexion is nearly black; they have generally fine open countenances and slender figures, but shew great strength of limb. Although plunderers by profession, they may be trusted with untold gold. All the luggage sent across the desert is placed entirely under their care, and not the smallest article is ever found missing. None of our baggage happened to have locks, and yet every part of it came safe and untouched.

Far from finding the soil totally barren, as I always understood it to be, we met with a variety of beautiful plants, many of them in full bloom, and the flowers exquisite both in tint and form. In most instances they had a very strong perfume, too powerful to be agreeable. We made the syce gather us a large desert nosegay, but they soon faded, and there was only one flower sufficiently alive to have its picture taken, by the time we reached our first resting-place.

The ground was covered in many places by a creeping plant which I have called the

wild melon, as I do not know its true name : the fruit, which is very abundant, is about the size of a large apple, and the outer skin is similar to a green water-melon. It is very hard. I cut one open and found it filled with minute black seeds. Our Arab coachman told us it was poisonous.

Every now and then a large covey of partridges crossed our path. We must have seen hundreds of them in the course of the day, and thousands of larks. I cannot think where they could have found food. Several other birds, whose names we did not know, were also constantly to be met with ; and often on the pinnacle of some little rock we saw a stately eagle watching for its prey.

It was half-past seven before we reached No. 7 station-house, where we were to change horses ; and delighted I was to stop, for my poor head was in an agony. There are eight of these station-houses in the desert, built by Mohammed Ali for the convenience of travellers. They are under the direction of Hill and Co., who keep relays

of horses at each, and exact fees from all who make use of them. They are counted from Cairo. Nos. 1, 3, 5, and 7, are merely stables for horses, while Nos. 2, 4, and 6, have rooms, and are furnished with provisions for travellers. No. 8 station-house is at Suez.

We got out of the van to rest ourselves from the cramped position in which we had been sitting, and took shelter under the shadow of the building, as there was no place to go into, and the stable was full of horses. We picked up several pebbles that looked like agates: numbers of these, with specimens of cornelian, are to be found in the desert.

We were soon *en route* again. As we resumed our seats we were loudly importuned by the syce or groom, who had accompanied us from Suez, for "buckshiesh," the Arab word for a present, and which is the first and last word one hears in Egypt, for it is an unceasing petition. As what we had paid for our journey was quite suffi-

cient to include buckshiesh, we refused, both in this instance and every time we changed horses.

The syce ran before us generally the whole stage, and always kept up, which was quite surprising, considering the pace we were going; we changed them at every station, as each remained with his own horses. Not so the harness; we used the same the whole journey: whether or not it fitted the horses, appeared never to enter into consideration; and the consequence was, that the poor animals' backs and shoulders were often quite raw.

We had come twelve miles to No. 7, and had nearly thirteen more to travel before we could arrive at No. 6 station, where we intended to spend the heat of the day. Although still early, the rays of the sun striking upon the sandy plains around us made the heat and glow almost intolerable, and the jolting was worse than before.

We met several troops of camels laden with panniers full of fowls going to Suez; every necessary of life is obliged to be



brought there over the desert from the Delta, even drinking water from the Nile, as all the wells are brackish. The carcasses of camels were more numerous than ever, many with flesh still remaining.

Every now and then we passed a little mound of sand and stones, marking some pilgrim's grave. Many of these poor creatures partly perform the last rites for themselves. When they feel their end approaching they choose some little hollow to lie down in, and, as long as they have strength to do so, gather the loose stones and sand around them, leaving the face alone uncovered, that they may breathe their last,—trusting to some charitable traveller to finish the work they have begun.

We still saw from time to time several beautiful flowers, and thousands of brilliantly coloured butterflies sporting amongst them; many flew into the van, but we had left our net behind us and could not catch them. We also saw quantities of moths during the whole journey.

The country is not nearly so level at this



part; the whole plain undulates more or less. We ascended and descended many small hills, and wound round several. Hitherto we had followed one direct line. Once, in turning round the angle of a rock, we came close upon three large eagles, perched at a very short distance from us.

At length we reached the station-house No. 6. We did not see it till we came close upon it; but in general the ground is so level they may be seen almost from one to another, although from twelve to sixteen miles apart.

No. 6 stands in a sandy plain without a blade of vegetation near it, and the glare of its whitewashed walls was any thing but inviting to us, sighing as we were for a little shade. However, I made up my mind that the *interior* would be very comfortable, as I had heard so much of the good fare and excellent arrangement of these desert inns. I therefore entered with visions of delicious fruit and cool Nile water; but we were fated to be disappointed. It was only nine o'clock, therefore the first thing we did was

to order breakfast immediately, and then began to look about us.

The house consisted of two chambers, a kitchen, and servants' room, and a large public saloon, which occupied the whole of one end, and completed a little centre court. Into the latter room we went. Three sides of it were furnished with divans; there was a long table in the centre, several chairs, and a glass window at each end; but as neither of them would open, the only air admitted into the room was through the door we came in at, and the glare was dreadful.

But this was not the worst part. The flies were in such myriads as to defy description. The table, walls, ceiling, and floor, literally swarmed with them. I was dreadfully tired and exhausted by the journey, and laid myself down immediately, in the cleanest looking corner of the divan; but I was not allowed to remain in peace. I had scarcely taken up my position before I was covered with flies from head to foot. My eyes were very weak from the cold in my head, and they crawled into them in such a

dreadful manner, that I began to be afraid I should be like the poor creatures I saw in the morning. Added to these, thousands of musquitoes were buzzing around me, and making havoc of my face, hands, and feet. The intense heat, and the fever of my cold, added to the irritation; and I truly felt undergoing an Egyptian plague.

G. at length procured me a little peace, by covering me with my muslin musquito sheet, and I tied my veil over my head and face, and fastened the string round my throat; but every time I raised my handkerchief I was sure to let in a dozen flies at least.

At length the breakfast was placed on the table. It was absolutely difficult to know what the dishes contained, as they looked full of heaps of flies. However, by dint of fanning and blowing, G. discovered a plate of eggs, a dish of rice, and another of very bad curry; no fruits, and only a single bottle of good water, was to be had, although they are promised in the printed papers hung round the room.

No doubt it is wonderful that things are to be found as good and comfortable as they are, or even to be found at all, in this desert of Arabia, when it is taken into consideration that every single article and every drop of water is brought on camels from Cairo. But we had heard the station-houses so much praised, and been told that we should be feasted, if we wished, on "*turkey, ham, and champagne,*" that the falling off quite disappointed us. However, we had very good tea, and excellent goat's milk, of which one can have as much as one likes throughout the desert. No bread is given, but, in lieu of it, we were treated with great round biscuits, larger, thicker, and harder than any sea-biscuits that were ever invented, and tasting considerably of tar.

Breakfast being on the table, the next thing to consider was how we should eat it, as the flies were continually crawling round the corners of our mouths, and whenever we opened them for a mouthful of food, they also claimed and obtained admittance. I dared not venture out of my sheet, but took



the plate on my knee, and watched my opportunity to raise a corner of my veil and introduce a spoonful of rice. But I soon got tired of combating my enemy, and, as the viands were not very enticing, and my appetite not very keen, I retreated within my encampment. This, however, soon became so suffocatingly hot as not to be endured any longer.

My husband soon hit upon a very good expedient; he took me into one of the bed rooms, let down the musquito curtains, and beat out all the flies. He then emancipated me from my veil, I got into the bed, and he tucked the curtains securely round, leaving me in this *boudoir charmant* to spend the remainder of the day.

Escaped from one enemy, I was now assailed by another in the shape of fleas. They annoyed me a good deal, but, as I was dressed and outside the bed, they did not do much execution; and in a little time, to my great relief, I fell asleep, and did not wake till G. came to tell me dinner was ready. He had been employing



himself very profitably in drawing the flower that had survived in our desert bouquet, and he placed upon it a horrid yellow and black insect he found outside the curtains of my bed when I was asleep. The flies would not let him draw in the room, so he sat under the shadow of the building in the little court-yard.

When he was tired of drawing he went to the door of the house to look about him. Presently he saw something at a great distance coming over the plain ; all the dogs of the station began to bark violently, and ran out. It proved to be a large wolf, which, as the dogs approached, shortened its pace and then stopped, putting its tail between its legs. The dogs did the same, but the next moment summoned courage enough to run forward, barking loudly. Upon this the wolf turned round ready to run away, but the dogs were too far from the house to consider themselves protected by their masters, so shewed no further desire to proceed, but, on the contrary, began to retire ; the wolf now advanced nearer and nearer, with a stealthy

pace, until it came close to the side of the house.

G. ran round the other way, to see what was its object in venturing so near the abode of man. He found it discussing the remains of a camel which had died two or three days before; it appeared quite regardless of the dogs, which kept at a respectful distance, and continued its meal, although G. approached very near. At last he took up a large stone, which he threw at it. The wolf looked up for a few minutes, and then resumed the repast; but a second stone made it slowly retire. The dogs now gained courage, and resumed the offensive, while the enemy hastily retreated, and, at length, laid quietly down on the ground. The dogs ran home, and G. left it to finish its meal if it chose.

Several camels came to the inn, laden with skins full of brackish water for the horses, but the poor animals were not allowed to taste a drop themselves, although they were present while the horses were greedily swallowing it.

We asked the man of the inn what had occasioned the death of the animal upon

which the wolf was feasting. He said it was a very fine and valuable camel, worth about 50*l.*; it had been constantly employed to bring water from Suez day after day, and had died of overwork a few days before. This is the fate of thousands of these invaluable animals; it is shocking to see how overloaded they often are, and how cruelly used. They are the most patient, docile creatures imaginable, and will work to the last extremity. The groaning noise they make when carrying too heavy a load is quite heart-rending to hear.

I was afraid of leaving my curtained fortress, so the table was brought close to my bed, and I ate my dinner there; which was not more savoury or inviting than the breakfast. As we could get no good water, we called for a bottle of claret, which proved sour; we then tried a bottle of marsala, not much better.

By half-past four we were once more on our road. The afternoon sun was scorching hot, and it was impossible to prevent it from shining into the front of the van, as the cur-

tains would not fasten. When we had gone nearly a mile, I remembered I had left my unfortunate pillow behind again. We dispatched the syce in quest of it, who thus gained a shilling as buckshiesh. He was a long time gone, during which G. got out and explored. He chased several lizards, and brought one to the carriage to shew me. It was of quite a different shape from any we had seen before, and of a light stone colour, like that of the desert, from which, when motionless, it is difficult to distinguish them. This peculiarity we observed in all the animals we met with. The wolf was of nearly the same hue, and even the larks partook of it.

He saw several beautiful flowers, different from those of the morning, and gaudy butterflies fluttering amongst them. The flowers faded, but G., even in this short time, made a collection of a great many different seeds; some had a very strong, pungent smell, so powerful that I could scarcely bear it when he came into the van again.

The most interesting specimens he found



were several petrified shells. They are to be met with all over the desert, and in great variety. Those in question appeared to have been snail-shells; many of them were attached to a piece of stick, as naturally as if the snails were still in them. Every here and there we saw large blocks of petrified wood lying upon the sand. In fact, all seems to turn to stone in this truly "Arabia Petræa," whether by the action of the sun upon peculiar properties in the sand, or from other cause, I know not; but I suppose the learned could assign, or already have assigned, a reason.

My headach was so bad during the remainder of this day's journey that I could look at nothing, and only deplore the incessant jolting, which left me not a moment of ease.

At the end of twelve miles we changed horses at station-house No. 5, and G. made an exact sketch of it; it is precisely similar to No. 7, and all the other stable station-houses on the road. The next was a stage of fourteen miles. The hills on each side are lower in



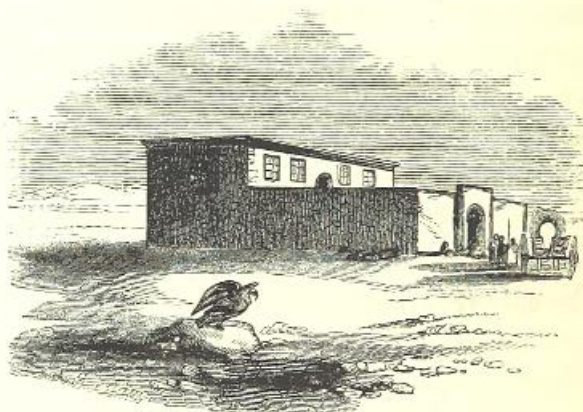
this part, and the plain is wider and more sandy. The whole face of the country is covered with innumerable rat-holes. I observed, also, several low, shrubby-looking trees, but I do not know of what nature.

We passed a small mosque-looking building, the tomb, I believe, of an Arab sheykh. No. 4 station-house was in sight several miles before we reached it, and, at the same time, the only real tree on the desert.



This is looked upon with a great deal of veneration. It grows like a yew-tree, but is not one. The trunk divides at the top into two superior branches. It may be seen for miles round, and although any where else it would belong to the Lilliputian order of trees, the singularity of its position entitles it to particular notice. Just before reaching the inn we passed a vulture perched on a large

stone ; it was of a dirty white colour, with a few black feathers in its wings.



No. 4, which I was delighted to reach, is the half-way house, and, consequently, the best on the desert. It is much larger than any of the others, and has a long row of bed-rooms and two public saloons. In front is a walled court-yard, in which were turkeys, geese, sheep, and goats, for the use of travellers. There is also a large tent, very near the station-house.

We had to go up a steep flight of steps, as all the apartments are built over the stables. There was only one bed in each room,

and, as the doors were too narrow to admit the introduction of another, my husband kindly had a mattrass placed upon a couple of tables in my room, and slept there, setting the musquitoes at defiance. My nocturnal terrors at Suez were too recent in my memory to allow me to trust myself alone.

We found this inn much cleaner and cooler than the last; there was a very civil Italian waiter, who had been there since it was first built, seven years ago. We had plenty of good water for our tea, and the biscuits, which I before described, were steeped in it, in order to render eating them within the range of possibility. While we were at tea, our Arab coachman sent up word by the waiter, "That he had observed the lady looked very tired, and, therefore, advised us to get to the end of our journey as quickly as possible; that we had better start in two hours, as the moon was very bright, and that he would take us into Cairo by breakfast-time in the morning." I was much obliged to him for his kind consideration, but as I suspected that part of it

was in order that the passengers waiting at Cairo to go by the India steamer should be conveyed across the desert by himself, we declined his offer, and prepared ourselves for a night's rest.

*July 27th.*—Notwithstanding my cold, I passed a much better night on the desert than at Suez, and there were not nearly so many intruders. We were up by day-break, while the bitter night-wind was still sweeping over the desert, and we congratulated ourselves that we had been protected from it. The morning haze had all the appearance of a wet fog.

I cannot describe the effect of the first stage of our journey this morning. The character of the scenery was different from what it had hitherto been ; we had lost sight of the chains of hills, and all around appeared an endless and unbroken tract of desert. Fortunately for my poor head the ground was very good, and much freer from stones. But to estimate the pace we went would be impossible. The coachman first desired the syce to get up behind, and then gave the reins



to his horses ; they started immediately at full gallop, and kept it up nearly the whole way. It seemed as if we were flying across the plain ; it was still early morning, and the cool air appeared to exhilarate the horses and give them additional strength. Had I felt inclined to be frightened, I certainly had good reason for it, but I was so ill that I was only too glad to get over the ground.

We swept by immense herds of camels, belonging to the Bedouin Arabs, many with their young ones by their sides. The young camel is generally of a light brown colour, with a curly coat, and, I should say, smaller in proportion than the young horse.

Presently we passed the camels laden with our own and fellow-passengers' luggage ; they had overtaken us in the night. A negro, servant to one of the French passengers, rode with them. I observed, with astonishment, one camel carrying our two large cases, each containing half a chest of drawers. One was slung on either side, and the noble animal was marching on with



its own peculiar, graceful stride, as if it scarcely felt their weight.

Having met four return horses, we stopped, and the coachman selecting one he liked better than one of those in the van, changed it. Just as we were starting again the harness broke ; this was soon rectified, and we resumed our former pace, which was seldom slackened until we arrived at station No. 3, a distance of fifteen miles.

G. walked on while they were changing horses, over a little hill in front, and desired me to pick him up. As soon as he was gone, the coachman tied a horse to each wheel and left the others to stray about, while he went into the stable to amuse himself, and I was left in the van alone with these half-wild horses. Presently, one of those tied to the wheel began to kick, and another to roll. I expected every moment the van would be upset by a conspiracy of the eight horses, who were thus left to their own inventions. However, my cries were of very little use in bringing the people to my rescue, and it was not until G.,

surprised at the long delay, appeared, at the top of the hill, shouting for us to come on, that the coachman began to stir himself.

We had a mule as one of the wheelers, which the coachman kept continually beating with a short whip he had on purpose, in addition to his long one. The road was very hilly and rough ; consequently we went at a much more moderate pace than before.

Half way we met rather an interesting caravan ; it consisted of the family of some wealthy Bey, going on a pilgrimage to Jiddah and Mek'keh. There must have been about twenty or thirty camels. Those carrying the Bey himself and his hharee'm had superb trappings. The ladies, who were all closely veiled, were seated in a kind of large open box, hung on each side as panniers ; there were red silk embroidered curtains hung around, like those on a bedstead, and an awning over all. The Bey was smoking his splendid pipe ; and behind came innumerable slaves with provisions.

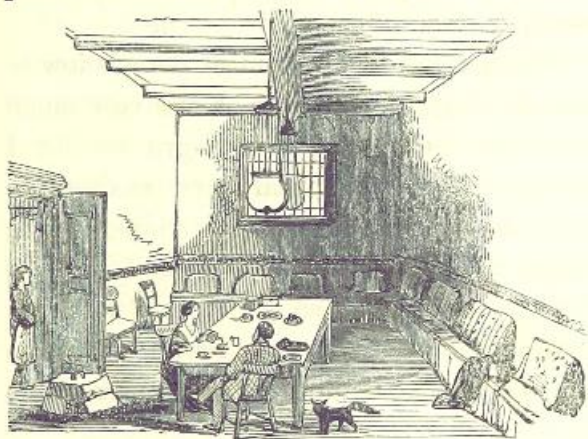
We several times witnessed the phenomenon of the mirage, so often described by

travellers, and so cruelly deceptive to the weary and thirsty pilgrim. Sometimes it assumed the appearance of a distant harbour, at others of an inland lake, reflecting the surrounding objects on its surface. This appeared a very long stage (thirteen miles). The road was rising and descending constantly over little hillocks, with deep sand between, and followed a winding course. We reached No. 2 station-house a little past nine o'clock. It is exactly like No. 6, but with fewer flies and better fare; at least we thought so, in consequence of having for breakfast a very nice leg of cold mutton, left by some fellow-passengers, who had dined here yesterday.

As soon as breakfast was over I again betook myself to the bed, to endeavour to rest after my fatigues, but in vain: I was tormented the whole morning by fleas. I never saw such myriads as there were. At length I gave up the attempt to sleep in despair, and rejoined G., whom I found very busily engaged in taking the likeness of a young fox which had been caught a

few days before on the desert, and was now confined in a small wooden cage. All the Arab servants of the inn were gathered round him, peeping in with the greatest curiosity at the door at which he was sitting. The fox was of the same colour as all the animals we had met with on the desert.

We laid pillows on the long dining-table, and laid down there, but the flies would not leave us in peace ; so we gave up all thoughts of resting ourselves. I beguiled the time by feeding and playing with a beautiful black Persian cat, and G. with his pencil, which is an endless source of pleasure and amusement. He made a sketch





of the interior of the room we were sitting in, with both of us at breakfast.

Several troops of camels passed during the day; one came very near the house, with an Arab on his back, when G. let the door bang, and it started as if it were shot, and ran away, nearly overthrowing the man.

Presently a large herd passed, belonging to the Bedouin Arabs; G. repeated the experiment, and immediately they were scattered all over the plain, running and scampering in all directions; one camel threw its load off and fell down. The men had great difficulty in collecting and quieting them, to proceed on their journey.

While I was looking out of the window to see our baggage come up, I was very much amused by observing the Negro servant I spoke of before, appear very anxious to stop the light camel he was riding on, in order to take some refreshment at the station-house. Not so the animal, who, immediately he tried to turn its head towards the inn, plunged into the very centre of the



troop, much to the discomfiture of the poor man, who still kept his seat, notwithstanding the contusions his legs must have suffered in contact with the boxes and packing-cases among which they were jammed. The camel carried the day ; and, some time afterwards, I saw the man returning on foot for his cup of coffee, leaving the unruly beast to pursue his road with his companions.

We dined on the remains of the leg of mutton, and again started on our journey. Just as I was getting into the van, we saw a beautiful shaggy black sheep, different from any we had seen before.

The road now was rougher than ever ; it often ran over ridges of rock just appearing above the sand ; the jolting and shaking was almost unbearable. Thirteen miles brought us to No. 1 station. From hence to Cairo the blocks of petrified wood were larger and more plentiful ; many entire trunks of trees lying by the roadside, shewed that the whole of this region must once have been a forest. The desert undulated every where like the waves of

the sea, but we found our van cut through them by no means smoothly, and in a manner quite incompatible with any maritime illusions.

After we had left No. 1 about a mile behind, we saw a silvery stream winding in the horizon; it was the glorious Nile, the lustre of whose course was undimmed, although every other object was shrouded in a mist of distance. As we drew nearer, the groves and cultivated plains upon its banks became visible, and afforded a delightful contrast to the surrounding desert.

We drew nearer and nearer, and every moment the scene became more and more beautiful. I could not look upon it without conjuring up in my mind the tales of ancient glory, of warlike deeds, and, above all, of Scripture interest, that derive their origin from Egypt and her mighty river. I could scarcely fancy that I was really about to enter the scenes which, from childhood upwards, I had always regarded with wonder and curiosity, more than almost any other spot on the globe.

At length we came in sight of a forest of domes and minarets, and Grand Cairo was before us, with the stupendous Pyramids in the distance. We had still several miles to go, and we rattled on in better spirits now the goal was before us.

On the confines of the desert we passed several magnificent mosques, I believe the "tombs of the caliphs."

The road then ran for about a mile through a large extent of ground, covered with little heaps and squares of brick building. It is the encampment of the Bedouin Arabs, who come once or twice a-year to Cairo to purchase grain, &c., but are not allowed to dwell within the walls; one part is allotted for their horses, and is built over with little brick mangers to hold their forage. They were now uninhabited. Beyond is the Arab burial-ground.

We next entered what may be properly called the outskirts of Cairo. We were constantly passing between walled gardens, highly cultivated, some filled with magnificent specimens of the cactus, or prickly

pear, in full fruit; many with orange and olive-trees.

Most of the walls were surmounted by a row of pillars interlaced with vines; flowering trees and shrubs were to be seen in every direction, amongst them the graceful laburnum, in full bloom. All seemed redolent of beauty and abundance, and was a delightful relief to the eye after the dreary tract we had just traversed.

The driver guided his horses very skilfully through the narrow lanes, and round the sharp angles, although he still kept them at full speed. Each moment we came in sight of something new; crowds of peasants of both sexes were returning from their work; the women in their long blue robes and veiled faces formed beautiful groups, many of them bearing large earthenware vases of water on their heads, of classical and ornamental shapes; the men, with their large and many-coloured turbans, some sitting cross-legged, smoking their pipes, others trotting along on richly-caparisoned donkeys and mules, with here and there a



spirited little Arab horse, with velvet housings, curvetting and prancing, impatient of restraint.

All looked like so many beautiful pictures in which colour and form were admirably combined, only wanting a frame to complete the illusion. The tints were such as would have delighted the eye of a painter. Groves and scattered trees of the date-palm were constantly to be seen, giving an oriental character to the landscape.

At length we entered the gate of the city, and found ourselves in the great square of Cairo. The lofty overhanging houses, with their ornamental wooden lattices, through which many bright eyes were peeping, the crowds of equestrian and foot passengers, each in some costume new to my inexperienced eye, and, above all, the Egyptian ladies, riding cross-legged on donkeys, with their flowing black robes and portly figures, crowded on my attention.

These sights, and many others, produced such a whirl in my head of wonder and amusement, that description is impossible,



and I must reserve detail for a nearer and more leisurely survey of one of the most original and curious cities in the world.

We left the square and entered a narrow lane, which we afterwards found to be the widest thoroughfare in the town. We were jostled by men, camels, and donkeys, on all sides. Presently we heard a shout, and, on looking behind, we saw Mr. Jackson and Mr. Silver, our fellow-passengers, galloping along after us, each mounted on a donkey. We were very glad to meet again; a familiar face in a strange land is always welcome.

Our carriage stopped at the entrance of the street where the Great Eastern hotel is situated, as it was far too narrow to admit of its passing, being scarcely wide enough to allow of three persons walking abreast. We went immediately to the hotel, where, in the large public dining-room, we met all our friends of the India assembled. Upon comparing notes we found that we had accomplished the actual journey two hours quicker than any of them. They were just going to dinner.

The house was full, so we were given a secondary apartment, with a promise of a better in the morning. Although we did not like the appearance at first, we found it, upon the whole, tolerably comfortable; and when the door was shut, and I looked around, there was an air of antiquity and mystery about it that harmonised well with the restless feeling of curiosity and excitement I had felt ever since entering the city.

The ceiling, which was painted in different colours, now faded by age, was raised in the centre, with windows round it, by which alone light was admitted into the room. On one side was a large curtain, concealing a narrow passage, and, on the other, above the door, was a large unglazed window, ornamented with carved wooden lattice-work, and looking only upon a blank wall a few inches from it. There were some old Scripture pieces, painted in oil, hung round the room.

We had scarcely retired to rest, when an extraordinary colloquy began in Arabic; the voices sounded as loud as if in the

room, but they came from behind the curtain. It appeared like a dispute between a man and woman; the first voice was very gruff, and the second the shrillest I ever heard: they seemed to be screaming to each other from one end of the street to the other. They completely prevented our sleeping for above an hour, and I was beginning to speculate whether they would continue quarrelling all night, when exhausted nature overcame my oral faculties, and I fell asleep.

## CHAPTER V.

Turkish Bath, or Hhammam—Resolutions—Pasha's Stud—Water Melon—Signet Ring of King Cheops—Donkey Chair—Cairo Donkeys—Dragoman—Grand Cairo—Streets of Cairo—Shops—Men's Dress—Women—Equestrians—Citadel—Massacre of the Memlooks—Memlook leap—Pasha's Palace—View of Cairo—Heliopolis—View of the Pyramids—Memphis—Pyramids of Sakara—Sunset—Palace—Terrace and Ramparts—Joseph's Well—New Mosque of Alabaster—Riotous Crowd—Mosque of Sultan Hassan.





## CHAPTER V.

*JULY 28th.*—The first object I saw when I awoke this morning, was my husband preparing to go to a Turkish bath, previous to entering upon his Cairo campaign. On his return he gave me such a charming account of it that I was also anxious to try a Hhammam; but I was not well enough to accomplish such a freak, and was therefore obliged to content myself with his description.

There are sixty or seventy public baths in Cairo, and they are ornamented exteriorly in a similar manner to the mosques. During the time they are being used by women, a piece of linen is hung up over the doorway, to warn men not to enter.

But to return to G. He first entered a room paved with white marble, with a

fountain playing in the centre, and large mattrasses raised above the ground on each side, called leewa'n. The ceiling consisted of a number of small domes, which admitted the light. From these, numerous towels were hanging up to dry.

Here he was stopped, and a man came who undressed him, and wrapped him up in a sheet; he was then conducted through another apartment precisely similar to the first, into a small room, paved with mosaic, of different coloured tiles; half of it was occupied by the bath, a reservoir of warm water, which was constantly replenished by a small fountain. The whole atmosphere was strongly impregnated with steam.

The mookey'yisa'tee, or bathing-man, made him sit down, and proceeded to shampoo him; pulled his arms, and not only made all his joints, but his neck, crack twice, by turning his head round. He then desired him to go into the bath, and when he had done so, and was again seated on the floor, he brought a basin of liquid soap, and lathered him all

over with it, — using “leef” (fibres of a palm-tree) for this purpose, in the same way as a sponge.

He then was dipped a second time in the bath, on emerging from which he was covered with several napkins, and having resumed a pair of wooden clogs, with which he was furnished on entering, he returned to the first apartment, where a mattress was spread for him to lie down, and being well enveloped in napkins, he was left to cool.

During this time a cup of coffee was brought to him, and he was offered a pipe. As soon as the perspiration began to pass off, the dresser came and assisted him on with all his clothes, and after paying four piastres\* he was allowed to depart.

Breakfast being over, G. sallied out again, but I resisted the temptation, as I determined to remain at home until my cold

\* The ckirsh, or Egyptian piastre, is equivalent to twopence-halfpenny of English money. The khey-ree'yeh, a very small thin gold coin, much in use, is worth four piastres, or ninepence-halfpenny.

was well; time, however, will shew how I kept my resolution.

I took possession of another room, and endeavoured to write my journal, but in vain; my mind was *distract*, and nothing but visions of Cairo streets could arrest my thoughts; so I remained idle till my husband returned; and when he did, he gave me such a confused, and yet such an exciting, account of all he had seen, that my good resolutions faded away, and I resolved, at all events, to go out in the evening, and judge for myself.

Amongst other things, G. had been to see one of Mohammed Ali's studs; the best, however, is near his country palace at Shoobra.

To wile away the time, we sent our Greek servant Carlos to purchase a water-melon, as I had never tasted one. He soon returned with one that I thought enormous, but I have seen some far larger since; as it was, it was almost too heavy for one man to carry. The rind was of a light green colour, and quite smooth: some of them are of a very dark green and rough.

G. proceeded to cut out some gigantic slices, upon which we feasted; the inside was of the most delicate pink, becoming white towards the rind, not partaking of the melon flavour, but rather approaching that of the cucumber. It was deliciously cold, juicy, and refreshing. The hollow in the centre was filled with a rose-coloured juice, of which we took two or three tumblers full, mixed with a little white sugar, and found it very agreeable. There was an immense quantity of large black seeds in it; those of the dark-green water-melon are white. The flavour of the former is by far the finest.

After we had finished our repast, we adjourned to the public room, where, to our annoyance, we found an early dinner was just prepared: of which we were obliged to partake, notwithstanding that the fruit had far from increased our appetite.

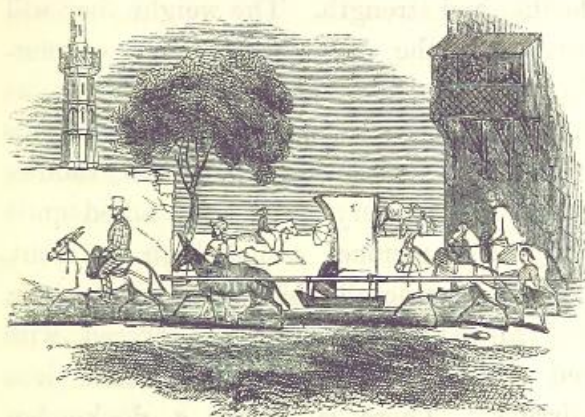
The English medical man of Cairo, Dr. Abbott, was at the table; we had brought a letter of introduction to him from Dr. and Mrs. Malcolmson at Aden. He has been collecting several antiquities for the new



Egyptian Society just formed. He wore on his finger a very curious ring, supposed to be the signet of Cheops, the presumptive founder of the Great Pyramid. It is of the purest gold, and very massive; the seal part is square, and engraved with hieroglyphics. His Egyptian majesty must have had a small finger, for it would not go on that of any of the gentlemen present, excepting Dr. Abbott's, and it only just fitted my third finger. Dr. Abbott gave us a ticket of admission into the Library of the society, for use during our stay at Cairo.

At four o'clock I was ready equipped to visit the citadel, whither we had determined to go first, in order to give us a general idea of the whole city. There are no carriages in Cairo, as the streets are far too narrow to allow them to pass through; consequently every one rides; but as I was not strong enough even to mount a donkey, a chair, like the one I intended to have crossed the desert in, was prepared for me. It is the most curious conveyance possible, and I must give a full description of it.

The chair has a framework fixed over it, which is covered above, behind, and on both sides, with sail-cloth. It is fixed on a huge wooden tray, like a dinner tray, which projects some way in front for the feet. A long pole is fastened on each side of this, extending a considerable way in front and behind. Near both ends a loose cord connects the two poles; these are slung over the saddles of two donkeys, for which the poles form shafts. One animal is behind, and the other



in front, and the chair is carried between them, exactly in the same way in which men carry a sedan-chair. When they walk well

together the motion is very easy ; so is the canter or gallop when one can nerve one's self to it ; but the trot is indescribable.

As soon as I was seated, we started. My husband, Mr. Jackson, Mr. Silver, and Captain Waring, were mounted on donkeys. The Cairo donkey deserves a place in zoology to itself, for it is different from any other of its species. It is distinguished not so much for its size (although larger than those common in England), as by its docility and strength. The weight they will carry, and the pace they go, are extraordinary ; they walk, trot, and canter, as regularly as a horse : most have their coats entirely or partially shorn. The saddles they carry are very large, and stuffed quite soft ; the pommel rising high in front. They are generally of a very gay colour, and furnished with bridles, covered with red carpet, and a pair of fantastic iron stirrups. There is always a donkey-boy for each, who drives his customers forward like a bale of goods.

Our cavalcade was increased by each

gentleman being attended by his dragoman, or *laquais-de-place*, all mounted likewise on donkeys, and riding in a body in front, to clear the way. The impertinence of these fellows is beyond belief; they say just what they please to their masters, who they know could not well do without them. Most of them are Arabs; we were fortunate in engaging a Greek, as we could put a little curb upon him.

Some of the scenes between an old East Indian colonel and his servant were very amusing. He had been accustomed all his life to look upon domestics almost as slaves, and although he was perfectly helpless without him, could ill brook the ready tongue of his Arab menial.

But I have made so many digressions I never shall get to the point of my story. The fact is, I do not know how to begin, I saw so much that will lose by descriptions such as mine. It requires a writer as ready and original with his pen as Hogarth with his pencil, to give a proper account.

As soon as we had turned out of the lane



in which the hotel stands, we found ourselves in the grand street of Cairo, which was thronged, as it always is, and affording abundant specimens of the varied inhabitants of the Egyptian capital. Armenians, Turks, Copts, Arabs, and Franks, were all jostling together in perfect harmony. Good humour is a very necessary quality in this crowded city, where no one thinks it necessary to beg your pardon after knocking you down. I felt quite distracted, and my breath almost suspended, when the donkeyman made my donkeys strike into a gallop, and force a way for themselves through the dense mass.

First I came in contact with a long string of camels, stalking along with their heads high up in the air, apparently disdainful of such pigmy creatures as us, and their spreading burdens filling up nearly the whole width of the street. I screamed as I saw my chair about to be precipitated into this moving mass, but in vain; onward I was carried, and to my inexpressible relief I found myself in a few seconds safely



through, only having received some unceremonious jolts against the neighbouring wall.

I had scarcely congratulated myself upon my escape, when I received a charge of forty or fifty donkeys and horses, driven headlong down the street, loaded with skins of water, hanging on each side. They were kicking and plunging in every direction; but, being unharmed, I began at last to partake of the feeling of security which seemed to pervade every one else.

It is quite astonishing that there are not more accidents. Very often the shafts of my donkey-chair ran forcibly against the legs of some unfortunate Turk who happened to be passing, and would nearly precipitate him into a vegetable stall; but neither he nor the market-women whose baskets were upset, appeared the least to care about it.

When I had recovered my senses sufficiently to look about me, I was struck with the novelty of every thing I saw. The street was in many places entirely covered over with rafters and wood-work, and in the

parts that were not so covered, the houses themselves afforded a shade by their overhanging gables. Every floor projects two or three feet beyond the one below it, and the windows looking into the street are formed of close wooden lattice-work, so as to screen the inmates without excluding the air.

On the upper floors, even in the principal street, opposite neighbours can converse and shake hands with the greatest ease. The ground floor on each side is occupied with shops, that do not belong to the houses above them.

These shops are the most curious little places imaginable. They consist in general of a square recess, about six or seven feet high, and three or four in width, with a raised *mus'-tub'-ah*, or seat, in front, where the shopman and customer sit together to make their bargains. They had the appearance, with all their merchandise packed closely together in them, of boxes turned on their sides, with their lids off.

Those of the same trade generally congregate together: in one place we saw

nothing but hardware, in another, the workers in copper, &c. &c.

The dresses of both the higher and lower classes add much to the picturesqueness of the scene. The head-dress is the distinguishing mark of the different sects. They wear next the head a close-fitting white cotton cap; then one of red cloth, with a



large tassel of dark-blue silk at the crown; this is called the turboo'sh. The higher classes seldom wear any thing but the turboo'sh, except in cold weather, but the lower orders are seldom seen without the more

ancient turban wound round the cap. That of the true Moos'lim Egyptians is of white muslin; the descendants of the prophet, or shereefs, wear those of sacred green; while the Copts and Jews are distinguished by black.

Their flowing robes, full trousers, yellow shoes, and thick girdle, generally consisting of a cashmere or some gaudy coloured scarf, twisted several times round the waist, have a very pretty effect; and their flowing beards give them all a venerable appearance. The upper classes wear full cloth trousers, and coats to match, often beautifully embroidered. Their shirts are plaited and gaged in a fanciful manner, and their leggings, or white gaiters, are the same.

There were full as many women as men in the street, but I shall reserve the description of their costume till I have examined it more minutely. They appeared fully as curious to catch a glimpse of the Frank lady as I was to see them. Numbers pressed through the lattice-work of their windows, and retired screaming when they saw the party of gentlemen fol-



lowing me, who, of course, rode staring up at them.

We met numbers of ladies on donkeys, evidently enjoying the curiosity and admiration excited by their large sparkling black eyes, whose beauty led one to imagine the hidden features equally lovely.

Every now and then we encountered an officer, or a wealthy Memlook, curvetting down the street, on a high-spirited Arab horse, superbly caparisoned with velvet and gold. They generally were furnished with pistols in holsters, and two or three, dazzling with gems, were stuck in the girdle. They were always followed by a running syce, or groom, and often by mounted attendants.

Passing through these motley scenes we at length reached the citadel, which is built on the summit of a hill, and commands the whole of Cairo and the surrounding plains. It is very strongly fortified; we passed through a number of archways and gateways, defended by bastions, before we began the ascent, which is almost perpendicular, and in many places so narrow as scarcely to



admit three horsemen abreast between the walls which flank it.

The summit is occupied by the Pasha's palace, his hharee'm, a large hall where the council meet, police offices, &c. &c., and the grand square, rendered so famous as the scene of the massacre of the Memlooks, on the first of March, 1811 ; when Mohammed Ali, after having entertained them at his palace, caused the gates of the citadel to be closed against them as they were returning, and commanded his troops to assassinate the whole. No less than 470 bodies were counted in the morning.

Whatever may have been the motives of the Pasha, and the supposed necessity which drove him to perpetrate this deed of treachery and blood, it must ever blast his name with opprobrium. We were shewn the spot from whence the only Memlook who escaped the general massacre leapt from the ramparts into the town below ; it is quite fearful to look at, and yet, most astonishing to say, he was very little hurt ; though his horse was

killed by the fall. He is now a Bey in the Pasha's service.

The vice-royal palace looks into this court ; we were not allowed to go over it, as it is now occupied by the hharee'm, during the Pasha's absence at Alexandria. We were shewn, however, the large hall of audience, and another splendid apartment where the governor and his staff were seated on divans. We made our bows to him, and were allowed afterwards to make the tour of the rooms.

The view from the windows was one of the most magnificent I ever saw, and certainly the most extensive. Grand Cairo, with its domes and minarets, lay at our feet, and stretching far to the right, every where interspersed with trees and gardens. Beyond were the mosques of the caliphs, and the Memlook tombs ; the solitary obelisk that marks the site, and is the sole remaining vestige, of regal Heliopolis ; and then, as far as the eye could reach, stretched the boundless desert of Arabia Petræa.

Before us wound the fruitful Nile, co-

vered with sails and barks of every description, till its course was concealed from view in the fertile plains and the olive and orange groves of the Delta. The Ports of Boulac and Old Cairo, with numerous villages, studded its banks, while from its bosom rose several verdant islands, of which Rhoda is the queen.

To the left the silver stream was still visible, running fresh from the ruins of mighty Thebes, Luxor, and Carnac, whose walls it had washed in its downward course. It was bordered on each side by a narrow strip of cultivated land, and all around was desert.

But we had scarcely time to mark these lesser features in the landscape, for in this direction rose the mighty Pyramids, which immediately arrested and detained all attention. Those of Gizeh, although twelve miles off, appeared quite close; amongst them that of Cheops rose pre-eminent, and overwhelmed the mind with astonishment.

I could scarcely withdraw my eyes from these colossal piles, and determined to visit them to-morrow; but, alas! these plans were

frustrated, and I left Egypt without obtaining a nearer view of them than could be had from Cairo.

What dreams and visions of bygone days are conjured up by these monuments of antiquity, which still stand unshaken amid the buried and prostrate ruins of the mighty city to which we suppose they owe their origin ! Even the site of the stately Memphis is disputed ; but I cannot help clinging to the idea that it glittered in the immediate vicinity of the Pyramids, and that they themselves were raised by the labour of the Israelites, while smarting under the heavy lash of the task-masters imposed upon them by its imperious and impious monarch.

I cannot imagine any one being disappointed in the size of the Pyramids ; even at this distance they struck me as being larger than any work of man the imagination could conceive. To the extreme left we saw the pyramids of Sakara, which bound the horizon in that direction, and also appear much nearer than they really are.

I could scarcely tear myself away from



this astonishing scene, the beauty of which was heightened by a magnificent sunset, shedding a rich warm hue over every object.

Returning through the palace, I managed to peep through some windows looking into a suite of apartments, apparently magnificently ornamented with painted ceilings and wainscoats.

We passed through some extensive buildings, appropriated to the police, and then repaired to the terrace overlooking the ramparts; it is defended by a high stone wall, and nearly all the embrasures are furnished with large pieces of cannon. The view from hence is nearly the same as that we had just obtained from the palace, but not so extensive. We looked immediately below into several large barracks and barrack-yards, where bodies of troops were going through their manœuvres. In another place we saw a horse auction, at which several horses were shewing off for sale.

Looking at Cairo from this height, I could scarcely believe it the same town I had



just traversed, with its crooked narrow lanes. The reason of this is, that all the best houses have, in the interior, large open courts and gardens, which cannot be seen from the street.

Near this place is the famous well called Joseph's Well, it being constructed by a celebrated governor of that name. I postponed visiting it until another opportunity, which never occurred. It is remarkable for the immense depth of the shaft, which can be descended by several flights of steps. The water, in common with all the other wells of Cairo, filters through the soil from the Nile, during which process it contracts a brackish taste.

Before quitting the citadel we visited the magnificent mosque which is being constructed by order of Mohammed Ali. It occupies an immense arena, and is built entirely of Oriental alabaster. It has even now, in its very unfinished state, a most imposing appearance. I was particularly struck by some double rows of pillars in the interior of the building, of the most exquisite pro-

portions and workmanship, and composed of the same costly material.

Hundreds of people were employed in the neighbourhood, in cutting and shaping the stones, and carrying away the rubbish. It is supposed that, when completed, it will vie in splendour with the finest mosques in Constantinople.

When we returned to our donkeys, we found the whole square full of a crowd of men, women, and children of the lower orders, giving utterance to the greatest jargon of sounds I ever heard. I could not make out from our dragoman what they had assembled for; but they appeared decidedly inimical to us, and were only dispersed by several of the police officers running in amongst them, dealing blows with their heavy whips from side to side. Even after this two or three stones were thrown at us.

All the way, as we were ascending to the citadel, I felt certain misgivings as to how I should muster courage to come down in my rickety vehicle. Imagine, then, my horror when, while I was giving directions in Eng-

lish about the care they must take in descending, my donkey-men suddenly struck the donkeys with their sticks, and away they went full gallop down the narrow zigzag hill. They rushed on with such an impetus, that nothing could stop them ; and all I could do was to hold tight on to the chair with my hands, expecting every moment to be precipitated over the front donkey. But my fears were groundless ; I reached the bottom in safety.

We now proceeded to visit the “ mosque of Sultan Hassan,” the oldest and largest in Cairo. I was told at first that I could not be of the party ; but this I was determined should not be the case, and I subsequently found no difficulty in gaining admittance. This mosque was the nearest of the many hundreds we had seen from the citadel. The exterior, which occupies a great part of the street in which it stands, is, in common with all other buildings of the same kind, coloured red and white in alternate courses. I do not think the effect at all good ; it takes off from the imposing grandeur of the

architecture, and gives to it a modern and tawdry appearance.

We ascended a large flight of steps to the entrance; here we were shewn part of the stone-floor stained with the blood of some Memlooks, who were massacred even in this sacred spot. We passed through several dark vaulted passages, breathing any thing but aromatic perfumes, and which terminated in a square open court.

A double bar of wood arrested our progress, and we were requested to take off our shoes before we entered the sacred precincts. This was an obstacle I had not reckoned upon, and appeared an insurmountable one to me; for to tread barefoot on the damp stone pavement was an imprudence I did not dare venture upon. However, it was discovered that my shoes were of stuff; so, after they had been carefully wiped and dusted, I was allowed to pass free. The gentlemen had to take off their boots, and deposit them at the door.

The court is surrounded by porticoes, and in the centre is a large covered tank, for the



faithful to perform their ablutions. The portico which faces the direction of Mek'keh is larger than the others, and is supported by a double row of columns. In this is a pulpit, and a raised kind of desk railed round with small pillars, supporting a huge copy of the Koran. The pavement in many parts is beautifully inlaid with different coloured marble ; but it was disgustingly dirty.

We now entered the sanctuary, or main body of the mosque, in the centre of which are enshrined the remains of Sultan Hassan, who was stabbed in this very spot ; the stain of his blood is still visible on the pavement. His tomb is guarded by an iron railing, which is surrounded by dirty, tattered pieces of matting, spread for the people to prostrate themselves on when they pay their devotions. Upon the lid of the sarcophagus, which is quite unornamented, are placed a small iron chest and an ancient copy of the Koran, both belonging to the deceased.

The ceiling of this spacious hall (for I know not what else to call it) consists of a



number of domes, painted in imitation of mosaic ; and the gallery which runs all round is ornamented with long friezes in stucco, consisting of passages from the Koran in gigantic Arabic characters. This has a very curious and pretty effect.

Representation of any thing that has life is strictly forbidden, consequently the walls are simply whitewashed, excepting the lower part, which is mosaic. Notwithstanding its loftiness and fine proportions, I must say I was disappointed with this much-admired mosque. The almost total deficiency of ornament and sculpture gives a naked and unfinished appearance ; and the filth of the place destroys any pleasure one might have in viewing it.

I came to the conclusion, that all places of Moos'lim worship should only be visited when peopled with the Moos'lims themselves, whose picturesque costume and varied devotional prostrations would amply make amends for all that is wanting in interest in the sanctuary itself.

I can imagine it a magnificent and im-

posing spectacle when, during some of the great fêtes, and even on every returning Friday (the Mohammedan Sabbath), thousands of these grave devotees throng the spacious courts and porticos of Sultan Hassan, particularly at the close of the day, when the myriads of quaint and ornamental lamps (which we saw suspended from the great portico) are lit, throwing their lurid light over the bended multitudes.

But this is a sight denied to woman's eyes ; and during the time we were at Cairo my ill health prevented my feeling enough of the spirits which have induced many of my countrywomen to transform themselves into Turkish boys, and thus witness the forbidden rites, and satisfy their English curiosity. While we were in it the mosque was almost deserted.



## CHAPTER VI.

Streets of Cairo—Dogs—Shoobra Palace—Mohammed Ali—The Pasha's Hharee'm—Avenue of Acacia Trees—Coffee-house—Horsemen—Cairo Lake—Egyptian and Turkish Ladies—Ladies Riding—Women of the Middle Class—Women of the Lower Class—Tattoo—Children—Fella'hhs—Conscription—One-eyed Regiment—Taxes—Island of Rhoda—Moses.





## CHAPTER VI.

WE returned to the hotel by a different direction, and passed through a great many by-streets, but in which, however, most of the best and distinguished houses in Cairo are situated. I could never have imagined any street so narrow; in many parts there was barely room for two donkeys to pass. The buildings were very lofty, and the projecting casements of the upper stories constantly overlapped those opposite, entirely excluding the sky from the street beneath.

The dark wooden lattice-work added to the gloom produced by the fading day, and, altogether, there was an air of mystery and adventure while threading through this labyrinth of crooked passages, which at this hour were almost deserted, that quite

charmed me. The stillness was unbroken except by the cry of the boys urging on the donkeys, and now and then some distant bell.

Here and there a closely-veiled female passed us, hurrying on to her distant haharee'm, from which she had played truant; and often we disturbed a bevy of half-starved dogs, who had taken up their nightly quarters in the middle of the street; they growled menacingly at us as we passed, and then resumed their broken slumbers.

This description only applies to the streets occupied by private houses, for when we again immersed into the great thoroughfares, all was bustle and confusion, enhanced by the increasing darkness; for none of the streets are lighted with lamps, and the only light proceeds from the dim and solitary tapers of the surrounding shops, and even these are closed at an early hour. Most of the pedestrians carry lamps with them. Many of the poorer classes do not own a roof to shelter them, and pass the night in the streets.

I was very glad to find myself back in the hotel at ten, after all my fatigues. The waiters are all Italian, and understand scarcely any thing else.

*June 29th.*—Having heard that there was to be a fête at Shoobra, we fixed upon it as the object of our evening's excursion. This is the country palace of Mohammed Ali; he has had it built under his own direction, and the garden laid out by a Scotch gardener. He resides a great deal here, but not so much as formerly, when his favourite sultana (his first wife) was alive. She was the mother of his eldest son and heir, Ibrahim Pasha, who was born while she was Mohammed's slave. His two other sons by her, Toussoun and Ismael, the former of whom died of the plague, and the latter at Sanaar, were born after she became his wife.

Now he usually remains, when at Cairo, at the house of his daughter, the widow of the haughty and blood-thirsty Bey, who was supposed to be equally as likely to become the successor to the vice-regal throne as

Ibrahim Pasha. Apartments have been fitted up for his royal highness in the princess's palace, quite in the European style. It is said she wishes to marry a second time, but her father will not give his consent to any such proceeding, and she is obliged to content herself with single blessedness as well as she may. The Pasha very seldom lives at his palace in the citadel, where his Cairo hharee'm usually resides, for he has two establishments, one here and one at Alexandria; so that in changing his residence he has the additional agreeableness of changing his wives. However, he does not shew his favour to one more than the other; for although the Alexandrian hharee'm is within the palace walls, he has seldom entered it during the last few years, and his wives and slaves are kept merely as a necessary appendage to his establishment. A short time ago he had some very lovely creatures as slaves, but has lately married them all to different officers of his court.

We started for Shoobra about five o'clock, but I was so tired and shaken by my yester-

day's expedition, that I could not bear the donkeys to go out of a walk, so we proceeded very slowly. Soon after leaving the city-gate we turned into a wide road, shaded on each side by a magnificent avenue of acacia-trees, growing in all the luxuriance and perfection they attain in this climate.

They are different from any of the same species I have seen in other countries ; the flower is very large, does not grow in bunches, and the seed-pods reminded me of those of the tamarind-tree. This splendid avenue was planted by Mohammed Ali, who cut down a similar one of mulberry-trees which occupied the same place. It is astonishing how quickly they have grown ; they appear fifty or sixty years old.

I did not get on so prosperously as yesterday ; my chair kept falling down backwards, and slipping from the donkeys ; and, what was still more disagreeable, a strong hot wind was blowing from the desert right in our faces, bringing with it volumes of sand, which almost blinded us.



When we had got about half way we came to a large coffee-house and garden, where groups of Turks were sitting on benches outside, sipping sherbet and smoking their long pipes.

This scene tempted the gentlemen to dismount and refresh themselves also, while I continued my road ; but I had not proceeded far before the wind became so disagreeable that I turned back, reserving my visit to the gardens till Sunday, when there was to be another fête.

As I returned alone with my dragoman, I was passed by numerous well-dressed horsemen, mounted on beautiful Arabs gaily caparisoned, running races with each other, and performing a number of difficult feats. At one moment they shot past me like the wind, and I expected to see some of them precipitated to the hard, uneven ground ; but in another the impetuosity of the horses was entirely stopped, and their riders were handling them in the most perfect way, making them canter slowly, taking two or three steps with one foot foremost and then

with the other, backwards and forwards, without stopping the speed. It is astonishing what equestrian skill they possess, and this almost without exception.

I passed through what I call the Grand Square, but in reality it is the dry bed of the artificial lake, which is filled by the canal during high Nile, and is then thronged with boats and sails, while it is only separated from the surrounding houses by a wide road, shaded by an avenue of acacia-trees that encircles it. Now, however, it looks like a large, uneven, sandy square, with a draw-well and a few straggling trees in the midst of it.

I met here several of the fair denizens of the city, taking their evening airing, some on foot and some mounted on their sturdy donkeys. I shall endeavour to describe their out-door costume in this place, and finish the account of the mysteries of their toilet after I have penetrated the secret precincts of the hharee'm.

A great deal of coquetry is displayed in arranging the different articles that compose

the riding or walking attire of a Turkish or Egyptian lady. The more breadths of silk they can carry about them the better ; the consequence is that they look full as broad as they are long ; and one would suppose them of an extra circumference to any other women on the globe, were it not for the delicate tapering white hands, covered with rings, that peep from beneath the hhab'arah, and the lively sparkling black eyes, discovered through the openings of the face-veil, which could belong to no woman who had exceeded that certain *embonpoint* which adds to rather than deteriorates beauty.

They spare no expense in their dress, which is usually of the most costly material ; and often a single walking paraphernalia costs them from twenty to thirty pounds. Before leaving her house, the lady first puts on, in addition to her hharee'm costume, a large loose robe, each sleeve of which is as wide as the length of the gown : this is called a to'b, and is composed of the richest silk or satin, always of some gay colour—pink, yellow, red, or violet.

She next adjusts her boor'cko', or face-veil : this consists of a long strip of the finest white muslin ; often of Indian muslin, and exquisitely embroidered. It is fastened just between the eyes, and conceals all the other features ; it reaches to the feet. At the top it is attached to a narrow white band in the centre of the forehead, which is fastened to the head-dress, as also are the two outer corners of the veil.

She next envelopes herself in the hhab'-arah, a large cloak of rich black silk, tied round the head by a piece of narrow riband, fastened inside, and concealing the whole figure. It is kept in its place by being held on each side by the hands, which are twisted round in a curious way, with the thumbs upwards.

In this manner the lady prevents it from coming too forward, or blowing back by the wind, and the rich to'b is still displayed in front. The whole costume is completed by a pair of yellow morocco boots, which reach a considerable way up the leg, and bring to view a pair of ample trousers, composed in



general of silk gauze: these boots give the most extraordinary shuffling gait imaginable, and very much impede the progress.

But comparatively few ladies walk in the streets; those who can afford it always procure a donkey: they sit astride, upon a very high and broad saddle, covered with a rich Turkey carpet, and place their feet in a stirrup on each side, but the ample folds of their garments completely conceal their legs. They do not hold the reins, but continue engaged with their hhab'-arah, while a manservant or slave conducts the donkey.

The effect produced by these fair equestrians is very striking and singular, but nothing unfeminine can be imputed to their mode of seating themselves: they remind one as little of a cavalier as they do of an English lady in her hat, habit, and side-saddle. They generally proceed at a walk, or at the most an ambling trot. The wind, gathering beneath the ample hhab'-arah and distending it to its full extent, makes them appear three times the size they really are, particularly when on foot. The hhab'-



arah of an unmarried lady is composed of white instead of black silk ; but these are not so often met with, as few remain single after the age of fourteen or fifteen.

It is very amusing to watch the various adjustments of the face-veil : a young and pretty woman is sure to have the forehead band as narrow and long as possible, in order to lower the veil and display to the best advantage her bright eyes, fine forehead, and fair complexion. I have often seen a large portion of the face visible. Those, on the contrary, who are old and ugly leave barely room for their eyes, and appear jealously to conceal their fictitious charms.

The middle class of females, great numbers of whom are always to be seen thronging the streets of Cairo, wear, instead of the hhab'-arah of black silk, one of cotton plaid, chequered blue and white, with a mixture of red at the border. Their trousers are of blue or white linen ; their shirts are of the same material, and generally open in front, displaying a considerable part of their persons,

which contrasts strangely with their closely covered heads and faces.



But having concealed what they consider of the most importance, they care little how much they expose the remainder. Some wear a to'b over their shirts, similar to that of the ladies, excepting that it is composed of linen. Their boor'cko' or face-veil is composed of a coarse black crape, fastened at the top by a chain of brass or silver tassels,

or a string of coins or beads. Their shoes are generally of red morocco, turned up at the toes.

The women of the poorest sort seldom wear any thing but a blue linen shirt, nearly up to the knees, and a mantle of the same material, which envelopes the head; this they draw half over the face when necessary, and conceal all but one eye; many, however never attempt to cover their faces, and I think they might all save themselves the trouble; for, from their constant exposure to the sun and wind since childhood, they are, almost without exception, dry and shrivelled, and few can boast of more than one eye. Most have their faces, hands, feet, and neck, tattooed in blue and green colours.

The children are often left entirely unclothed until the age of six or seven, and have a variety of beads, coins, and other charms tied about their bodies, in order to protect them from the effects of the "Evil Eye," which is so much dreaded by all classes in this country. The mothers

generally carry them on their shoulders. Those of the higher orders often place their little hopeful on the donkey in front of them, when the miniature Mussulman is almost hid from view in the ample folds of his mother's hhab'-arah.

The men of the same class with the women I have just described, and who are called "fella'hhs" (synonymous with peasant), wear the same dress of blue linen, only instead of the mantle, they have a turban or turboo'sh on their heads. They appear to be a fine strong race of men, but are almost invariably one-eyed. This is often not owing to disease, but is done by themselves, to avoid the conscription, which is more dreaded by them than any thing, as they are torn by it from their homes and families, never to return. They mutilate themselves in various ways, such as knocking out the front teeth, which incapacitates them from biting a cartridge, or by cutting off one of their fingers; but the custom of blinding themselves became at one time so prevalent, that the Pasha raised a regiment

which is entirely composed of one-eyed soldiers, so that this expedient no longer avails. The conscription weighs heavily on all parts of the population, and its evil effect is felt also by those who are not enlisted.

Many years ago a census of the population was taken, of every village throughout Egypt, and the amount of tax fixed accordingly. This has never been removed, although several of the hamlets contain barely half the number of inhabitants they formerly did; and of those that remain numbers are yearly taken away to swell the ranks of the army. Still the tax-gatherer makes his annual rounds, and demands and enforces payment, to the amount of the original population, of the impoverished residue.

Another instance of this faulty government came within my knowledge. There is a certain rate fixed upon all the date-trees throughout the kingdom; they were reckoned and valued many years ago, and each village or proprietor paid annually so much a tree. In the lapse of time numbers



of these, of course, died, or were otherwise destroyed; those who had possessed a large grove of date-trees, perhaps no longer had one remaining. But no corresponding reduction of the tax has been made: the original amount is still demanded and paid; and for this abuse no redress can be obtained.

*June 30th.* — This afternoon G. and I went to visit the gardens on the Island of Rhoda. I felt more than usually interested in this spot, as it is said to be the place where Pharaoh's daughter discovered the infant Moses concealed in the bulrushes; and near it is supposed to have been the palace where she brought him up as her own son, where the youth and early manhood of the chosen lawgiver first expanded, and his thoughts, directed by his Hebrew mother, first turned to that God who afterwards worked so many miracles by his hands.

## CHAPTER VII.

Cairo—Burial-Ground—Tombstones—City of Tombs  
—Road to Rhoda—Old Cairo—Great Canal—  
Annual Opening of it—Nilometer—Nile—Thoughts  
on the Past—Rhoda Gardens—Beautiful Bouquet  
—Gigantic Laburnum—Grotto—Kiosk—Splendid  
Landscape—The Cka'dec, or Chief Judge of Cairo  
—New Fruit—Prayers—Well-bred Turks—Ferry-  
boat—Singular Nuts—Rare Flowers.



## CHAPTER VII.

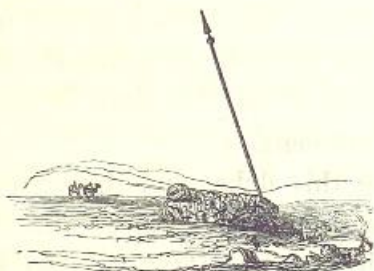
WE quitted Cairo by a different quarter to any I had before traversed ; the houses looked more dilapidated, and the people poorer than usual. Soon after leaving the city gates we traversed an extensive burial-ground, which stretched far to our right ; it was closely studded with the neat and well-kept memorials of the dead, for which all Mohammedan countries are conspicuous. The most common monuments consist of an oblong square, raised about four or five feet from the ground, with an arched opening on one side. They are always of brick or stone, and the top is surmounted by two blocks of the same material at the head and foot.

Cairo may well be called the "City of Tombs," for the habitations of her dead occupy far greater space than those of her living inhabitants. Around her lie the memorials of hundreds of generations that are past. There lie the remains of the Egyptians who swayed the destinies of the world, by the side of those who grovelled in Turkish slavery. The ashes of the Pharaohs, the Ptolomies, the Moorish conquerors, the Caliphs, and the Memlooks, are mingled together with those of the ignoble Turk and the degenerate Arab of later days. All lie peaceably and unmolested in the same soil—a striking lesson of the instability, not only of individual but of national greatness.

One of the reasons of the constant increase of the cities of the dead is that the Moos'lim holds their habitation sacred, and never disturbs the cemetery of bygone centuries to form those of his own generation. Thus the sepulchral plains are constantly enlarging.



The following sketch G. made on the edge of the desert.



We now passed through a considerable tract of irrigated land. The paths we followed were shaded by avenues of cypress, and every now and then this sombre, yet beautiful scene, was cheered by a picturesque draw-well, worked by a couple of magnificent oxen, and surrounded by a group of ancient acacia-trees.

At length we emerged into a large open space, shaded on both sides by an avenue, and in front of us stood the palace of Ibrahim Pasha. We passed close to it on the right, and found ourselves in the narrow streets of old Cairo, with its mosques and minarets overhanging the Nile. Here is the commencement of the Great Canal, which

at high Nile runs through the whole extent of the city, and terminates in the lake I have described in a former part of my journal. It was quite dry now, and the entrance was guarded from the river by an artificial embankment.

Cutting this dyke, and thus affording a free passage for the waters through the thirsty city, is one of the greatest festivals in the Egyptian year. The day fixed for this important ceremony is supposed to be that on which the Nile has attained its greatest height. This is determined by the Nilometer, situated on the opposite Island of Rhoda. The whole population assemble the previous night, and throng the river in boats, all anxious to be the first to sail down the renewed canal. By day break the dyke is cut, in the presence of the Pasha and his court, who shower down gold and silver coins into the rushing water.

The instant after, thousands of barks, filled with gaily-dressed people, are to be seen sailing through the city.

As soon as we reached the ferry we dis-

mounted, and descended a long flight of steps to the boat that was awaiting us; and now for the first time I was on the Nile, and bathing my hands as we paddled across in its sacred and venerable waters,—those waters, the bases of many, and so intimately connected with all of those thrilling legends of Egyptian lore that filled my childhood's mind with wonder,—those very waters which annually formed the nuptial bed and the grave of the fairest virgin of the realm, who was united to the hoary River in fictitious wedlock, with the view of propitiating his favour to her native land.

This and many other recollections crowded on my mind, and made me almost imagine myself in the land of dreams. Nor was the present aspect of the stream calculated to dispel the illusion. It is true, numerous sails were gliding along on its waters, that probably would have astonished the ancient inhabitants of the land. But a soothing calm pervaded every thing, accompanied by the low murmuring of waters, which nursed the imagination. No vociferous cry of boat-

men broke upon the ear; the Moos'lims guide their craft in a silence habitual to their race.

When we reached the opposite bank we paused to look around us. It was a lovely scene. In front, the bank of the river was studded with the picturesque draw-wells of the country, while the town of old Cairo towered above. To the right and left the eye followed the windings of the Nile, bearing on its bosom butterfly-winged boats, and the picturesque latine sail; while high on the bank behind us waved the majestic trees of Rhoda Gardens. We climbed the steps conducting to them; in a few months hence these steps will be under water, as the Nile at its height washes the very walls of this little paradise. It belongs to Ibrahim Pasha, whose hharee'm opens into its flowery shades.

I cannot fancy any thing more lovely than this charming spot, although I am told Shoobra surpasses it. But, at all events, this has the advantage that its beauties are fresh from Nature's hand, and were it not



for the well-kept walks and weedless flower-beds, that of man would be invisible.

The most prevalent shrub is the luxuriant myrtle, covered with its odoriferous white blossom, and generally exceeding eight feet in height. The whole garden is intersected by hedges of this beautiful plant. On one side are magnificent avenues of acacias in full bloom, leading to terraces overhanging the Nile, shaded by groves of weeping willows. Then following one of these narrow winding paths, cut through a plantation of olive-trees, you come to a silvery stream, meandering beneath flowering shrubs of every hue, from the graceful laburnum of the north to the blushing pomegranate of the south. Beyond this you find yourself under the shadow of an avenue of tall mulberry-trees, which leads you to a sunny region, where the rose and the geranium flourish in wild luxuriance, only checked by the magnificent hedges of cactus that surround them, also in full blossom, and presenting, as a whole, the blended beauties of the western and eastern world.



But, as I have said, description is vain ; it would require a pen dipped in rainbow hues to write it. Every where gaudy-coloured butterflies and gauzy-winged dragon flies were sipping and fluttering among the sweets that surrounded them, while myriads of birds chanted forth their orisons from the leafy branches above. Sometimes a hoopoo, with its glossy black and white plumage, started up close to our feet, from a neighbouring thicket ; then a lovely little blue bunting flew out from some flowery shrub, and twittered around us almost within our grasp ; immediately after a green crested wren perhaps would cross our path. Every thing appeared redolent of life and beauty in this favoured spot, and our senses of sight, smell, and hearing, were equally gratified.

In a short time I had collected an exquisite bouquet of geraniums, roses, pomegranates, and numerous other sweets, interspersed with myrtle. Here no envious and lynx-eyed gardener forbids one to partake and carry away a gleanings of those beauties so profusely displayed around. On the con-

trary, a young man, who was evidently entitled to do so by his office, came forward, when he saw us, and presented me with a nosegay, composed of the most choice plants in the garden.

We had been wandering amongst a plantation of olive-trees, when suddenly the narrow path we were following opened upon the crystal stream I have before described, just at a point where a handsome stone bridge was thrown over it. The material it was composed of was almost hidden from view by a profusion of flowering creepers, while aloes planted by the water's edge were rearing their gigantic flower-stalks eleven and twelve feet in height above it, throwing the lemon perfume of their petals into the already scented air. We crossed this bridge and found ourselves in a large open space, carpetted with turf, surrounded by a walk and a grove of pomegranate-trees in full bloom. In the centre of the lawn was a lofty flowering shrub, which I at first took for the laburnum, but upon approaching nearer I found I was

mistaken, although the flower strongly resembles it; it is exactly the same colour, but each bunch of blossom is at least four or five times as long and full, and the seed-pods, some of which we gathered, were a foot and a half in length. This open spot fronts a kiosk (or country-house) now building for the Pasha.

We hurried on, as the sun was now very hot, to the acacia grove on the other side, where we seated ourselves on one of the numerous benches which are to be found in every part of the gardens. Just as we were thinking of going home we met some of our fellow-passengers, who directed our attention to a curious grotto, which, as we had not seen it, we turned back to visit. The grotto is entered from a marble terrace overlooking the stream, which is here widened into a large sheet of water surrounding three sides of the kiosk. It is composed entirely of shells and coral, brought from the Red Sea, very ingeniously inlaid. There are two compartments, the first of which is entered by a cavity barely large enough to admit one per-

son when bent double. In the last is a sparkling fountain, sending the music of its waters through the cool retreat. Here Ibrahim Pasha delights to smoke his shib'ook, accompanied by a few chosen friends, and wile away the monotony of a Mohammedan day. This grotto reminded me of the one I saw several years ago in the gardens of the Little Trianon at Versailles, where Marie Antoinette and the favourite ladies of her court retired to chat and sip their tea during the sultry evenings of summer, and forget the tedium of regal splendour.

I accompanied our friends into the kiosk. The Pasha has a great many of these small houses, perched about in the prettiest situations; they are intended for him to pass a few hours in during the summer heat, and smoke his shib'ook, while he views the varied prospect beneath, and is refreshed by the cool breezes wafted through flowery regions.

The present erection is very simple and unostentatious, the principal feature being the water, which surrounds it like a moat on



three sides, and washes its walls. It is three stories high, and the view from the top is enchanting. I stood upon the little balcony of one of the windows, quite entranced with the scene. Immediately below me lay the whole extent of the island, spread out with all its parterres and terraces, like a map of many colours, girded by the silvery river, whose course stretched on either side as far as the eye could reach. Cairo was behind me; but immediately in front stood out the colossal Pyramids, in bold relief. I was much nearer to them than at the citadel, and they consequently appeared more gigantic than ever; but the blue misty hue on their surface reminded me of the many miles which still divided us. I could have looked and looked for ever; but the carpenter, who was working at the window-frame, and pestering for "buckshiesh," would not allow me to interrupt him any longer.

When we returned to the grotto we found our party had disappeared; so, accompanied by Mr. Jackson, I walked to a terrace in a



part of the garden I had not yet seen, where he wished to make a sketch. As we were winding through a lovely bosquet of flowers, my Greek dragoman overtook us, and told me a long story, which I could not understand, about an Effendi and sherbet, at the same time begging me to return. But, thinking he was imposing some story upon me for his own convenience, which he had often done before, I paid no attention, and continued my walk.

We at length reached the marble terrace overhanging the Nile in its downward course, where my companion began to sketch; and I seated myself on a step, musing on Moses and Pharaoh's daughter, when I was again summoned by Carlos, who bore a message from G., begging me to return immediately. This time I obeyed, and very sorry I was I had not done so at first, as we found G. and his friends under the shade of an avenue of weeping willows, in earnest conversation with a venerable and princely looking Turk, who was seated, in the fashion of his country, upon a rich car-

pet, spread on the broad marble balustrade which skirted the stream. He was no less a person than the Ckádee, or chief judge of Cairo, who is sent yearly from Constantinople to visit the government and proceed with great caravan to Mek'keh. He is obliged to be a man of property, and of the sect of the Hhanáfees. All sentences of law are confirmed by him; and he receives a heavy per-centage upon sales, legacies, and disputed property. In fact, he is one of the greatest and most important men in the country.

The dress of this personage on the present occasion was composed of the finest pale-blue cashmere, confined round the waist by a superb shawl; he wore on his head a voluminous turban, wound round the more modern turboo'sh, which was composed of the finest Indian muslin, of a dazzling whiteness. Nothing could be more dignified and benign than the expression of his countenance, which was enhanced by the noble costume he wore. All his attendants, two of whom were persons of distinction, stood round him the whole time; but he con-

tinually invited my husband and his friends to sit close to him.

In a short time a gold ewer of delicious sherbet was brought and handed round in tumblers ; and here the universal hospitality of the Turks displayed itself, as the drago-men partook of it as well as their masters. No Osmanlee, however exalted his rank, considers it a degradation to share his meal with the poor and humble ; every one is welcome to partake of it, from the pasha to the beggar.

The Effendi entered into an animated conversation, and said how delighted he should have been to introduce me to his hharee'm, but unfortunately it was at Constantinople. He inquired very particularly about the English steam-vessels now plying on the Red Sea, and seemed anxious to avoid the most difficult part of his pilgrimage to Mek'keh, by going from Suez to Jidda by water ; but the difficulty was how to induce the captain of any of the vessels to touch there. He was quite delighted when G. offered to give him a letter to Captain Stavers of

the India, to request him to forward his wishes ; and he wrote down his name immediately with his own hand.\*

On my first approaching the Effendi he made a most gracious bow, and motioned me to sit on a corner of his carpet. He was smoking a magnificent Persian pipe, set in gold, and he explained to G. the proper manner of smoking it ; he also offered him snuff out of a splendid gold box, studded with brilliant gems. On his finger he wore one of the largest and most dazzling diamonds I ever saw ; and each little finger was decorated by his own signet, entirely of gold. He paid me several polite little compliments, asked a great many questions, and seemed much amused by our answers.

During the interview one of the attendants brought a very pretty basket, which the Effendi presented to me. It was filled with a delicious fruit, which had been before pointed out to me as one of the rarest productions of the garden. The plant it grows

\* The translation from the Turkish was given to us as Hissam Effendi Moshaik Neisser.



on is about the height and size of a currant or gooseberry bush; the fruit itself is plum-coloured, and the size of a small grape; it has a stone in the centre, and the taste is delicious, but differing from any other fruit I ever met with. He told me that he was the first person who had eaten of it in Rhoda Gardens, and that I was the second.

The obliging old gentleman was not content with this pretty present, but heaped quantities of peaches, apricots, pears, and apples around me, all of which had been cooling in the running water beside him, and now filled the hands and pockets of all our party.

While we were yet talking, a cry from a minaret proclaimed sun-set. Immediately the Effendi ceased to smoke, and even left the sentence he was uttering unfinished, and spreading a rug before him, and turning himself towards Mek'keh, he began his devotions, by kneeling down and stroking his long white beard, in the most reverential manner. He then prostrated himself three times, and touched the rug with his forehead. He next



rose, and, folding his arms, continued his prayers ; then squatting down on his knees again, rocking himself incessantly backwards and forwards, he renewed his prostrations. He repeated the whole of this ceremony three times, and concluded by holding his hands towards heaven, and stroking down his beard. He then resumed his seat, and the servant took away the rug. During the whole time his lips were incessantly moving, but not a sound escaped from them.

The Effendi's attendants did not appear to think it at all necessary to keep silence during his orisons ; on the contrary, they continued to laugh and talk as loud as ever, but no one addressed him, nor were we allowed to make our parting bow until he had finished, as any interruption, or a word or look of distraction, would have obliged him to begin again. As soon as his prayer was completed he resumed his conversation, as if nothing had happened.

We now took leave of him, and immediately after he arose ; his servants gathered up his carpet, and he walked with a slow

and majestic pace, still on the top of the marble balustrade, as if he scorned to touch his feet with earth. His flowing robes, waving in the breeze, and his stately mien, made him look almost like the magician of this lovely spot, visiting his domain in the shades of evening.

There is something about a high-bred Turk that involuntarily inspires respect. Their invariably self-possessed and dignified air, united with a soft urbanity that looks down politely and feelingly to the lowest, bespeak that true nobility of the soul which commands universal deference.

But to return to the Ckádee. When he had nearly traversed the balustrade an attendant came forward, and, kneeling down, placed a pair of black boots on his master's feet, over those of yellow morocco he already wore. A magnificent cloak also was added to his costume.

We now hurried on to join our boat, but, on reaching the river, we found it already engaged to take the Effendi and his suite across ; so we had to wait patiently till his

lordship made his appearance, which was no inconsiderable time, as his majestic march could ill keep pace with our ignoble Frankish shuffle.

As soon as he arrived at the water's edge, a fine green satin cushion was placed at the stern of the boat, for him to recline on. Seeing that we were waiting, and the bark not being large enough to accommodate the two parties, he begged G. and I to accompany him, leaving his attendants, with the exception of one, and our friends, to follow afterwards. He made me sit close to him, and presented me with two nuts, which he appeared to prize very much, and consider a great dainty. They looked like acorns, and were filled with a scented gum.\* His horse was waiting for him on the oppo-

\* I imagine this to have been the fruit of the lotus, "so much praised by Homer, and which so greatly delighted the companions of Ulysses, and were those of the modern jujube, or rhamnus lotus. The same tree is described by Theophrastus, under the name of the lotus, and is, perhaps the dudaim, or mandrake, of the Hebrew Scriptures."—*View of Ancient and Modern Egypt*, by the Rev. M. RUSSELL, LL.D.

site shore : it was a beautiful little Arab, splendidly caparisoned in crimson velvet and gold, and he seemed much pleased with our admiration of it.

While we were waiting for the boat to recross, I remarked a beautiful bouquet which had been gathered expressly for the Ckádee : it was in the form of a cone, composed of the choicest flowers, and arranged with perfect harmony of colour. It would have done honour to the first horticultural prize. As soon as the Effendi saw me looking at it, he begged me to accept it. This was his greatest gift, as he evidently prized it much, and was fond of flowers ; for, during all the time of his visit to the gardens, he had bunches of them floating about in the water by his side.

Once more we bade our distinguished acquaintance farewell, and hastened on to Cairo, delighted with our rencontre.





## CHAPTER VIII.

Library of the Egyptian Society—Wedding Procession or Zef'feh—Turkish Bazar—Shoe Bazar—Slave Market and Slaves—Abyssinian Slaves—Scenes in the Streets of Cairo—Mosques—Wells, or Fountains—Sack'ckas or Water-Carriers—Sherbet—Itinerant Vendors—Turkish Cakes—Prickly Pear—Fruit and Vegetable Market—Cairo Dogs—Watering the Streets—Hair-Oil Bazar—Turkish Tables—Extraordinary Heat—Porous Vases—Petrified Forest—Soil of the Delta—Lunatic Asylum.



## CHAPTER VIII.

*JULY 1st.*—We determined to devote to-day to making a tour of the streets of the metropolis, the greatest, I think, amongst its many curiosities. We first went to the Library of the Egyptian Society, where I was in hopes of procuring some books of reference which might serve as guides. We were shewn a great many beautiful prints of Thebes, Luxor, and Cairo; but, although there were many of the works I wanted, we were not allowed to take any away, and as it did not suit me to read them there, I was obliged to depart as wise as I came.

We first bent our steps to what is styled the Turkish Bazar, where the various and glittering articles of Eastern apparel are exposed for sale. In our way we encountered a “wedding procession,” which is so singular

that I must attempt to describe it. First came two men skilled in sleight-of-hand, who were hired for the amusement of the party; they walked on either side of the street, and as the procession moved slowly forward, went from house to house, performing grotesque antics, and addressing some evidently witty words to many of the bystanders. Then followed a band of musicians with hautboys and drums: these were succeeded by the female relations and friends of the bride, walking two and two, dressed in their usual costume, with face-veils and hhab'arahs. Immediately in front of the bride came a number of young virgins clothed in white. Next followed the most remarkable part of the procession, viz. the bride herself. She walked under a canopy of rich yellow silk, reaching to the ground on three sides, and open only in front, borne by four men on the outside. Her dress completely concealed her whole person; she was covered from head to foot with a red cashmere shawl, surmounted by a kind of crown, from which hung some jewelled ornaments: two women,

also under the canopy, walked one on each side of her.

The procession was completed by another party of musicians, followed by a man bearing a box painted black and green, said to contain the presents. Every one had large nosegays of flowers in their hands. The bridal train is called *zef'feh*: at each wedding there are two of these processions, at least with those who can afford it; one to conduct the bride to the bath, that is hired for the occasion, and the other (the one we saw) to bring her to the bridegroom's house.

We at length reached the Turkish Bazar, one of the most curious and amusing parts of the city, and decidedly the most tempting. The streets it occupies are closed at both ends by large iron chains, to prevent the ingress of any but foot-passengers; as the dust occasioned by the various quadrupeds of Cairo would injure the costly goods it contains: for the same reason these streets are entirely covered, to exclude the sun and wind; rain there is none. Shops, of the same form as those I have before described,



lined the narrow way on each side. Upon every counter sat one or two magnificent Turks smoking their shib'ooks, apparently awaiting, not seeking, customers for the silks, satins, and rich stuffs, by which they were surrounded.

Some of these magazines were devoted entirely to the toilet of the Osmanli lords of the creation, where they could fit themselves out, from the embroidered shirt to the cashmere girdle. Others displayed to the wondering gaze all the paraphernalia requisite for the beauties of the Eastern hharee'm: not only the exquisite satin jackets embossed with flowers, the shirt of silk gauze, and trousers of many colours, but the crystal vase and golden bodkin, the one to hold, and the other with which to apply the *kohl*, that enhances the lustre of the brightest eyes in the world. Then there were tiny looking-glasses, set in mother-o'-pearl, gold, or gems, and a thousand other trinkets; the little embroidered slippers, and the flat rice-spoons, studded with jewels and composed of ivory or tortoise-shell.

Some of the costumes I looked over were magnificent, and composed of the richest materials, often of cloth of gold. Embroidered handkerchiefs were in abundance : these are used both in the bath and at dinner ; they are generally white worked in gold, and very costly.

Many of the shops were devoted to jewellery, others to pipes and hookahs : the latter were generally of the most splendid description, and the display of crystal vases was quite dazzling. In fact, this bazar was a union of the Howell and James, and Maradan Carson, of Cairo, and must have ruined many an Egyptian and Turkish *belle* who has trusted herself within its glittering and tempting precincts.

We next visited the Shoe-Bazar, close by : here hundreds of workmen were employed in fabricating the yellow slippers, boots, and shoes so universally worn at Cairo, and for which there appears an immense demand.

Once more mounting our donkeys, we

turned our steps to the Slave-Market. My husband had visited it before ; and I, notwithstanding my repugnance to do so, determined to examine it, in order that I might judge for myself as to its true character.

We passed under an archway, leading into a large open court surrounded by buildings appropriated to the different classes of slaves. There are comparatively few men, as the women are in the greatest request, and fetch three times the price of the males. The Georgians and Circassians, which are the white slaves, are never shewn to Europeans, and, being much more valuable, are kept in separate rooms, and with great care. Those that we saw were principally Nubians and Abyssinians : the former inhabit the ground floor. I entered several of their apartments, consisting of two rooms opening out of the court, and containing seven or eight women. A net was hung before the open door of each ; and every thing looked so clean and well arranged, and the occupants so well dressed, that, were it not for the

absence of the face-veil, one could not have distinguished them from the women of the country.



And yet there was something revolting in their apparent ease and content, while thus exposed for sale to the highest bidder. It seemed too degrading to human nature, that the minds of these poor wretches should have habituated themselves, even to a state of tolerance, much more of satisfaction, in becoming objects of barter: they, in fact, look forward with delight to being made the inmates of a comfortable hharee'm,



where they are fed and clothed, and scarcely have any thing to do, but are treated almost as adopted children. This is not all; for if a slave renders herself agreeable to her master, he frequently emancipates her and makes her his wife. On the contrary, if she is not comfortable, she can, by law, oblige her owner (either master or mistress) to take her to the market and sell her, not to the highest bidder, but to any one she chooses who offers an equivalent to what was originally given for her. In point of fact, the slave in this country is so in name more than in reality: indeed, in some respects, she enjoys more freedom than the free woman who may have purchased her. A man may divorce his wife whenever he chooses, and send her almost adrift upon the world; but his slave he is obliged to provide for, until he can find a suitable purchaser.

Most of the Nubian girls I saw were quite young, and many of them as pretty as an olive skin would admit of. Their features were small, and did not at all partake of the Negro mould. The hair, in most instances,



was soft, abundant, and glossy. They were dressed with evident care, probably to shew their figures off to the best advantage.

In all the apartments we found the slaves playing about, laughing and chattering together. Some, however, were sleeping on couches in the inner room. They seemed pleased to see my husband, probably supposing he might prove a customer, and ran round him shewing their white teeth and sparkling eyes. But when I followed, their surprise was very great: they stared at me, whispered together, walked round me on their tiptoes, and touched my clothes; which gave me an involuntary shudder. They were evidently speculating who and what I was: I could not be a lady, as I wore no hhab'arah; and what was more, I could not be a free woman at all, appearing thus in public without my face-veil. I must, they probably thought, be some foreign slave, brought by my companion to the market for sale.

The distress which, I dare say, was strongly marked on my countenance, and the reluctance I evinced when G. first pressed

me to enter, most likely confirmed this supposition ; and no sooner had they settled such to be the case in their own minds, than they began to shew some tokens of fellowship : one brought forward a basket-stool upon which she was squatting, while another took hold of my arm, motioning me to sit down. This was too much for me. During the whole time I was there I had felt as if I could scarcely breathe in this abode of human degradation, and now I fairly turned round and rushed into the open air. I was, doubtless, more excited and horrified than the occasion warranted ; but it was an unconquerable weakness, and nothing could persuade me to cross the threshold again. So I remained in the court until G. rejoined me.

The price of these poor women varies from 1200 to 3000 piastres ; their value depends upon their good looks and strength of limb.

I did not go up stairs to visit the Abyssinian slaves, as I had seen quite enough already ; but I observed about forty or fifty

of them looking over the battlements of the building: they were jet black, and almost devoid of clothing. Their features partake of those of the Negro, and they wear their woolly black hair woven into thousands of tiny plaits, which hang bristling around them in a frightful fashion. They fetch a lower price\* than the Nubians, as they do not boast the same beauty.

I looked with greater interest and more pity upon these poor creatures than upon any of the other slaves: in the first place, they are stolen from the plains and mountains of their native land, and brought unwilling captives to the scene of their bondage. I am told that many of them are in such despair, that they seek and often find an opportunity of throwing themselves into the Nile during the period of their transportation. But when one remembers that their

\* I priced an Abyssinian, a very pretty young girl, about fifteen years of age, and decidedly one of the best. The price demanded was 1200 piastres, or 12*l.*, which sum, according to the usual Eastern system of dealing, would be reduced to half.—G. D. G.

national religion is our own—that Abyssinia is one of the oldest seats of Christianity—and that her children, from the time of Solomon, confessed unswervingly the true God, and modelled their creed from the law of Moses,—it makes one shudder to behold them torn with impunity and wholesale from the bosom of their families, to furnish domestic slaves to the infidel Mohammedans, who oblige them to recant the pure faith in which they were born.

I refused the importunities of Carlos, our dragoman, to inspect the Lunatic Asylum, and endeavoured to shake off the cloud that had rested upon my heart, by passing the remainder of the morning in the gay and bustling streets. And I know of no better remedy to forget one's self and one's previous thoughts, of whatever nature they may be, than to spend an hour in a Cairo thoroughfare, where every thing that passes is so novel and original as infallibly to attract the attention.

A very large portion of the city is occupied with mosques, which makes it appear, at a



little distance, like a forest of domes and minarets. One of these stupendous piles frequently constitutes the whole side of a street. They are invariably painted red and white, in the manner I described when I visited that of Sultan Hassan.

Wells or public fountains are, also, in great abundance; some of these structures—for they are always under cover—form very handsome objects. The stone and brick-work is similar to that of the mosques; but their distinctive mark is a pair of massive gates, generally elaborately carved. These gates are, I believe, closed at certain hours. The water in the wells filters through the soil from the Nile, and is always brackish; the consequence is, that hundreds of sack'ckas, or water-carriers, are perpetually traversing the streets, to supply the inhabitants with fresh river-water. It is transported in skins, borne on the backs of camels or donkeys, and sometimes by the sack'cka himself. The camel carries a pair of ox-hides, and the donkey and sack'cka goat-skins.

When these water-carriers do not supply



houses or families, but merely the passing passenger, the mouth of the skin, which is strapped across his back, is provided with a brass pipe, from which he pours out a draught into a cup he carries with him. There is, also, another class of water-carrier, almost equally numerous. They bear, instead of the hide, a large vessel of porous earth, rendering the water deliciously cool by evaporation. The spout of this protrudes above the shoulder.

Sherbet, the favourite beverage of the Mohammedans, is sold in the same way, and often ready mixed in tumblers, the vendor carrying them in a tray on his head. It would be impossible to enumerate the endless varieties of this delicious drink. Sometimes it is made of roses, at others of violets, melons, or lemons; but it seldom fails to please the palate.

I wished to give some idea of the other itinerant vendors that crowd the streets, but they are so multifarious and puzzling that the task would be endless; and, in fact, they must be seen to be understood. I

will not omit, however, mentioning the large, round, flat cakes, looking like gigantic crumpets, which the women hawk about the streets on large trays borne on their heads. The confusion of cries is quite extraordinary, and many of them are very peculiar.

I tasted to-day, for the first time, the prickly pear, now in high season. When the outer husk is pared off, a soft pulpy substance is left, filled with stones, something like those of the medlar. The flavour is decidedly delicate and agreeable. Just now the greatest variety of fruit is exposed for sale, and the markets for it quite line the narrow streets. Water-melons, oranges, peaches, indifferent pears, and apples, are in abundance. Amongst the vegetables are spinach, brinjaw, and asparagus, the first I have seen since I left England. The confusion occasioned by these greengrocers' stalls and the camels which are constantly replenishing them is very great. They make the animals kneel down close to the walls of the houses to unload, and I have fre-

quently come upon twenty or thirty of them, ranged in a row, one after the other, taking up more than one half the width of the road.

Another great drawback to quick travelling through the streets of Cairo, is the herds of dogs that infest every part of the city. They have no homes, as the Moos'lim looks upon them as unclean animals, whose touch is pollution. And yet the law obliges the inhabitants to furnish a certain quantity of food to the canine population of their district. I never saw a commonwealth flourish better than this one ; and, notwithstanding their uncleanness, not a Moos'lim can traverse a street of Cairo without coming in contact with at least a score. They make a point of taking possession of the centre of the road, from which they are not easily dislodged ; and even the donkeys make way for them instead of they for the donkeys. Their prevalent colour is of a dingy yellow, and they have more the appearance of jackals than dogs.

At this time of the year Cairo is very hot, and the dust that blows from the desert

would be intolerable, were it not that the streets are constantly kept wet by the sack'ckas, who, when employed for this purpose, carry a simple goat-skin, which they hold by the neck, showering the water out as they proceed.

*July 2d.*—Soon after breakfast this morning we were again traversing the lanes of Cairo, and, amongst other places, visited the Hair-oil Bazar. It seems an extraordinary name, but it is a very veracious one, for nothing is sold there but scents, oils, and gold lace for the hair. We dismounted at the entrance, for the path between the shops is only just wide enough for one person to walk, and where it is necessary to pass another, the squeezing is quite ridiculous. Yet I should think it is full half a mile long, and is covered in. I came with the intention of making some purchases, as my stock of the commodity was almost exhausted; but, somehow or other, although I tried at every shop, I could not satisfy my fastidious fancy. It is true every variety of perfume was offered to my notice, and



many were very delicious, yet still they were so unlike any thing I had smelt before, and, above all, so un-English, that visions of grey, or, at the least, *burnt-up* hair, flitted before my imagination, and I was afraid of choosing, notwithstanding the many fair young forms who were busy around me, fearlessly making their selections.

But to return to the bazar. It may easily be conceived that the aromatic odour was almost overpowering, when I say that every other shop was devoted to hundreds of scented bottles, and the intervening ones to exquisite perfumed head-dresses, consisting of braids of riband and gold lace, which, when worn, reach to the ground. On each divan sat one or more Moos'lim *coiffeurs*, whose profession was stamped on their delicately turned moustache and glossy silken beards.

We next paid a visit to a warehouse where the small Turkish tables are sold. Some of these are very beautifully inlaid with gold, silver, and mother-o'-pearl. The shape is exceedingly elegant, usually an



octagon. They are about a foot and a half high, and only large enough to hold one dish ; for at a Turkish dinner the guests squat round the table on cushions, and only have one thing at a time, all dipping their fingers in together.

We wandered about the streets, finding incessant amusement, until I was fairly driven home by the heat. The sun is very powerful in Egypt at this time of the year, and during the day is almost more unbearable than in Ceylon, where there is always a refreshing breeze, whereas here there is nothing to agitate the atmosphere but the hot wind of the desert. The only relief from the heat was the delicious filtered Nile water, which we drank copiously, and this owes much of its excellency to the porous vases it is cooled in. They are made of a grey-coloured earth, and are always placed in a thorough draught ; when the water is poured out from them it is as cold as if iced. These vases are of different forms, but all modelled from the antique. A considerable quantity of water filters through

them; so much so, that if one is filled at night, it will be empty in the morning.

When I returned to the hotel, I found that one of our friends had just come back from visiting the Petrified Forest, situated about seven miles from Cairo—an undertaking I was too unwell to embark in, but which I much regret not having accomplished, as this forest is certainly one of the most singular phenomena in the world of natural history. Our friend described it to me as occupying a considerable tract of ground in the midst of the desert. In every direction are to be seen large trunks of trees, many of them forty feet long, lying on the sand, and petrified into the hardest stone. All the veins of the wood, as well as the bark, are perfectly preserved and distinctly visible. Many of the trees appear to have been palms, and some olives. But the most extraordinary fact is, that, from the way in which the trees are found, it is evident they must have petrified while still standing, as they are, without exception, devoid of branches; this would not have been the

case had the transformation taken place after they were hurled to the earth. Near every trunk, and parallel to each joint marking where a limb originally grew, are piles of fragments, shewing that they were shivered from the stem into a thousand atoms by the fall of these mighty fabrics of vegetable stone.

It appears almost inconceivable that such primeval forests should not only have flourished and shed a benignant shade over what is now a burning desert, barely affording nourishment to the smallest weed, but that they should have still remained firmly rooted, raising their proud heads to the sky, until their verdant vegetation had become transformed into barren rock, and then, but not till then, did they resign their elevation over the sandy waste which surrounds them. It seems almost to pass belief, but still it is the opinion of all the learned who have investigated its wonders.

It appears more than probable, from this and many other remains found in various directions, that a great portion of what is now nothing but sandy desert was once fertile

and cultivated land, which in a great measure, through man's neglect, has been lost to him for ever. Even now, on the borders of Egypt, where irrigation is neglected, the light sand that is constantly blown on-wards by the wind has made, and is annually making, great inroads; and were it not for the protecting and fertilising Nile, the fair face of the Delta would long since have become desert. But the voluminous river still rushes on towards the ocean, forming an impregnable barrier to the sandy element, while the grateful soil it guards brings forth its produce almost spontaneously, sparing the oppressed and indolent population the toil of the plough, and demanding only from them the scattering of the seed, which, unaided, in a short time it converts to a rich and luxuriant harvest.

I examined many of the specimens from the petrified forest, all as hard as marble and extremely heavy, but invariably, in the most minute detail, preserving the character of the wood. The bark and cracks appeared as natural as if their nature was



unchanged, while the roots which I saw in several large masses retained all their original character in a very astonishing degree, every knot and vein being distinctly visible.

In the afternoon, G. went out with a party of gentlemen to visit the Lunatic Asylum. I had always avoided these dwellings of those afflicted with the greatest of all human ills, and could not be persuaded to make an exception on this occasion; I can, therefore, only offer a second-hand description of an establishment that appears materially to differ from any of the same kind in Europe, and which, from my husband's account, must be the most disgusting and heart-rending scene imaginable. The cells are ranged round a small square open court: before entering this, every visitor is obliged to buy a certain quantity of bread-cakes, to be distributed amongst the inmates, half a cake for each. These cells have more the appearance of cages for wild beasts than the abodes of suffering human beings. The front consists of a grating of strong iron bars, looking into the court; through



this the gazer beholds the unfortunate inmates, generally squatting on the ground, as the place is not high enough for them to stand upright. They are, almost in every instance, entirely without clothing, and neither their persons nor their prisons appear ever to undergo ablution of any kind, but are in the most abject state of filth and wretchedness.

There are about fourteen of these dens; and all, when G. visited them, contained one or more patients. Several of the wretched creatures had a thick iron chain fastened round the neck, which, coming through the grating of the window, entered that of his next-door neighbour, to whom it was attached in a similar manner. They were thus chained together, and the weakest or the quietest became the sport of a fellow-prisoner, who, being stronger or more turbulent, might draw him by main force to the extreme end of his grating. It is difficult to imagine any thing more horrible than this, or more calculated to drive even madness madder.

Several of the patients were talking in the wild incoherent strains peculiar to their malady, and endeavoured to attract the attention of their visitors ; while others, on the contrary, appeared to have nothing whatever the matter with them, and shrunk with shame, at being seen in such a degrading position, into the darkest and most remote corners.

The bread taken in by the visitors was thrown into their cages upon the dirty floor, just as if it had been given to so many bears or monkeys. Some of them caught hold of it, and began to eat voraciously, while others left it neglected. There was one poor creature who had made a sort of basket-work against the window, in which he had shut himself up, leaving only a small opening to admit food. His history, probably, was a curious one.

In a dark room, differing from those I have already described, was a poor maniac, apparently in the highest pitch of frenzy. He was chained tightly down to the ground, and was struggling and roaring in a

frightful manner. None of the patients in the asylum seemed to have reached the age of forty. G. returned home quite disgusted with what he had seen ; and I congratulated myself upon not having been one of the party.

## CHAPTER IX.

Narrow Streets—Bright Eyes—.Gardens—Doves—  
Giraffes—Gazelles—Pelicans—French Artist—  
Paper Impressions of Hieroglyphics—French Dis-  
covery—The Artist “à la Turque”—Coffee—  
Slave-Boy—Pipes—Inlaid Blades—Drawings of  
M. Prieste—French Gardens—Sherbet.





## CHAPTER IX.

*JULY 3d.*—We left the hotel early in the afternoon, and bent our steps in the first instance towards some gardens, situated within the walls, and not very far distant. The street leading to the gate was so narrow as not even to admit the passage of my donkey-chair; I consequently was obliged to abandon it, and mount G.'s donkey instead, much to the amusement of some pretty, laughing, bright-eyed girls, who peeped at us from their lattices above, and seemed delighted at the whole process, from my getting out of my chair to the moment I was safely seated on the animal's back. The presence, too, of the gentlemen, whose attention, of course, was immediately attracted towards them, did not appear to lessen their

enjoyment. But their gratification was of short duration, for in a few seconds a frightful crone presented herself at the window, and making an angry gesture, the bright faces vanished, while a wrinkled old Moos'-lim, of some seventy years, and I conclude the owner of the fair damsels, provokingly stationed himself in their place, where he remained firmly rooted, with a lowering brow, until we had passed on.

The gardens were very extensive, and studded throughout with date, olive, and pomegranate-trees; amongst these hundreds of long-tailed doves, many similar to those I had often seen in the jungles of Ceylon, and which also appear to be indigenous here, were flying about from bough to bough, almost within our grasp.

The path we followed was covered over with a thick vine trellis, loaded with clusters of, as yet, unripe fruit, and barely lofty enough to admit my passing under it while mounted on the donkey. At one spot, near a covered fountain, that was throwing forth its waters with a melodious murmur,

we came upon a bevy of fair Egyptians: they were all, with the exception of two, who appeared to be chaperons, young girls of thirteen or fourteen, and unmarried, as we saw by their white silk hhab'arahs. They were laughing, talking, and peeping at us through the trees, shewing as much of their pretty faces as they dared.

At length we arrived at the object of our visit, the stable of some fine giraffes, which we were anxious to see in their native clime. It was situated at the extremity of the garden, and occupied one side of a large open court. We entered the stable, and were allowed to go quite close to the pretty creatures. They were very tame and gentle, feeding out of our hands, and following us about wherever we went. I threw some clover on the ground, and it was curious to see the difficulty they had to reach it, being obliged to stretch their long forelegs far apart before they could lower their heads sufficiently. They were three in number, and all much finer and larger than those exhibited in the Zoological Gardens. They

reminded me more of one I saw some years ago in the Jardin des Plantes, at Paris. But here they were all life and frolic, their coats beautifully glossy, shewing their leopard-like skins to the greatest advantage, and their bright eyes shining fresh from the desert.

An Italian gentleman, who has travelled much through the deserts of Nubia and the north of Egypt, the native countries of these graceful animals, tells me that he has often met them; and there, although free to rove over trackless plains of unbounded liberty, where probably they had never seen the face of man, they appeared quite gentle. My informant, who lived several years at Senaar, in the employment of Mohammed Ali, says they abound in that neighbourhood, and seldom herd more than three or four together; often a pair of old ones are to be seen with several of their young, of different ages, accompanying them.

In the outer court were some other inhabitants of the desert, which may well dispute the palm of grace and beauty with the gentle

cameleopards — I mean the elegant gazelles. They were skipping and prancing about on all sides. Their delicate little legs, well-proportioned bodies, and large sparkling black eyes, are altogether perfection. They exist in immense numbers throughout Egypt, and the hunt of the gazelle is described as being very exciting. The keenness of their vision and the fleetness of their movements make it difficult to start them nearer than 500 yards. Greyhounds are the dogs used for this sport. The gazelles are usually found concealed in the green tufts of the desert, and are excessively shy.

Several large pelicans that were walking about in the same yard, and appeared very tame, came close up to us; but they were not so friendly as they seemed, for G. having held out his hand to one of them, it immediately seized him by the wrist, and gave a very severe bite, which drew blood.

After leaving the gardens we went to the house of Monsieur Prieste, a French artist,



who has lived several years in Egypt, and made a great number of original drawings. We were shewn up stairs into his studio ; and while waiting for him remarked a great number of large sheets of white paper, with raised impressions of inscriptions and hieroglyphics upon them. Mons. Prieste afterwards explained to us that they were stamps he had taken from the originals, upon which the paper, being pressed while in a humid state of course, retained the fac-simile. It is an admirable plan of copying these mystic hieroglyphics for the examination of the learned, who have not opportunities of studying the originals.

M. Prieste had taken an immense number of them at different times. These, he said, were impressions from some inscriptions and engravings on stone lately discovered at Thebes, and purchased for a large sum of money by the French government, as they were supposed to relate to the earliest origin of the Signs of the Zodiac ; and it was expected some important discoveries would be made from them. But since they have

been transported to Cairo, it has been found they are of a much more recent date than was at first imagined, and are, consequently, of little value.

Monsieur Prieste received us quite in the Oriental style, and was himself, in common with all Europeans who reside in the East, dressed *à la Turquie*, wearing a pair of moustaches and a beard, whose thickness and length must excite the envy of many a "true believer." As soon as we were seated, and the first compliments over, he gave the usual signal of clapping the hands, and was immediately answered by a slave with coffee, served in very diminutive china cups, each being let into another of filigreed metal. According to the Turkish ideas of politeness, the master of the house was served before any of his guests. The beverage was extremely thick and strong, and also, in order to suit, as it was supposed, our European palate, proportionably sweet. The Orientals drink it without either milk or sugar.

We were all struck by the little slave-boy

who handed round the coffee. He appeared about twelve or thirteen years old, and had one of the sweetest and most intelligent countenances I ever saw, notwithstanding he was almost jet black. I could not help inquiring his history, which proved rather an interesting one, as it shews the footing of slaves in this country. Monsieur Prieste said the boy had been with him about three years; and the way he came into his possession was as follows:—Being one day in the slave-market, where the boy was offered for sale amongst many others, he thought he looked so clever and pretty that he took a great fancy to him, and inquired his price, which was equivalent to about 12*l.* of our money. He immediately purchased him, and then wrote a certificate declaring his freedom, which he gave to the boy, telling him he was no longer a slave, that he was at liberty, and might go where he liked.

The boy, instead of appearing pleased, turned round with a most disconsolate countenance, and said, “My father, do I not belong to you? Where am I to go if you

abandon me? Let me follow you, and I will do all I can to serve you. I am your slave — do not forsake me." Monsieur Prieste then took him home, and has kept him ever since. He has instructed him in reading and writing, and the boy waits upon him, making his coffee and lighting his pipe.

Pipes were now handed round, and the gentlemen took a lesson in Turkish smoking. Some of these shib'ooks are highly ornamented, but those of to-day were simple cherry-sticks, with amber mouth-pieces; they were thus easily wetted every now and then with a damp sponge, which cools the smoke as it passes up, and prevents the amber from becoming too hot for the mouth. The pipes were full two yards long; the tobacco was very highly perfumed.

Monsieur Prieste shewed us some beautiful sword and dagger blades, of Arab and Turkish workmanship; the steel of all was finely tempered; many of them were inlaid and exceedingly costly. The greatest treat he reserved for the last, namely, his own



exquisite drawings. He spread before us several portfolios-full, and they were all, whether landscape or figure, subjects full of interest; the scenes were taken from this country, where the artist has so long sojourned. He has succeeded admirably in catching that peculiarly soft and voluptuous hue which is thrown over every object in nature in the fertile plains of Lower Egypt, and that dazzling glare of light which pervades the desert and all approaching its confines. The singular interest and beauty of these drawings made me regret more than ever not having visited some of the venerable originals, such as the ruins of Thebes, &c.

We took leave of Monsieur Prieste, promising ourselves the pleasure of returning soon again to his studio; but as we had still a few more hours of daylight, we rode to some public gardens situated just outside one of the town-gates, and known by the name of the French Gardens; though I cannot conceive why, as there is nothing in them that, in the remotest degree, reminds



one of "la belle France" of the Parisians. On the contrary, all around proclaims the land of Egypt, from the domes and minarets that peep above the walls, to the date-trees that grow within, shading a modest kiosk. The walks were covered over with trellises of jessamine and myrtle, while the beds were blushing with the crimson flower of the pomegranate.

We seated ourselves near the kiosk, and despatched our servants for sherbet. There are about fifty different varieties of this delicious beverage, upon which the sober Moos'-lims appear to have concentrated all their culinary skill. We were regaled this evening with some rosolio, distilled from roses and lemons; it was delightfully cool and refreshing.



## CHAPTER X.

Torch-bearers—The Streets at Night—Old Cairo—  
Ferry-boat—The Nile—Bucksheish—Arab Huts—  
Adventure—Door'ah—Immense Number of Rats  
—First Impression of the Pyramids—Importunate  
Arabs—Ascent—View from the Summit—In-  
scribing Names on these Monuments—Site of Mem-  
phis—Pyramids of Sakhara—Sphynx—Descent—  
Antiquities—Large Hawk—Interior of the Py-  
ramids—Gallery—King's Chamber—Sarcophagus—  
Second Chamber—Davidson's Chamber—Paintings  
—Petrifactions—The Sphynx—Return to Cairo—  
Breeding Stud at Shoobra—Arabians—Anecdote.



## CHAPTER X.

*JULY 4th.*—G. got up at two o'clock this morning, and started for the Pyramids; I was too ill to accompany him. The following is the account of what he saw, written by himself after his return:—

After having fixed two or three times to make an excursion to the Pyramids of Gizeh, and as often been obliged to put it off, I at length started one morning at two o'clock, accompanied by my servant Carlos, and a man to carry our provisions, each of the three mounted on donkeys. As the night was very dark, I was preceded through the streets by a torch-bearer; the torch was literally nothing but a round iron grate fixed at the end of a long pole, which



the man replenished with wood from time to time, as required, carrying the fuel in a bag fastened round his waist.

I had procured the countersign from the consul the evening before, in order that I might be permitted to pass the guards and gates without interruption, for Cairo is closely shut during the night. The password was "Mamforloot." To my surprise it was not demanded, but, on the contrary, the gates were thrown open for us as soon as we approached, it being (as I afterwards understood) supposed that I was a Bey in the Pasha's service. At all events, the sentries were so little vigilant that we were allowed to gallop straight through the town. We turned round the sharp corners of the narrow streets with unabated pace, not without danger of stepping upon numbers of prostrate and sleeping human beings, who were lying about in all directions, for the poorer inhabitants of the city are houseless, and have no other home than the public thoroughfares. It is on this account the torchbearers become so necessary.

Our road ran through Old Cairo. There are two ways of going, one down a line of streets, and the other over the open space we traversed in our visit to Rhoda, and which the Pasha has cleared of old tombs and buildings within the last two years. Just as we had got so far, the man whom I had hired to carry our provisions turned restive, and refused to proceed at the pace we were going, namely, the top of *Cairo-donkey-speed*—no despicable one. As he was accustomed to the work, I considered it a case of mutiny, and dealt with it accordingly, but without avail, for he still kept on stopping and delaying me. At length I turned him off, and carried the things myself, much to his surprise; for, having come so far, he thought he had it all his own way for the rest of the journey.

At length we reached Old Cairo, where we were to cross the river. Here we found numbers of ferry-boats, with their owners fast asleep in them. We engaged one, and, notwithstanding its small size, all our party, consisting of myself and Carlos, the ferry-

man, a couple of well-dressed Turks, who had taken up their position for the night, and were slumbering on as unconcerned, and, apparently, as unconscious, as if the boat contained no other inmates. Two donkey-boys, and as many donkeys, were stowed in it. The animals were ranged across, and it was ludicrous to see the fear that was depicted on their very grave countenances as the boat rolled from side to side.

Our course lay a little down the Nile, to the village of Gizeh on the opposite bank. Before being allowed to come on board we had paid the last fud'dah\* of our fare, but on landing were not the less importuned by the never-ceasing demand for "bucksheish."

It was still very dark, and we found great difficulty in picking our way through the mounds of corn and heaps of straw that were waiting on the banks of the river for transportation, together with the sleeping overseers appointed to guard them, and in threading our path through the crowded

\* The Egyptian fud'dah is equal to about a quarter of a farthing.

Arab huts. These habitations are the most curious attempts at architecture that can be conceived. They are all constructed of mud, and of an oval shape, about four feet in height, and five or six in diameter; of course too low for the inhabitants to stand upright in. On one side is a hole of about two feet square, for them to crawl in at, and another at the top to admit light and air. Whole families live in these huts.

At length we found ourselves fairly on the path that runs through another Arab village, in the direction of the Pyramids. We had not proceeded far before some dark object suddenly appeared in the obscurity before us, and as quickly vanished. The donkey-boys slunk towards us, and the animals cocked their ears, instinctively closing together. A moment afterwards a man, fully equipped, with a long lance, sword, pistols, and the warlike accoutrements common to the country, made his appearance, and challenged us in a stentorian voice. My servant answered him almost in a whis-



per, and, after a short parley, we were allowed to proceed.

During the whole time this scene was enacting, I had not the remotest idea of what was the meaning of it, excepting that Carlos, to satisfy me, said "*Bad man.*" The story, however, soon became apparent, for, a few yards further on, we came upon several camels, loaded with water-melons, and other fruit. As soon as they had caught sight of us they had made the animals lie down, thinking that we might be in quest of them, for these men were noted marauders, in the act of possessing themselves of the produce of others' industry. Had we been what they first supposed us to be, they intended to have sold their lives or liberty as dear as desperate men usually do.

By this time dawn was just breaking, but still it was not clear enough to distinguish the Pyramids. The dew was falling very heavily; my hat was quite wet with it. Our road lay through large patches



of a very strong-growing corn, called "door'ah," the common food of the lower classes, but considered hard fare by others. Its leaves and stem something resemble Indian corn, but the flour and grain are quite different.

The soil was evidently a rich deposit of mud from the river, and in great cracks, like the bed of a dry pond; many of these were so large and deep as materially to interrupt the progress of our donkeys, who were obliged, in consequence, to go at a very slow pace.

Hundreds of rats were popping in and out of these cracks at every step. I looked for wild-flowers, but there were none, excepting the thistle, which appeared to vie in luxuriance with the crops.

At length the mist cleared away, and the Pyramids were full in sight, and close before us. By this time we had been above an hour crossing the Valley of the Nile, and I gladly hailed the sand that precedes, for about a mile, the eminence on which they stand. Far from being disappointed, as I

have heard many travellers assert themselves to have been, I was struck with awe and amazement at the immense height and size of these colossal specimens of architecture, losing nothing, even by comparison, with the range of the Mokattam mountains not very far distant from them.

My attention was now called by my donkey struggling through some very deep sand, and the shouts of my donkey-boy urging it on. At the same time a large party of Arabs, none of whom could boast of more than one eye, came forward, and vociferously demanded to be employed. I engaged one of them as a guide, thinking to get rid of their importunities, but I was mistaken, and I then threatened the first who should touch me or my donkey with a sharp blow from the stick I held in my hand; nothing, however, succeeded in quieting them, until I had really carried my last threat into execution. The receiver talked a great deal, and appeared very angry, but, the laugh being against him, he turned and went away. To this decisive commencement

on my part I attribute the little incivility I afterwards received while ascending the Pyramids, for, from all accounts, the Arabs about them are a very saucy set.

When I had climbed the rock that forms the foundation, or platform, upon which these stupendous piles are erected, the sun had not appeared above the horizon, and I determined to commence the ascent of the Great Pyramid without waiting for some friends who had preceded me the night before, and slept in a neighbouring cavern. As soon as I arrived at the first step I was again surrounded by a crowd of Arabs, pressing me to accept their services, and forcing their assistance in a most disagreeable way. However, I persisted in refusing all aid, though my dragoman declared the danger and difficulty were too great for any but an Arab.

I had constantly heard of the great height of the steps, and that they were more than four feet deep, therefore was much surprised to find them so shallow as they really are, although they varied greatly one from the other. The masonry is very irregular,

yet the general line is pretty accurately kept. Half-way up, where a cave is formed by the removal of some stones, I paused to take breath, and, for the first time turning round, found myself much higher than I had imagined. It is rather awful to look down, as the descent is far too precipitous to afford the slightest chance of recovery to any one making a false step.

After taking a hasty glance at the surrounding country, still enveloped in the morning mist, I started again, and found less difficulty, as the steps now were more convenient, and continued so to the summit, a platform of about thirty feet square.

The large blocks of stone lying scattered about, and irregularly placed, shew at once the unfinished state of the structure, and look probably as fresh as the day the undertaking was abandoned. This is not the case with the other parts of the building. Innumerable names were cut about in every direction, and I should certainly have added mine to the number, only that I had no



knife with me. It is, I know, the fashion to declaim against this practice; and when it disfigures an ornamental object (such as Pompey's Pillar, for instance) I perfectly agree in reprobating it: but in such a case and place as this, I consider it as nothing more than writing one's name in the travellers' book at an hotel, for the information, and, it may be, the gratification, of future comers. Certain it is that I looked every where in the hopes of finding the name of an acquaintance or friend; but although I saw English names in abundance, I found, with regret, none whose possessors I knew.

During my ascent, some little girls, from ten to thirteen years of age, kept constantly running near me, sometimes at my side, and sometimes on the step above, offering me cold water in the fantastic porous vessels of the country, each with a bunch of the sweet-scented flower of the *hhen'na* in its mouth. The ease with which these little creatures scampered up the steps was quite surprising, while I found it difficult enough to keep on at one steady pace.



On looking down, I saw my friends beneath ; we hailed each other and conversed freely, although certainly in rather a loud key : but not a word was lost. This I had not supposed possible.

The view of the desert and country that lay stretched like a map before me, in the grey dawn of morning, was fraught with singularity and interest. On one side were scattered remains of buildings supposed to have been sepulchral monuments, but too much buried in sand for me to make out much of their form. The site of Memphis is thought to be in this direction. The pyramids of Sakhara were seen in the distance, while beyond, the desert stretched as far as the eye could reach. In the opposite direction was the luxuriant Delta, and the Valley of the Nile, with the river winding in elegant curves amongst the fertile plains ; while Cairo, with its mosques, minarets, and citadel, bounded by the Desert of Suez, over which we had so lately traversed, completed the picture.

Immediately beneath me rose the two

next pyramids of Gizeh. I could perceive the entrance into Cephrenes, the nearest, whose summit is covered with cement, finishing suddenly as if broken. The colossal Sphynx rears its head in this direction. All in the immediate vicinity was bleak and drear ; nothing but eternal sand was to be seen, without a green shrub to break the distance, or serve as a point of comparison with the surrounding objects. Several hawks were flying about, and I saw a jackal skulking into one of the pyramids.

Just before I left, the sun rose upon this desolate scene, throwing long shadows around, and adding greatly to the effect.

I found the descent much more difficult and inconvenient than the ascent, as the legs get weak and tired towards the end. It would be dangerous for a giddy head to attempt it, for, while dropping from step to step, the entire depth in all its immensity lies full in view. To turn round with the face to the building would take four times as long, and be far more tiring.

To lose no time, I mounted my donkey,

and rode to the entrance of the chambers. I was very much struck with the enormous size of the blocks of stone surrounding it. Here I found my friends, who had passed the previous night in the cave, and who loudly complained of the torments they had undergone from the attacks of the myriads of sand-flies and musquitos, which, with the addition of the suffocating heat, had rendered sleep next to impossible. We sat down for some time, enjoying the distant view of the city of Grand Cairo, stretching immediately before us, and examining the different antiquities brought for sale by a horde of Arabs, such as the little quaint blue figures, pieces of mummy-cloth, &c. &c. found in the neighbourhood.

An Arab shewed us a large hawk, that he had caught in a hole in the pyramid. One of my friends took it from the man who was holding it, when it immediately buried its talons and beak deep into his wrist, inflicting a wound he had reason to remember during the remainder of his stay in Egypt.

Having sufficiently rested myself, I now

engaged four men as guides and torch-bearers, and started to explore the interior of the great pyramid of Cheops. From the entrance we descended for a short distance, when the passage became suddenly lower and narrower; it could not have been more than three feet six in height; I was obliged to stoop almost double, and found the greatest assistance in leaning my hand upon the back of an Arab who preceded me. The dust was almost suffocating. This gallery was a steep ascent, and continued so until it terminated in a large rocky cavity. The effect of the lights thrown by the torches, as the bearers one after the other climbed to the top, where the next passage commences, was very beautiful and singular. I followed them, and found the aperture still smaller than the previous one, and equally on the ascent.

The King's Chamber, which we now reached, is a long parallelogram, with a vaulted roof; the sides are black, and have the appearance of being highly polished. The blocks of stone of which it is composed



are extraordinary from their immense magnitude. The sarcophagus is quite plain, and devoid of ornament. I knocked off a piece from it with some difficulty ; it is of the red Egyptian granite.

In the second chamber we came to I was shewn a hole in the ground, the entrance to Davidson's Chamber ; but my throat, owing to the dust, was too dry to proceed ; and I must confess I was disappointed by the small size of those I had seen, and therefore, declining to descend, I retraced my steps, which from being constantly on the descent, I found a more difficult task than on my entry.

I next mounted my donkey, and rode to the Sphinx. In my way I passed several tombs, the interior of one was adorned with some fresco paintings ; there were also two small pyramids, where a number of mummies have been found at different times, all in a perfect state of preservation, as I was informed by Mr. Raven, who was employed by Colonel Vyse during his excavations. Mr. R. shewed me several curious petrifications : amongst



others a reed about a foot long, which he found embedded in one of the stones of the pyramids. I observed large masses of petrified shells in many of the blocks.

An abrupt descent brought me to the Sphinx. The stones composing it are perfectly astonishing from their size: the head is in three pieces, the nose and one of the eyes are disfigured. Between its extended paws, now completely embedded in sand, is the entrance to a chamber, from which it is said there is a communication with the pyramid of Cephrenes. Mr. Raven tells me, that Colonel Vyse laid this chamber open, but the constant driftings of the sand have entirely filled it up again, leaving no trace of it perceptible.

Having seen the Sphinx, I rode to the cave where travellers usually rest, and where my friends were assembled at breakfast; and having enjoyed a hearty meal, we departed, surrounded by a whole host of unfortunate beggars, who had turned out from the neighbouring villages, each endeavouring to extract money on various pretexts.

A very pleasant ride brought us, by the same way we came, to the river.

Old Cairo on the opposite bank, so silent when I passed through it in the early morning, was now all life and bustle. Immense piles of garden produce, such as melons and vegetables, were exposed on its quay, and it was a very curious and amusing spectacle to see large numbers of camels crouched down to receive their loads. Stacks of grain and cotton were laid up in store, ready for transport down the river, for the supply of foreign markets. Here and there I passed some wealthy Armenian merchant, smoking his long pipe (which almost touched the ground) from the back of his sleek and well-fed donkey, caparisoned in gold and velvet, followed by his syce.

I repaired to the hotel, delighted with my excursion, and not a little pleased with my donkey, which had carried me the whole way there and back, upwards of twenty-four miles, without slacking its pace, or appearing the least fatigued.

In the evening of the same day I went to

visit the Pasha's breeding-stud at Shoobra : the road runs through some very pretty olive groves and shady lanes. The stables occupy an immense pile of building, situated on an open tract, and forming a hollow square, approached by four handsome iron gates guarded by sentries. Upon applying for permission to enter, an old Turk in uniform, with a very large gold-headed stick of office in his hand, and followed by three attendants, admitted us, and proceeded to shew the different parts of the establishment.

In the first stable were more than one hundred pure and high-caste Arab mares, with their colt foals ; the latter were perfectly tame, yet full of life and play. The next stable was like the former, but appropriated to mares with fillies. We then successively passed through the stables of yearlings, two-year olds, and three-year olds, at which age they are drafted into the army or for other uses. I asked if any were ever sold, and I was contemptuously answered that the Pasha makes *presents* when he chooses.

The last department we were shewn consisted of the sires, powerful short-legged Arabians of the highest caste, shewing a great deal of blood. Amongst others was a white horse, with one of the finest heads I ever saw, large nostrils, broad forehead, and immense black eyes. He was snorting and pawing up the ground, and I was cautioned not to go near him. I remarked that his neck and fore-parts were covered all over with scars, and on asking the reason, received the following account :

During the late war in Syria, a small band of Arabs, headed by a sheykh of renowned valour, all of whom had devoted themselves to victory or death, rushed in phalanx, with the sworn intention of cutting their way through the centre of the Pasha's camp, or perishing in the attempt. Overpowered by numbers, they were cut off one by one ; the sheykh alone remained : but he dashed onward in his mad career, dealing death around him, until his own head was severed from his body. His panting horse, covered with innumerable sabre wounds, now dashed

at the slayer of his master, tore him to the ground, and crushed him under his feet. This faithful animal was taken captive, and sent to the Pasha's stables, as a horse of the most tried courage.

After bestowing the usual bucksheish on our friend with the gold-headed stick, we mounted our donkeys and returned.





## CHAPTER XI.

Invitation to a Hharee'm—French Lady Interpretess—  
Tame Gazelles—Hharee'm of Mochtah Bey—De-  
scription of the Apartments—Beautiful Slaves—Prin-  
cipal Lady of the Hharee'm—Conversation—  
Adopted Child—Pet Dog—Female Curiosity—  
Nubian Nurse—Turkish Love of Ornament—  
Coffee—Pipes—Slaves.



## CHAPTER XI.

ON G.'s return I was still nursing myself in my room, where I intended to have remained two or three days, when a long-expected invitation arrived for me to visit a hharee'm; and, ill as I was, I determined I would not in one day be disappointed of seeing two things I had so long desired to be acquainted with. Accordingly shaking off my indisposition as well as I could, I got up, and decked myself out in all the finest clothes I could collect from my travelling wardrobe. I rescued a blue silk bonnet, trimmed with roses, from the depth of a trunk, where it had lain crushed double; and having covered my fingers with rings, and my person with all the chains, brooches, and bracelets I possessed,

prepared to depart. I mounted my donkey-chair, and, attended by the dragoman Mohammed, proceeded first to the house of a French lady who had offered to present me, and act as my interpretest at the hharee'm of Mochtah Bey. She was the daughter of a Frenchwoman, who had been employed several years by the Pasha's and other influential hharee'ms, to select and purchase silks and satins for the fair recluses: at the present moment she was in Paris, preparing for a new importation. My friend the daughter, who was born and bred in Egypt, which she had never quitted, had just married a young Italian.

On arriving at the house she lived in, I mounted a dark narrow staircase leading to her apartments, and was received on the landing-place by her husband, a good-looking young man, who conducted me into the sitting-room; where I found the pretty Frenchwoman dressed *à la Grèque*, squatted on a divan in the Eastern fashion. The costume, consisting of a tight bodice of green satin embroidered with silver, suited



her pretty figure, and shewed it off to the best advantage. Her petticoat was full and short, displaying a pair of white silk trousers confined at the ancles. She had very fine black eyes, with an intelligent countenance ; and her long raven tresses were hanging in a profusion of small plaits, entwined with silver cord and riband reaching nearly to the ground.

After a few introductory speeches, sherbet was handed round ; it was by far the most delicious I had tasted. My fair hostess then retired to equip herself for riding ; leaving me with her husband, and a pair of beautiful tame gazelles, that were skipping round the room, playing a variety of graceful gambols. It was singular to see those airy children of the desert become so docile and domestic ; they must have been captured very young.

Presently the door opened, and Madame, enveloped in the Egyptian to'b and hhab'arah, entered the room, ready to accompany me. I resumed my "*chaise à porteur*," while her husband assisted her to mount the high saddle of her donkey, that

was waiting in the court-yard, with an attendant at its head. She very composedly seated herself *à la Egyptienne*, namely, astride, and, passing on before me, led the way.

We traversed a great many narrow streets similar to those I have before described, and in the space of about half an hour stopped before a large wooden gate, which, upon a signal being given, was opened by a slave. On entering we found ourselves in a spacious court-yard overlooked by numerous windows, closely and elaborately latticed in various patterns of highly carved wood-work. Here we were received by a richly dressed eunuch. We dismounted, and, leaving our donkeys and attendants, followed him up a short flight of marble stairs and through a curtained door, that opened into another court paved with marble and surrounded by a lofty colonnade. Five or six female slaves met us at the entrance. My friend now stepped on before me to announce my approach, but soon beckoned me to follow.

We passed by a door leading out of the court into a room on the ground-floor, lighted by two windows. It was a very spacious, lofty apartment, divided into two parts, called doorcka'ah and leewa'n; the floor of the latter was raised six or seven inches higher than the former. The doorcka'ah, into which the door we entered at opened, was beautifully paved with black and white marble, intersected by complicated patterns of polished red tile. In the centre was a fountain, throwing up its sparkling jets nearly to the ceiling, and then falling into a shallow basin, inlaid with exquisite mosaic work of pietra dura, spreading a delicious coolness around. The walls of this apartment were cased half-way up with inlaid marbles of brilliant colours, worked into tasteful designs. On one side were some marble slabs, supported upon arches and light pilasters of the same material, ornamented in a similar style with the basin of the fountain. Several silver vessels were standing upon these costly shelves.

The leewa'n, or highest portion of the room, was covered with very fine matting, and surrounded by divans composed of mattresses slightly raised from the ground, and backed with cushions supported against the walls. They were covered with embossed crimson and yellow satin, giving a very handsome effect to the whole. The walls of the leewa'n were quite plain.

The ceilings of both were very singular and beautiful, but that over the dooreka'ah was the most ornamented. The first was composed of carved beams about a foot apart, and richly gilt, the intervening spaces being painted in various colours and patterns, having an exceedingly elegant appearance. But the eye was soon attracted to the richer half, the most striking, though, perhaps, not so chaste. Here, instead of the beams, a number of thin strips of wood were nailed upon the planks, forming the most curious and complicated, although perfectly regular, designs. These strips were gilt, and the intervening spaces painted red, blue, and black. It had altogether a highly



ornamental and pleasing effect, and the apartment being lofty, it appeared, at first sight, almost like a basso-relievo of gems.

Having now attempted to give an idea of the room we were received in, and which I had ample leisure to survey during my visit, I must turn to its fair occupants. Seated cross-legged on a pile of violet-coloured satin cushions, that were placed on the pavement close to the fountain, was a beautiful and majestic-looking woman. Although she must have been at least forty, not a wrinkle was to be detected in her fine clear skin. Her features were remarkably handsome, her teeth perfect and very white, while her dark-blue eyes shone forth with benignity. I never saw a countenance so dignified, and, at the same time, so sweet. Her hair was entirely concealed by a rich embroidered handkerchief, or far'oo'dee'yeh, bound round the head-dress or turboo'sh. She was dressed in a shirt composed of a kind of silk gauze, white as snow, and a pair of very wide trousers, of the same material, fastened round the waist, and confined a



little below the knee, but sufficiently long to hang down to the feet. A short vest, called 'an'ter'ee, reaching just below the waist, and provided with loose open sleeves, completed her costume. Her only ornaments were five rows of very large-sized pearls, suspended from her neck.

This lady was the widowed mother of Mochtah Bey's wife. Her son (whose name has escaped my memory) is immensely rich and powerful, owning one-third of the houses and gardens in Grand Cairo, and she herself is a relation of the Pasha. She did not rise to receive us (as she was our senior in years), but she touched my hand with her right hand, pressed it on her bosom, and then raised it to her lips and forehead. She would not hear of my taking a seat on the divan, as she said she knew the European custom, but despatched a pretty Georgian slave for a green satin chair (the only one in the house), upon which she made me sit down close to her.

She then asked me a variety of questions, spoken through my French friend; such as

“How old are you?” “Are you married?” “Were you ever married before?” “How old is your husband?” “How tall is he?” “What is the colour of his hair and his eyes?” “Is he kind to you?” “Has he any more wives?” “Why does he let you ride through the streets without a veil?” “Have you any children?” “What made you come so far from home?” &c. &c. I satisfied her curiosity as well as I could, and she appeared very much amused with my answers. Her voice was peculiarly mild and sweet, and she uttered her various interrogations with as much grace and politeness as if she were carrying on the most polished and intellectual conversation. She spoke in Arabic, as my companion did not understand Turkish.

After the first tide of queries, she told me her daughter would soon be there, as *she* was particularly anxious to make the acquaintance of an English lady. I now had a moment's leisure to look around at the groups of beautiful slaves that were standing about the room in various attitudes, laughing

and pointing at my dress. They were principally Georgians and Circassians, many of them exceedingly lovely, with fair complexions and dark eyes. All were dressed in the most costly materials, generally of gaudy colours; and two or three of the prettiest wore very handsome ornaments of gold filigree, and precious stones. Their dresses were much handsomer than those of their mistresses; but I believe it is the delight of the Turkish ladies to deck out their favourite slaves in all their most valuable clothes and trinkets, while they themselves, excepting on particular occasions, dress very simply.

At length the daughter (the mistress of the house) made her appearance, and a lovely creature she was. Her complexion was the whitest and most brilliant that can be conceived; her forehead was lofty, and entirely exposed, for her auburn hair, escaping from her "far'oo'dee'yeh" in careless plaits and tresses down her back and shoulders, was, according to the Turkish fashion, cut close round the face. Her teeth, which

she constantly displayed through her rosy laughing lips, were beautifully even, and transparently white; while the effect produced by her magnificent eyes, of the deepest and softest blue, was heightened by the coquettish pencilling of khol with which both the upper and under lids and eyebrows were stained. This gives a depth and shadow to the intensity of their beauty, in the same way that an appropriate setting enhances the brilliancy of a diamond.

Her dress was nearly similar to her mother's, excepting that her 'an'ter'ee was cut in such a manner as to leave her neck uncovered, save by the slight folds of her low gauze shirt, entirely displaying her shape. Her arms were bare, and perfect models of beauty, both in form and colour, while the small taper fingers of her pretty hands were tipped with the rosy dye of the hhen'na.

She advanced towards me with the peculiar waddling walk of all Turkish ladies, and, having saluted me in the same way her mother had done before, squatted herself



down on a similar pile of cushions in another part of the room, inviting me to sit close to her.

Again I had to answer the same string of questions, to which were added multitudes of others upon England and English customs—"Whether I had ever seen any house so handsome as hers?" "Whether I could read and write?" and a variety of similar things. Having satisfied her curiosity, she told me that her husband, Mochtah Bey, was a very handsome man, and she named his height and the length of his beard; that he was very learned, and that Mohammed Ali had sent him to England, where he remained a year; and that when he came back again he would no longer eat with his fingers, but had tables and chairs made, and used a knife and fork; but as he died a short time ago, she had parted with all these useless incumbrances, and was soon going to marry again. She appeared exceedingly proud of being able to embroider a little: this is considered a great accomplishment amongst Eastern ladies.



Her great grief, she said, was that she had never been a mother; but, in order to console herself in some measure, she was adopting a poor child that had been taken out of the streets, and was bringing it up as her own. She now despatched a slave for the child (an infant), which was brought in by the wet-nurse its kind protectress had purchased for it: it was a little girl of about eight or ten months old; I thought it very ugly, and it was miserably and shabbily dressed. As soon, however, as it entered the room, my lovely hostess took it in her arms, and nursed and played with it as fondly as if it had been her own: it seemed the pet and darling of the whole hharee'm. Presently it began to cry, and there was quite a commotion: the elder lady took out one of the cucumbers from the fruit that was cooling in the fountain, and gave it to the child to suck. I should have thought this was enough to kill it, but all the children here are constantly to be seen nibbling something of the kind.

I find the reason the baby was dressed so

badly proceeded from the fear, common to all Moos'lim mothers, lest fine clothes should attract the Evil Eye.

Another pet of the young Turk's, that struck me as a very extraordinary one for a person of her creed, was a little pug-dog, running about unconstrained all over the apartment, even upon the leewa'n, which is considered sacred, as being the usual place of prayer; but, notwithstanding, this little *piece of uncleanness* was allowed full liberty, and every moment polluted the clothes of his mistress by rubbing up against them. She even patted him several times with her fair hand, and laughed at his barking and antics. I could not understand this incongruity with the faith of the faithful.

The next thing to be done was to inspect minutely every thing I had on: my rings were all scrutinized and admired separately. I wore a black satin gown, and was asked why it was not green, blue, or yellow. I replied, that as I was travelling I could not carry all my wardrobe about with me. My

bracelets were next looked at, then my hands were examined, and all the slaves, one by one, were allowed to peep into my face : one, in particular, a tall, bony-looking Nubian, the most hideous creature I ever saw, who had acted as wet-nurse to my pretty hostess, and was consequently a great favourite, never having seen an European lady before, was so much astonished at me, that after having touched all my clothes, and stared well into my bonnet, she could scarcely be persuaded to move away, and, when she did, seated herself (a privilege she alone enjoyed, without permission) in the corner of the room, fixing her eyes upon me, with a broad grin on her countenance during the whole time I remained.

A very large and handsome brooch I wore particularly attracted the attention of the lady : she begged me to take it off, that she might examine it, and then very quietly fastening it into the folds of her shirt, continued talking upon other subjects. I waited some time, and then, as she did not offer to return it, and I did not feel

at all inclined to present her with it, I represented my fears to my companion, who gently suggested that it was so heavy she feared it would tear the gauze of her chemise, and offered to assist her in unclasping it. She took the hint, although evidently disappointed ; and I felt quite sorry that I had not brought something that I prized less, to present her with. Had I done so, she would no doubt have returned the compliment.

During the time we were engaged laughing and talking with the daughter, the mother remained nearly silent, listening to what was going forward, sometimes suggesting a question in her soft harmonious Turkish, that seemed to accord and blend with the musical trickling of the clear fountain before her. She was delighted at the admiration I bestowed upon the latter, and ordered one of her slaves to shew me how the jet was turned on and off. The cock was concealed in a small chest of inlaid wood, and the water supplied by pipes laid on from the river. A variety of fruits



were placed in the basin to cool, and near it stood a handsome silver tray of porous goblets, such as I have described in a former page, each furnished with a fanciful stopper of the same material.

Two pretty Georgian slaves now came in with coffee they had been preparing, one carrying the coffee-pot, of solid gold, and exceedingly handsome; the other bearing a silver tray, with the requisite number of china cups arranged upon it, large enough only to contain about an ounce and a half of liquid. They had no handles, and each was placed within another cup of delicate gold filigree. These are called "zurfs," and are used to prevent burning the fingers.

According to Eastern etiquette, the ladies of the house were first served, and afterwards their guests. The coffee was extremely strong, and highly perfumed with ambergris; no milk was mixed with it, and no sugar, excepting in the cup destined for me, which was made as sweet as syrup, in order to accommodate, as was supposed, my English taste.



As soon as we had finished sipping our coffee, pipes were brought: one was offered to me, but I begged to decline, explaining that as I had never learnt the accomplishment of smoking, I feared it would choke me, and thus materially interrupt our agreeable conversation. They laughed, and appeared much amused at my ignorance of this, one of their greatest and most refined luxuries. They asked if English ladies never smoked, and, being answered in the negative, shrugged their shoulders with pity, and began to puff away with renewed zest.

Their pipes were quite as long, but rather more slender than those of the men, and exquisitely ornamented in a very costly manner; the mouth-pieces were composed in part of red coral, set in gold, and enriched by agate and jasper, interspersed with precious stones; the pipes are always of cherry-stick, but these were covered with coloured silks interwoven with gold thread; the bowl of each rested in a small silver tray, placed on the floor. The tobacco they employed was

exceedingly mild, and not disagreeable, even to me, who can scarcely bear the smell of a passing cigar.

The idea of a woman smoking conveys immediately to one's mind a feeling of disgust, which it seems impossible to overcome; but my fair hostesses handled their jewelled pipes with as much grace as if they were the wands of a fairy, and performed the whole with so much elegance of manner, that I found myself admiring instead of condemning the practice. The fair young Hanoum looked positively bewitching while inhaling the perfumed weed through her delicate pipe, and, far from engrossing, it appeared only to give zest to her conversation.

After the shib'ooks were exhausted, it was proposed that I should explore the remainder of the house; but as the hour of mid-day prayer was drawing near, its young owner did not accompany us: we were followed, however, by the whole suite of slaves, laughing and dancing around, like a pack of children pleased with a new toy.

In the court-yard we encountered a group of hideous black human beings, tall and bony, with only a small piece of cloth wound round their bodies, and their hair hanging in dishevelled plaits about their faces. Thinking they looked any thing but feminine, and forgetting for a moment where I was, I asked very innocently whether they were men-slaves. The screams of surprise and horror, mingled with laughter, that were raised as soon as this question was translated, were quite deafening: the very idea of a *man* being admitted into these mysterious precincts shocked beyond measure, and yet it equally amused them. They pointed to the eunuch, and assured me he was the only man, excepting the master of the house, when he was alive, who had ever seen them unveiled.

The slaves in question, whose rough appearance had occasioned my mistake, were Abyssinian and Negro women, who acted as menials in the establishment. The only employment of the *white slaves* is to make the coffee, prepare and light the pipes, and

adorn their own persons, as well as those of their mistresses ; and consequently a large portion of their time is passed in idleness.

In the court-yard was a well of brackish water, and on one side stood two large jars, daily replenished with water fresh from the Nile.

We now entered a door leading to a flight of stone stairs, conducting to what are, properly speaking, the apartments of the hharee'm. The room where we were received, and which, on account of its coolness, they were then inhabiting, is usually appropriated to the master of the family. The staircase, beautifully clean and white, was built in a winding square, turning every four steps ; at the top an ample curtain screened the door of entrance into the principal apartment, from which all the others opened.

This room, called the cka'ah, was of immense dimensions, and must have occupied one half of the house. A portion of the floor was raised on each side, forming two leewa'ns, similar to that I described in



the room below, excepting that these were far handsomer, the floors being covered with magnificent Turkey carpets, and the divans composed of velvet. The ceiling was very lofty, and raised in the centre of the room, between the two leewa'ns; this part was surrounded by wooden lattice-work, and surmounted by a small dome. The windows, shaded by richly carved gratings of wood-work, looked into the outer court, where our donkeys were waiting.

When my chair was discovered, there was a loud outcry of surprise! How could I get into it? Why did I not ride *à la cavalier*, like other ladies? &c. &c.

The cka'ah is the great assembly-room of the whole hharee'm; but as no particular apartments are appropriated for sleeping, the Hanoum mother at present occupied it for that purpose, and her small bedstead of beautiful inlaid wood was standing in the corner. No bed-clothes, or any thing of the kind, were to be seen; they are all carefully removed and folded up as soon as done with, and placed in cupboards, with which



this and many of the other rooms were furnished: these were composed of very curious panel-work of wood, inlaid in a variety of ingenious ways. Above were some narrow shelves, with several pieces of china and plate ranged upon them.

Leading out of the cka'ah were two suites of apartments, consisting of two or three rooms, with a few steps, either up or down, between each: that on the left was furnished with rich yellow satin, and the one on the right with pale blue silk. The principal room in both was square, very spacious, and about fourteen feet in height; they were covered throughout with Turkey carpets, and, but for the absence of tables or anything to supply their place, I might almost have imagined myself in a London or Paris drawing-room. Several handsome mirrors adorned the walls, and upon the universal little wooden shelves stood some beautiful china vases and pots of wax flowers; in one room there was even a French clock of or-molu, brought from Europe by Mochtah Bey.

Each apartment contained a massive service of antique-looking plate, composed of coffee-pots, silver basins, curious-shaped spoons, trays, &c. &c. From every ceiling hung a fine net of singular construction, furnished with pulleys of cotton cord. I was told it was either to catch or guard against the musquitos and flies, but I could not understand exactly how they used it.

As the windows on this side all looked into the garden, they were permitted to be very large, with the lower part only latticed; about two feet of the upper division consisted of painted glass, which gave a very pretty effect: the centre portion of the window was of clear glass.

The last room we were shewn into was to me the most curious and interesting I had seen: it also looked towards the gardens, but was quite distinct from any of the others, and appeared more in the true Turkish style, before Parisian fashions had made any innovation into the recesses of the hharee'm. Rude representations of birds and flowers were painted all over the plastered walls,

and one side of the apartment was wholly occupied by a row of the curious little cupboards I have already spoken of. The windows projected outwards, and were entirely shaded by thick wooden lattice-work of a very heavy pattern, but beautifully and elaborately carved; the top and sides were of coloured glass, and the small ceilings of the projections were painted and inlaid with great art and effect. This was the room originally intended as the guest-chamber, but at present it was occupied by my young hostess, whose bedstead was inlaid throughout with ivory and mother-o'-pearl, similar to the beautiful Bombay boxes; and by the side were her tiny embroidered slippers.

Every one, including my French friend, had taken off their shoes at the entrance of the cka'ah, and walked barefooted through the apartments. I was the only person of the party of whom this ceremony was not exacted.

When we had seen all that was worthy of notice, we went down-stairs again to take our leave, but we found the young Hanoum

at her devotions ; and as she could not be interrupted, we waited until they were concluded. She was standing upon the "lee-wa'n," which is generally appropriated as the place of prayer ; a small prayer-carpet was spread before her, and a richly worked white lace veil was thrown over her head, reaching nearly to the ground. It is the custom amongst Moos'lim women never to appear in supplication before their Maker unveiled : it has a touching look of modest humility ; at least it gave such to the fair worshipper before me. She went through the various evolutions of bowing and prostration, enjoined by her religion, with so much gravity and apparent earnestness, that it inspired me with a feeling of respect for her, that heightened the charm of her beauty.

During all this time the mother, who was still smoking her shib'ook, went on talking and asking us questions about what we thought of the rooms, as if nothing had been going on. At length the prayer was finished, the veil thrown aside, and our pretty friend returned to her cushions, her



mouth still moving as if concluding her devotions.

We now rose to take leave ; but she begged us to walk through the garden before our departure. She pressed me, also, to repeat my visit, and told me, that any day I would send them word, I might bring my husband to shew him the garden, and they would look through the lattice-work of their windows at him, as they wished so much to see what he was like. They both rose to bid me adieu, and, after having gone through the same form of touching my hand and then their own bosoms and faces, they accompanied me through the inner courts, paddling along on the cold marble without shoes or stockings. I must here remark, that their feet were very small and pretty ; the young one was, perhaps, a *little* too fat, but that is considered a beauty amongst the Turks. The last thing she said to me was, to be sure to bring my husband to the garden.

Thither we now went. It was a large enclosure, surmounted by a high wall, and



abounding with date-trees, but not laid out with much taste ; but I could, however, fancy it a paradise to the caged inmates of a hharee'm, who are only allowed to enjoy the pure air unveiled while within its precincts. A bouquet was presented to me : the major part of it consisted of marigolds—apparently a favourite flower with the ladies, for the garden was nearly full of them.

The eunuch now conducted us back to our donkeys, where the husband of my companion awaited her, and we all rode back together to the hotel. Infinite surprise was manifested when I proceeded with my veiled companion into the *table d'hôte*-room, where all our fellow-passengers were assembled ; they thought, I believe, that I had brought one of the ladies out of the hharee'm, and they all gathered round us with eager curiosity. But the real state of the case was soon explained ; my young friend withdrew her boor'cka (face veil), and made amends for their disappointment by the sight of a very pretty face. Sherbet was handed round, and, after she and her

husband had chatted with us for some time, they took their leave.

G. had the satisfaction of assisting her to mount her donkey, in the singular fashion of the East. The method is by putting first one foot in the stirrup, and then standing upright on the saddle, from whence they lower themselves gradually, without exposing either the legs or feet.

*July 4th.*—I was too ill to rise. G. and a fellow-passenger amused themselves by sketching the horses, that stand night and day in the court-yard of the hotel, into which all our windows look. They form part of the establishment kept by Messrs. Hill and Co., for the transit across the desert. The average price given for them is from four to eight pounds. They are, in general, strong, able-bodied animals. Each is tethered by one of the hind legs, while the head is secured to a standing manger running across the centre of the yard, a horse being placed alternately on either side.

It appears to be the usual custom in Cairo to stable horses in the open air, and

often in the very streets. One day G. passed six or eight fine horses fastened up against a wall, and, on asking who they belonged to, he was told one of the principal Beys in the Pasha's service.

G. went in the afternoon to the menagerie, situated in the street leading to the citadel. The first thing he saw on entering was a large donkey, then a few jackals. These, together with a lion and two or three camelopards, made up the whole collection. It is certain every thing must have a beginning, and it is to be supposed that the Pasha's menagerie, which he keeps carefully guarded by a couple of sentries at the entrance-gate, is in its extreme infancy; but to the eyes of strangers the streets of his capital is the most amusing menagerie he will be probably ever able to exhibit.

*July 5th.* — All our fellow-passengers started to-day for Alexandria; some in Messrs. Hill and Co.'s steamer, and the rest in the Lotus, a new one belonging to the Peninsular and Oriental Steam Naviga-

tion Company, which is making its first voyage down the Nile. We were left alone at the hotel, as I was very ill and confined to my bed.

My husband, when he came into my room this afternoon, brought me a likeness he had just been taking of an Arab chief, who had come to the house upon some business, with pistols stuck in his girdle and sword in hand. His dress was composed of a species of coarse red cashmere, with a blue mantle thrown over it. His countenance was very fierce, and he squinted terribly. G. also sketched his camel, which was waiting with its syce in the yard; it was very high bred, and one of the desert tribe, differing essentially from those that are used about the streets of Cairo for domestic purposes. When G. began drawing the animal was lying down, and he was accordingly taking it in that position; but no sooner did the syce observe what he was about, than he made it rise in great haste, and led it up and down, looking very uneasy. G. asked one of Hill's people what



this was done for, and they told him it was because the man feared he might throw the *Evil Eye* upon it. Seeing that G. still persisted in his sketch, the man's fright redoubled, and, after hurrying about from place to place, he eventually took it out of the yard. It was a beautifully formed camel, and of the most esteemed colour. The head was particularly handsome, and was decorated with a single ostrich feather, the token of victory.

This reminds me of an anecdote which was related to us of Mohammed Ali, who, while at Suez, during the war with the Wahabees, having heard of a sudden insurrection at Cairo, privately ordered his favourite syce to be ready with his dromedary at a certain hour in the night, and having, according to his usual custom, smoked his last pipe in bed, while in converse with his chief secretary, and made arrangements as if to receive the functionaries of Suez the next day, as a blind to his real intentions, retired to rest. As soon as he supposed all his court were asleep, he secretly mounted his dromedary,



and, with no other attendant but the syce, quitted the town and crossed the desert, a distance of eighty-two miles, in the astonishingly short space of time of seven hours. Day-break found him at Cairo, where, proceeding to the citadel, he ordered a guard to one of the doors of the council-chamber, while he himself appeared at the other, thus discovering the conspirators in the very act of framing their revolt. They all prostrated themselves, and confessed their crimes; but it is supposed their submission was made too late, as none of them have been seen or heard of since.

The syce, who, although on foot, had kept up with the Pasha the whole way, was immediately made a bey, as a reward for his extraordinary exertions, and received the rank of colonel in the army; the dromedary was turned out in a place expressly appropriated to it, and is to be exempted from labour for the remainder of its life.

From July 6th to the 13th I was so ill as to be totally unfit to see or do any thing, and kept "no note of time." Dr. Abott

attended me, and proved himself very clever. When I got a little better, and was able to leave my bed, I used to sit in an arm-chair at the window, looking at the horses feeding in the court. The casements opposite belonged to the house of the Greek consul, and a lovely girl (I know not whether his wife or daughter) was constantly to be seen sitting at one of them, occupied by her embroidery. Her raven hair, plaited across her high white forehead, hung in luxuriant tresses over her shoulders, while a small cap of silver lace was fitted to the crown of her head. She wore a tight bodice, highly ornamented with spangles, displaying to advantage the perfect symmetry of her figure. An older woman, dressed equally richly, was almost always with her, and appeared very jealous of any one looking that way. Once, as she was sitting alone upon the divan, with her back turned towards the window, a young man entered at the opposite door; he was equally handsome, with eyes that almost matched her own. He walked up, kissed her hand, seated

himself by her side, and I soon heard them in earnest conversation. Presently I saw the elder woman appear, and immediately the young girl rose from her seat, bowed to her guest, and quitted the room. I saw several of these little pantomimes, which interested me much.

One day, when G. returned from a walk, he told me he had seen, in the unfrequented streets of the town, several weasels, with bells fastened round their throats. This seemed so very singular, that he inquired the reason. He was told that it was the custom here to keep tame weasels, and, after attaching a bell to their necks to let them run about the house, to frighten away the rats.

I never could have believed that certain other tiny animals ever existed any where in such numbers as they do in Egypt. Even in this really clean and comfortable hotel they are perfectly terrific. I was rather fortunate in my room; but one day, when I was carried into a bed in an adjoining apartment for change of air, I was quite horrified by the numbers I saw crawling

from under the pillow, and in all directions. Any thing of wood is sure to be infested with them, consequently the bedsteads are of iron and the floors stone; but then they take refuge in the chairs and tables.

As the time drew near for us to proceed to Alexandria, in order to be ready for the English steamer, we began to be uneasy about our means of getting there. We had paid our passage-money at Suez; but as all the other passengers had gone, and we alone were left, they did not think it worth while to send their little steamer down expressly for us, but gave us the choice of either waiting for the Bombay steamer's passengers, or going down the river in one of the Nile-boats. We did not like either of these plans: I was not well enough to undertake the forced journey of the first, and the last would very likely have taken us five days, as the river was extremely low and shallow, and the wind contrary. Besides, had we not paid our money beforehand, we might have hired a boat at half the price.

However, just as we had decided to make

the best of the boat, and G. had gone down to Bulac to see it made as comfortable as possible, the little steamer Jack-o'-Lantern came up, and, having found two other passengers, it was agreed that we should go by her.

END OF THE FIRST VOLUME.





A JOURNEY  
ACROSS  
THE DESERT.

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VOL. II.

LONDON:  
PRINTED BY MOYES AND BARCLAY, CASTLE STREET,  
LEICESTER SQUARE.







A JOURNEY,  
ACROSS  
THE DESERT,

FROM  
CEYLON TO MARSEILLES:

COMPRISING SKETCHES OF  
ADEN, THE RED SEA, LOWER EGYPT,  
MALTA, SICILY, AND ITALY.

BY  
MAJOR AND MRS. GEORGE DARBY GRIFFITH.

IN TWO VOLUMES.

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# J O U R N E Y,

&c.

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## CHAPTER I.

*JULY 13th.*—The day had now arrived for us to continue our journey, and I rejoiced at it, although ten days ago I thought it impossible to make up my mind to quit Cairo without having explored all the wonders in its vicinity. But such is the subduing effect of illness, that it converts even a palace into a prison; it takes from life not only its every-day interest, but that interest which is more rarely and more strongly excited.

Thus the thoughts of breathing the sea-

air, and getting nearer my journey's end, made me long to find myself at Alexandria, and quit Cairo without regret.

We had the same difficulty as at Suez about the exchange of money. The hotel-bill was made out in piastres, one hundred of which are equal to a sovereign; but they would only take them at ninety-nine, and English bank-notes at ninety-four in the pound; rupees at seven and a half piastres each. This was a great loss, and I think in some degree unfair, as we had always understood the board and lodging was ten shillings per diem for each person, exclusive of extras, wine, &c.; and, the bill being rendered in piastres, we paid considerably more.

I looked out of the window into the yard, and watched the camels loading to take down our baggage to the steam-boat. I never miss an opportunity of observing these interesting creatures, so docile, so graceful, and yet so stately in all their movements.

There were only two camels to carry all our boxes and a great many others. They were both fine, large, handsome animals.

When I looked out, one was crouched on the ground, and the other was standing gazing on, apparently with an eye of pity. The first remained very quiet while they were tying on the principal part of his load ; but when they piled box upon box, long after he had got as much on his back as he could conveniently support, he began turning his long neck from side to side, uttering at the same time a gurgling sound approaching almost to a groan. He appeared as if imploring mercy of the pitiless men who were loading him beyond his strength ; but it was in vain : they were not satisfied until they had heaped up a complete mountain, and then motioned the camel to rise. At first he made two or three vain attempts, but at length, with a great struggle and much assistance, raised himself on his knees, a second brought him on his hind legs, and he then rose altogether ; but he could not be said to stand upright, for the load on his back evidently made his legs bend beneath him. He was now led off groaning, while the other was made to lie down in his place, after



some resistance on his part, for he seemed to be aware of the sufferings of his companion.

All being in readiness, I mounted my covered chair, which was hung the wrong way, to avoid meeting the wind ; but the sun shone so in my eyes, I was soon obliged to have it changed.

In crossing the square we met the Governor of Cairo, in a little low phaeton, drawn by a pair of ponies : he was a venerable-looking old man, with a white beard.

The road from Cairo to Bulac, its port on the Nile, a distance of about two miles, is raised several feet above the surrounding country, annually overflowed by the river. It was early morning when we traversed it, and it presented a very lively scene, being thronged with peasants and countrymen bringing fruit and vegetables to the city, on camels or donkeys, but more frequently on their own heads. We met several women, each with a huge watermelon on her head, and a smaller one in both hands. Crowds of people of both sexes

were employed in making cakes of camel-dung, and spreading them to bake in the sun ; several acres on both sides the road were covered with it ; it forms the principal article of fuel amongst the lower orders.

I believe the modern Egyptians are a most idle and indolent race, and if they were not compelled by some means they would almost neglect to sow the seed on the ground nature has so richly prepared for it. But then, again, it must be remembered that what they sow they do not reap, and they often find themselves starving in the midst of plenty. Neither they nor their families profit by their labour : the taxes are not only exorbitant, but their toil goes immediately to fill the coffers of a tyrannical government. Although it cannot be denied that Mohammed Ali is a great man, and one of the most prominent characters of the age, still he is essentially a tyrant, and carries on his government as tyrants usually do : he sends out his officers and compels his subjects to work for him, whether they will or not, giving them nominally the paltry

stipend of one piastre\* per day, but which he often delays paying for a year or more. Such is the case just now.

An instance of the cruelty too often practised towards these poor creatures was forcibly brought before us this morning: near one side of the road we were passing we observed a number of peasants digging up the ground, and large stones with which it was intersected, in the form of a circle, probably to make a well; as the earth was thrown out, they carried it away in baskets on their heads. It appeared to be very hard work, yet men, women, and children, were employed indiscriminately. In the centre of the group stood three of the Pasha's overseers, armed with whips of rhinoceros hide; these they dealt right and left upon the poor unoffending creatures, as they returned with their empty baskets from depositing their loads. One woman in particular, who was in a state of suffering that might have even excused her from any labour, supplicated for mercy, and to our horror we saw

\* Twopence-halfpenny.

the upheld lash descend upon her. I am told many of the poor people in the Pasha's employ die daily of starvation.

And yet Mohammed Ali has done many and great things for Egypt: he has increased its consequence as much as it is possible for a tributary power. He has elevated his mind above the prejudices of his sect, and has not only created great public works that will carry down his name honoured to posterity, but has strenuously exerted himself to promote education amongst his subjects.

The first thing that struck us, when about to enter Bulac, was a large handsome building on the hill: this, we were told, was the Pasha's school for teaching architecture, mechanics, surveying, and drawing. The latter art is against the Moos'lim creed, as they are expressly forbidden to make representations of any thing; but Mohammed Ali considers it so essentially important, that he has silenced his conscience upon that score, and is doing all he can to promote the study of it. These schools



were first built and established by Mr. Galloway, brother to the British merchant of that name in Alexandria. The Pasha has, in consequence, created him a Bey.

Bulac seems to be a very flourishing, industrious little town, and appears to be rather more modern than Cairo. There are several shops of pottery-ware, where the porous cooling chatties we had so much admired are sold by wholesale, and many grotesque and beautiful vases of the same material were exposed to view. I observed numbers of people employed in making baskets. Almost every other building is a coffee-house, where groups of Turks sat smoking their pipes at the door, and sipping their morning cup of coffee. The shore of the river was crowded with boats, either building or repairing.

As it was low Nile, we had to make a steep descent down the bank to reach the water. It was not till then that I observed "The Jack-o'-Lantern," dignified by the name of Hill and Co.'s steam-boat. I never beheld any thing so ridiculous : it was



merely one of the common boats that ply on the river, with a boiler and paddles added to it. The two funnels were hissing with steam, and I felt, on entering it, as if going into a caldron. It certainly must be the smallest steam-boat extant. However, when we entered the little cabin built upon the deck, and the still smaller one for two ladies beyond, we began to think better of the craft, as all seemed very nicely arranged, and we, with the exception of two Italians, were the only passengers—a great comfort. The Nile, too, being so low just now, we had less chance of running aground than in a larger boat, like those of the Oriental Company, or of the Pasha. The windows of the ladies' cabin were provided both with venetian blinds and glass.

Bulac has rather an imposing effect from the river: the Custom-house and two or three large public buildings (the former a very handsome pile) face this direction. The opposite bank is a large island, well planted with date-trees, and I discovered a country kiosk peeping from amidst the foliage. The

river seemed quite alive with many-formed and many-coloured boats sailing both up and down it; their picturesque sails, crossing each other, make them look at a little distance almost like butterflies skimming over the water.

At length the signal for starting was given: "Whiz, whiz," went the steam, and we found ourselves descending the river at a surprising pace. Some idea of the minuteness of our boat may be formed when I say that she only drew two feet and a half of water: she is jokingly described as of two-and-a-half Cairo-donkey-power. But we had no occasion to complain of her want of speed; on the contrary, we went almost too quickly to view all we wished of the banks of the river, in many places twenty feet above our heads. At high Nile, when these banks are on the point of overflowing, the descent of this interesting river must be delightful.

In about six miles we passed on the right, close under the walls of Shoobra palace and gardens. Beautiful trees were waving over them. Several rows of draw-wells followed

one after the other ; these supply the magnificent water-works of this fairy spot. I cannot say how tantalised I felt at not having visited it : I had always intended to do so, but my illness cut short that and many of my other schemes. I have heard it described in the most enthusiastic terms of praise : labyrinths of bower-covered walks, flowers that grow as if in artificial bunches—so perfectly is every thing kept ; and Greek gardeners, dressed in unison with the scene ; fountains that are always flowing fresh from the Nile, murmuring in every shady recess ; and an artificial lake, on which the luxurious Pasha is rowed by the ladies of his hharee'm.

We had a good view of the palace from the river : it is a large pile of white stone, but there is nothing very striking about it.

The Nile winds in the most extraordinary manner : we constantly saw, across a tongue of land, boats and sails close to us, that were in reality a mile further down the stream. The banks were generally of a dark brown clay, and we plainly distinguished the

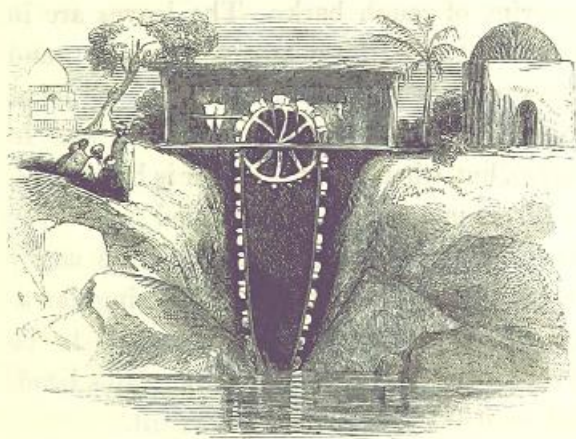
different layers of soil deposited year after year by the fertilising stream.

Every now and then a picturesque draw-well came in view: we passed numbers of these during the day; and, as those on the banks of the Nile were the last we saw of the kind, I must endeavour to describe them. A deep chasm is cut in the high bank of the river; at the top a large wheel is fixed, and kept constantly turning by a couple of oxen. It is very thick, and furnished with a deep groove at the edge; upon this a strong cord is hung, descending with a loop into the water; several earthen pitchers are tied, about three inches apart, running round the whole length of the rope. Those at the bottom of the loop are, therefore, constantly in the river. As the wheel turns the end is drawn up, and with it the pitchers full of water; when they successively reach the top, the turn of the wheel makes them throw their contents into a reservoir prepared for the purpose; and they then descend on the other side empty, with their mouths downwards, ready to fill again



when they reach the river. Thus there are constant series of full and empty pitchers ascending and descending in succession. The water so raised is employed for the irrigation of the land, which is every where cut into little channels for conducting it all over the country.

Many of these draw-wells would have made beautiful pictures, they were so prettily situated, and were, in general, accompanied by groups of peasants and cattle. The sketch of the well, with two little mosques, was a very pretty scene, and a grove of trees in the back-ground heightened the effect.





I was very sorry that the river was so low, for its high banks prevented us seeing much of the fertile plain of the Delta, vaunted as the most fruitful spot on the globe. Every now and then, however, we saw large tracts covered with cotton, wheat, Indian corn, and door'ah. There were a great many other crops, but we could not always distinguish the nature of them. In several parts we saw grass growing, at least eight feet high.

Date-trees were in abundance; the stem is much thicker than that of any of the palm-tribe I have seen, and has an outer covering of rough bark. The leaves are in width between those of the cocoa-nut and areca-nut trees. The fruit hangs in large clusters; it was not ripe when I was in Egypt, but, when it is, the colour is bright red.

Water-melons are cultivated in every vacant spot of low land, often on the sandy banks of the river itself. It is singular to see them growing; many appeared to be three or four times the size of a man's head, and each bed was loaded with fruit.

During nearly the whole day we had occasional views of the mighty Pyramids. It seemed that, as long as they were above the horizon, no distance could shut them out ; there they still stood, their angular lines cutting sharply against the sky, long after the surrounding mountains were fading into vapour.

We met numbers of craft going both up and down the river, in every variety of form, but all adding to the picturesqueness of the scene. Some were loaded with stone, others with timber and pottery-ware. Many appeared to be solely passenger-boats, of that kind essentially called "Nile boats," with high stern cabins covering half the deck. All hoisted the graceful latteen sail.

Every moment we had reason to congratulate ourselves upon our choice of a conveyance, for we passed hundreds of vessels aground, and even we were often so for several minutes, but the power of steam and our light weight carried us through without stopping.

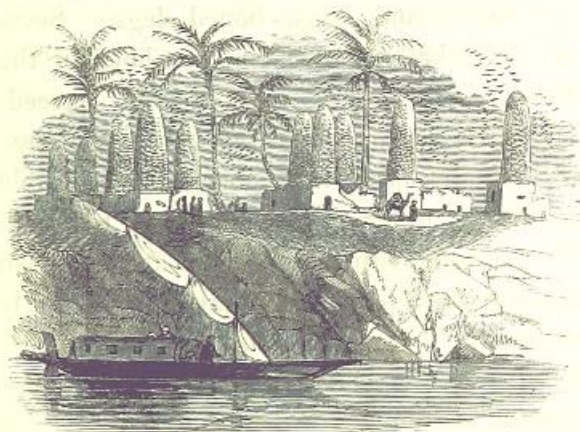
It was very ludicrous to watch the exer-

tions of the Egyptian boatmen to get their vessels afloat, straining every nerve to no purpose. Many jumped ashore, and endeavoured to tow them—no easy task for a couple of men, where the boat was laden with stone, and stuck firm in the mud.

But the most singular scenes that we witnessed were the Egyptian villages: numbers of these lie scattered on both banks of the river. They are generally built upon mounds of earth, either natural or artificial, to keep them above the water during the inundation of the Nile, when their only means of communication is by boats. They are the most extraordinary-looking habitations I ever beheld; huddled together as closely as possible, and built almost upon each other. Many of them are high cones, appearing, at a little distance, like so many bee-hives. They are all of unbaked clay, and the only entrance is by means of a small hole, which will admit but one person at a time, crawling on all fours. Every hamlet is interspersed with date-trees.

Many of these collections of huts might

be called, with equal truth, pigeon villages, as well as human habitations. Where this is the case, almost every hut is conical, and of much greater elevation. On the top of each several chatties are inserted in the clay, large enough to contain a pair of pigeons: the mouths of these are left uncovered, and here they rear their young: the peasants occupying the lower part of the building. Many of these villages appeared quite swarming with their feathered inhabitants; and they looked, at a little distance, exactly like bees humming round their hives.



This custom of domesticating pigeons is



common throughout Egypt ; even the venerable antiquities of Thebes contribute to provide nests for them. I believe some of the species are esteemed sacred. Whenever we came to these hamlets, we were sure to see groups of the inhabitants lying or sitting under the neighbouring trees, apparently in listless idleness. The certainty that they can call nothing their own must, in fact, paralyse all industry and exertion.

We passed numerous herds of extremely fine buffaloes, twice the size of those in Ceylon, and very handsome, with splendid horns and large-boned legs. Several were bathing and rolling about in the river, which they seemed to enjoy exceedingly. We often saw them half-way across, with their noses and horns alone visible above the water. It was curious to watch these huge creatures climbing up and down the almost perpendicular banks ; I constantly expected to see one roll over, but they felt their way before them in the most careful possible manner, without making a single false step.



Every now and then we observed groups of magnificent Egyptian cattle led down to water. They are larger and finer than even our best English breed; their colour is usually red. But the most singular thing of all was a flock of sheep we overtook, drinking from a low bank of sand. They seemed very thirsty, and were so intent on satisfying themselves that they did not observe the steamer until we came close, and then their fright was extreme; they tumbled over each other, vainly endeavouring to climb the bank, which almost precipitated them into the water.

As evening approached, all the boats we passed were moored to the side of the river for the night,—generally close to a village.

I had observed several small cockroaches peeping their heads from under the cushions during the day, and I consequently trembled as the evening drew near. My fears were not without foundation: for when G. made my bed upon one of the benches, we found a swarm of them. He destroyed as many as

he could, but I felt them creeping over me the whole night.

*July 14th.*—By day-break this morning we were at Fouah, where we were to leave the steamer, and embark on the Mahoudiah Canal for Alexandria. As soon as we had anchored, Carlos came to the cabin-door to say that the track-boat was ready. I hurried on my clothes as quickly as possible, but felt very cold and shivery from the heavy dew that had fallen during the night; and which, although the glass windows were closed, had penetrated into the cabin, and made all our things quite wet.

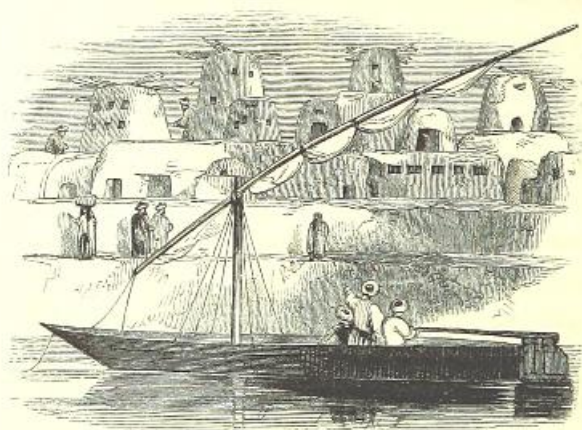
We were soon landed on the high mound of earth that separates the canal from the river; here we took a last look at the Nile, rolling onwards to Rosetta. I felt quite sorry to leave it, although while on it I was too ill to enjoy myself. There are several modern buildings on each bank, and probably this will soon become a more considerable place, as marking the terminus of Mohammed Ali's noble undertaking. The embankment between the canal and the

river is about forty feet wide. The former is entirely fed by the Nile, the water being let in through sluices. It was lower than usual, as a portion has been lately cleaned out, and much water wasted, which cannot be replaced until high Nile. Crowds of boats of all sizes and descriptions were at anchor, giving a flourishing appearance to the place.

The old native village of Atfé rises on a high bank on each side of the canal; it is similar to, though much larger than, any of those I have described on the banks of the Nile. I was glad of an opportunity of examining nearer and more leisurely one of these curious settlements. The huts are built very closely together, tier above tier, there being scarcely room enough for one person to pass between them.

It had an extraordinary effect to see the women threading the narrow lanes, as they were all taller than the cones that constituted the roofs of their dwellings. I observed many of them open the tops, and look in as if it were an oven. Several girls

returning from the Nile with pitchers of water on their heads, walked, on their way to their own habitations, over the roofs of their neighbours' houses, as if they had been so many ant-hills, so little did they seem to impede their progress. I am sure the white ant-hills in Ceylon would have presented far more serious obstacles.



All the children (and some past the age of what are usually styled *little* children) were running about entirely devoid of clothing. We observed a great deal of this in Egypt: men are often seen in the same



condition ; and the women of the lower orders, having concealed their heads and faces, appear to think they have done all that is necessary. This is a great contrast with the comparatively barbarous Cingalese, who never even bathe without some kind of covering.

Our baggage and ourselves had been a long time arranged in the boat, but still there seemed no prospect of starting. On inquiry, we found they were waiting to purchase milk for breakfast ; we preferred, however, substituting egg-whip and proceeding immediately. So the signal for departure was given.

The track-boats are very long and narrow, constructed in a similar manner, G. says, to those used upon the Irish canals. The one we were in was divided into three rooms, with narrow benches on each side ; it was very dirty, and swarming with cockroaches. We were towed by three horses, a man riding upon each. These men accompanied us the whole way to Alexandria, but we changed horses eight times. Our progress was very tedious, owing to the number of boats, draw-wells,



and bridges that came in our way,—at every one of these obstructions the postilion on the last horse was obliged to dismount, to unfasten the tow-rope, causing great delay.

The banks of the canal are very high, and entirely intercept all view of the surrounding country; there is a narrow track half-way up, on each side, that would barely admit of two horses abreast. An astonishing number of large boats are constantly sailing up and down; and one is struck every moment with the utility as well as the magnificence of this great work, commenced and executed in the short space of six weeks, by 250,000 men, who worked night and day until its completion. It is, upon an average, 90 feet wide, and forty-eight miles in length. The celerity of its creation would appear incredible in any country where labour is not forced. But whatever might be the means employed by Mohammed Ali in this great undertaking, the Mahoudiah Canal will carry down his name with honour and gratitude to succeeding generations.

About half-way on the right-hand side

we passed several large encampments of soldiers. The tents were pitched in small separate divisions, and we observed a horse picketed with each. Every tent was piled round with loose bricks and stones. They were in regular lines, and great order appeared to prevail within the camp, although there were very few officers. The subordination of the troops is wonderful, considering they are two years in arrear of pay.

I observed several erections, having the appearance of Martello towers. The draw-wells on the canal are different from those of the Nile. They are worked by oxen in the same way, but the wheels are upon a level with the stream ; these are hollow, and in turning become filled with water, which they empty as they revolve, by means of a cavity, into a trough, that conveys it to the adjacent fields.

We remarked, also, another very original method of irrigating the land. The bank was cut into three steep steps ; on two of these a small pool or cistern was formed,

while the upper one constituted the end of the irrigating channel. On either side of each step stood a couple of men, holding a cord, with a round basket hanging from it. At a signal given, the two men nearest the canal simultaneously swung the cord, which filled the basket with water, while a sudden jerk in the contrary direction emptied it into the cistern. This movement was continued backwards and forwards so quickly, that one almost lost sight of the cord and basket. As soon as the first cistern contained sufficient water, the next set of men began to put *their* basket in motion, in order to fill the one above; and this was afterwards, in its turn, raised by the upper men to supply the irrigating stream. It had altogether a very singular and pretty effect.

I found one of our Italian fellow-passengers, with whom I had entered into conversation yesterday, spoke French very well. He told me he had resided in Egypt twenty-five years, and gave me some very interesting details relative to the country.

Amongst other things, I spoke of the oppression of the government and the tyranny of the Pasha. He assented, but said it would be next to impossible to govern without it, as the people are so idle, so treacherous, and so deceitful. Their wants are few, a daily portion of door'ah bread and a few onions being all they care for; and, unless compelled to work, their fruitful land would remain barren, as they prefer reveling in listless idleness to taking the trouble of even scattering the seed upon a soil that never requires the plough. Besides, he remarked, they are not really so poor as they appear; the only use they make of money is to hoard and hide it, often dying without imparting the secret of their treasure to their children.

"I was once," continued the Italian, "witness to a curious scene, strongly indicative of this feeling. I accompanied the tax-gatherer through a poor-looking village, where he was collecting the rates. We entered a hut more wretched, if possible, than the generality of them. The officer ad-



dressed himself to the owner, and demanded the dues. The man, falling on his knees, protested that he and his family were starving, and without a single 'fud'dah' to buy a bit of bread; how then could he pay the tax? He implored in the most piteous manner to be forgiven. The officer, however, was inexorable, and, calling in some men hired for the purpose, told them to give the poor wretch a certain number of stripes. His orders were obeyed, but the peasant, although writhing with pain, still persisted he was penniless. The beating continued, and at the end of two days things were in the same state. I then interfered," continued the Italian, "and implored mercy for the poor sufferer; but the overseer said it would not do, he was sure the money would be paid in course of time. And so it was; for after six days' persecution, when he could bear the lash no longer, the man dug a hole in the floor of the hut, where to my surprise he had secreted gold and silver coin to a large amount. I could relate many similar instances; and, were it not for the system of



compulsion, Mohammed Ali would be unable to raise a single tax. As it is, after he has paid the large annual tribute to the Turkish emperor his coffers are so low, that he frequently has not the money to pay his troops. But those that can wait are sure to be paid in the end."

We were detained nearly an hour by a very untoward accident; the postilion on the last horse having dismounted, just as they were going over a bridge, the animal being blind, fell through a hole into a deep pit several feet below. After endeavouring for a long time to haul him up with ropes, they at length got him out through the canal, and, strange to say, uninjured.

Our next stoppage was rather a singular one. We were passing a herd of buffaloes, bathing and wallowing in the water, when the tow-rope became entangled in the horns of one of them, the only part above water. The poor animal, as soon as he found himself drawn forcibly forward by the horns, began to kick and plunge violently, and his

rage became so great, that it was with considerable difficulty he was released.

In approaching Alexandria we passed several large new-built houses, quite in the European style, and soon after the canal became bounded on each side by a wall.

We landed under some large acacia-trees, where, my chair having been harnessed to a couple of donkeys, we proceeded to the town, a distance of two miles. The animals were quite a different class from our friends the Cairo donkeys, being sullen and sulky, like those of Europe.

Our road lay through a desert tract, enlivened every now and then by dwarf vineyards, hedged in by the common bamboo.

At length a turn in the road brought us in view of the blue Mediterranean, and, though I had never been on its shores before, I felt comparatively at home. Between us rose Dioclesian's, or Pompey's, stately Pillar, and Cleopatra's Needle. High sandbanks interrupted all farther view of the successor to the capital of the Ptolemies. We soon after entered the gates of Alexandria,

traversed a long dusty road, crossed the Great Square, and arrived at the English hotel. We found the accommodation very bad, as the best rooms were already taken. A fellow-passenger, who was living in the French hôtel opposite, kindly offered us his apartments there, which we gladly accepted ; the sitting-room was a very gay little apartment, looking into the square.



## CHAPTER II.

Grand Square, Alexandria—Scenes in the Streets—  
Dress of the Women—Camels as Beasts of Burden  
—Procession of the French Consul—Military Band  
—Egyptian Troops—Pasha's Led Horses—"Arabian  
Nights"—Anecdote of an Egyptian Officer—Mo-  
hammed Ali Pasha—His Younger Son—Ibrahim  
Pasha—Saïd Pasha—The Pasha's Drive—Young  
Bey Riding—My First Drive in Alexandria—Bazar  
of the Fell'ahs—Quay—Pasha's Palace—The Pope's  
Present—Pharos—Roman Town—Egyptian Fleet  
—Revolt of the Sailors—Harbour—Pompey's Pil-  
lar—Site of Ancient Alexandria—Interesting View  
—Lake Mareotis—Cutting the Embankment—  
Ruined City—The Pasha's Hhare'em—Excavations  
—Cleopatra's Needle—Thebes—British Consul's  
House—Church—English Steamer—Second Drive  
—Plague-Funeral—The Plague in Alexandria—  
Quarantine Laws—Mahoudiah Canal—Bombay  
Steamer—Caparisoned Donkeys—Groups of Figures  
—Gazelles—Our Departure—Tagus Steamer—  
Harbour—Pasha's Palace—Alexandria from Sea—  
Rocks—Windmills—Catacombs—At Sea—Pas-  
senger—Ladies' Cabin.





## CHAPTER II.

*JULY 15th.*—I was too ill to leave my room all day, but, as the windows looked into the Great Square, I found abundant amusement in watching the motley multitude, gathered from all nations of the globe, that were constantly passing and repassing before me.

Modern Alexandria, especially that quarter of it which I am now speaking of, offers nothing to remind one either of the city which ranked as second in the ancient world, or of a modern Mohammedan capital. The houses, and all the buildings surrounding the Great Square, including the palaces of the various consuls, have been built within the last ten years, under the direction of Ibrahim Pasha, the heir to the Egyptian

throne, to whom they belong, and who lets them out to their present occupiers, principally European merchants. The area is in the shape of a long parallelogram, with a handsome fountain in the centre in the form of an obelisk. The houses are built as regularly as those in Park Crescent, and are two stories high above the *porte cochère* : they all have French windows, provided with green venetian shutters. The whole appearance is so completely European, that one might almost imagine one's self in a fashionable watering-place in England or France.

Carriages of every description, filled with smartly dressed ladies, are to be seen driving about at all hours, a sight never witnessed at Cairo, where there are no streets wide enough to admit a carriage. The few Europeans who reside in the latter city mostly wear the Turkish costume ; but here, tail-coats and round hats are seen as frequently as the flowing ckoopta'n and scarlet fez. Jews, Turks, Armenians, the fair-haired inhabitants of the Ionian Isles, Circassians, Arabs, with here and there an Abyssinian

or a Nubian slave, are mixed heterogeneously with English, French, Germans, Russians, and Italians. At one moment passes a stately Turk, mounted on his richly caparisoned charger; in another, half-a-dozen British tars, just escaped from the ship, whose name is attached to their low-crowned hats, rush by him with a shout, urging their donkeys to increased speed. Then a sheree'f, in his dress of holy green, is accosted by a Christian friar, in his cowled gown of brown surge, with his rosary by his side.

The few Egyptian ladies who ventured to pass through this scene of European innovation hurry on at a quicker pace, and draw their veils more securely down, as they encounter the gaze of so many unbelievers. I have observed that the women of the middle class at Alexandria wear, instead of the plaid hhab'-arah used in Cairo, one of a coarse white woollen material, almost like flannel, and a white instead of a black face-veil: this has altogether a very singular appearance.

The camels are much smaller than those

in the interior, and appear quite of an inferior breed : they are used only as beasts of burden. Just now Mohammed Ali is carrying on some building and improvements near the harbour, and an immense number of these patient animals have been put in requisition. I see hundreds of them, tied to each other, passing by, in long strings, every hour : it is quite heart-rending to see how ill they are treated. They look, in most instances, half starved, with their bones coming through their skin : they are always cruelly overloaded, sometimes with huge stones, tied together in a net on either side ; at others, with long planks and trunks of small trees, projecting so far before and behind, that the poor animals look as if they were almost overbalanced. Yet they toil on without resistance, although their slender legs appear to bend under the load on their backs, and every now and then, uttering a moaning sound, as if to reproach their taskmasters. Sometimes they lie down, from sheer exhaustion, and refuse to rise.

*July 16th.*—Early this morning the air



resounded with martial music, upon the occasion of a guard of honour, attended by a band, proceeding to the house of the new French Consul General, who had just landed at Alexandria, and was going in state to pay his first visit to the vice-regal court. We saw the procession as it passed before our windows. First, came a number of officers of state, dressed in embroidered jackets of black cashmere, with full trousers of the same material, terminated by ornamented leggings or gaiters, and red morocco shoes. They wore on their heads the usual red fez of the country, with a long purple silk tassel hanging from the crown. Each of these functionaries displayed an ornamented scymeter, without which no Turkish gentleman's dress is considered complete. Next followed the band, composed entirely of brass instruments, apparently of European manufacture. They performed several marches and other pieces of music exceedingly well; but it seemed almost incongruous to hear the notes of harmony and martial excitement produced by the breath

of these grave Mussulmen. None but the master mind of Mohammed Ali could have achieved such a conquest over their religious scruples and lethargic temperament, which have hitherto placed an apparently insurmountable barrier between them and knowledge, and kept the Turks and Egyptians so much in arrear of civilisation.

Immediately after the band followed a large body of infantry, in heavy marching order, with their knapsacks on their backs, and their officers with drawn swords. They marched in three divisions. Every one is surprised at the good order and discipline of the Egyptian army. I am not a competent judge of this, but I must say I think their appearance any thing but imposing, and their dress I should imagine very inconvenient for soldiers. Their summer costume, the only one I have seen, consists of a white cotton jacket, and full trousers of the same material, the legs of these being only divided below the knee have very much the appearance of petticoats, tucked up out of the way ; white leggings and red shoes com-

plete this part of their costume. Their heads are covered with red cloth skull-caps; the cross-belts, cartouche-boxes, and firelocks are carried the same as by European troops. The dress of the officers only differs in being of very dark green cloth.

After the guard of honour came the prettiest part of the procession, consisting of about eighteen of the Pasha's led horses. All of these beautiful little Arab steeds were caparisoned in the most costly style; their saddles and saddle-cloths, which nearly covered them, were composed of crimson and black velvet and cloth of gold. They were all nearly equally handsome, but two that I particularly admired, and were surpassingly magnificent, I will attempt to describe. The first was a chestnut horse, of perfect form and action; the saddle was of crimson velvet, thickly ribbed by gold embroidery; the saddle-cloth was entirely of cloth of gold, embossed with bullion, and studded with large gems, sparkling in the sun and reflecting rays of the ruby, emerald, and sapphire. Jewelled pistols were stuck

into the holsters ; the headpiece was variegated red, green, and blue, and embroidered to match, and golden tassels hung from every part.

The other was a lovely grey charger, of surpassing beauty ; he was caparisoned, if possible, even more splendidly than the first. The saddle he carried was of black velvet, contrasting beautifully with the colour of his silken coat ; it was likewise embroidered in gold, and the saddle-cloth was almost too dazzling to look at. The pretty creatures pranced about as if proud to shew themselves off to the best advantage. The trappings of all terminated in two gold tassels, reaching nearly to the ground, giving a most graceful finish to the whole turn out.

The French Consul now followed in a barouche and pair ; a numerous train of carriages succeeded, with his *attachés* and attendants, but all of a mean description. The gentlemen were dressed in the costume of the French court.

In a couple of hours the procession returned, in the same order in which it went.



The whole was a gorgeous sight, and reminded me of the enchanted tales in the "Arabian Nights," which took place under the same eternal sunshine and cloudless skies. But here the likeness ceases; unlike Cairo, modern Alexandria, with its straight rows of white houses, cannot make one dream of the city of the Caliphs, the poetic Bagdad, the mere name of which conjures up so many vivid tales of magic and magnificence.

I cannot forbear to note down here a little trait so truly characteristic of the manners of the newly made officers of the Pasha's infant army, which I observed when the troops passed this morning. A subaltern, who appeared particularly conscious of his own importance, and held his drawn sword with a sort of bravo air, as if he was on the defensive, suddenly turned it, and at the same time raised his unoccupied hand to his face, and used it, I am shocked to say, as a substitute for a pocket-handkerchief, that article, I suppose, not being included in his smart uniform.

*July 17th.* — Mohammed Ali passes



through the Square every day, on his way to a small kiosk and garden he has on the banks of the canal, where he spends a few hours of relaxation and enjoys his favourite amusement of smoking. I had a very good view of him to-day, as he was driving slowly by in a low berlin, drawn by four horses. The carriage was lined with crimson silk, and there, squatting upon one of the broad, low seats, sat the Viceroy of Egypt, certainly the most extraordinary character of the day, and one who, in after ages, will take his rank amongst the highest geniuses of our era, fertile as it has been with prodigies. By his side sat his youngest son, a beautiful little fair-haired boy, of about eight or ten years old. He is a great pet of the Pasha's, as might easily be seen by the familiar way with which the little fellow was playing with the dagger that was stuck in his father's girdle, and by the various antics he was performing in the carriage with impunity. Sometimes I have seen the boy riding by the side of the carriage, which then always proceeds at a foot-pace,

mounted on a large horse, too wide almost for his little legs, and an attendant walking on each side of him, while Mohammed Ali is constantly to be seen looking out of the window with evident delight. On the opposite seat of the carriage usually sat two of the officers in waiting.

The countenance of the Pasha appeared to me one of the most benign and dignified I had ever beheld, nor could I trace in his expression any of those dark shades of barbarism and untamed passions which have clouded his otherwise glorious and enlightened reign. His eye is very commanding and intelligent ; his forehead lofty and open, and his nose aquiline. He wears his beard very long and thick, and it is as white as snow. He is rather below the middle size, and somewhat full in figure.

Mohammed Ali certainly looks much younger than he is, for I have been assured by his own physician, with whom I have since become acquainted, that he is not much less than ninety years old. But he is in full health and vigour ; all his senses are

unimpaired, and he does not possess any of the infirmities of age. His dress is usually the simple military costume of the country, and he wears on his head the universal red fez. It is to be hoped that he will outlive his son and presumptive successor Ibrahim, who is already a grey-headed old man, and, judging by what he has hitherto shewn of his character, is blood-thirsty, bigoted, and not likely to carry on the good work of reform and civilisation so ably commenced by his father.

Saïd Pasha, Mohammed Ali's son by another wife, is, on the contrary, exceedingly amiable, talented, and well educated; he speaks both English and French fluently. He came down the Nile from Cairo to Alexandria in a steamer with our fellow-passengers, and entered into conversation with so much ease and intelligence, that they were quite delighted with him. Every one agrees that he is the successor of the talents of his father, and that it would be better for Egypt were he also to succeed to his dominions.

The approach of the Pasha is always known by a number of attendants on horse-back, who ride furiously on in front, not so much to clear the way, as to make a display of their horses and horsemanship. Immediately behind the royal carriage rides his express, mounted upon a fleet dromedary, in readiness to start with despatches to the remotest part of his dominions ; afterwards follows his pipe-bearer, carrying two or three magnificent shib'ooks ; then comes a servant mounted on a mule, with a pile of rich carpets and a small brazier, as his highness always brings with him the light with which to ignite his pipes. Some little distance in the rear follow the gentlemen and officers in waiting, all mounted on beautiful and richly caparisoned horses.

*July 18th.*—We were delighted to-day by the sight of young Houssein Bey, one of the Pasha's sons, and next brother to the little fellow I saw yesterday. He rode through the square, mounted on a powerful grey horse, managing it in the most surprising manner. He is not more than eleven years



old, and small of his age, but very handsome, and the most spirited and courageous boy I ever saw. He had previously ridden past (accompanied by his suite) at a hand-gallop; he sat with so much ease, and appeared to have such a perfect command of his horse, as to attract our admiration.

But as he returned from his ride, anxious, I suppose, to shew himself off to the best advantage to the numerous strangers who were looking at him, he suddenly turned his horse's head, at the same time spurring and giving him the reins, and in an instant he was galloping like lightning away from his attendants, who stopped their horses, and stood motionless, evidently very much alarmed. As soon as he had ridden at the top of his speed as far as the fountain, he suddenly reined in, and then shot off again, forming circles and squares, turning and twisting his powerful horse as if it were a mere toy, although his little arms and legs looked scarcely big and strong enough to manage a moderately sized pony. The mettle of the animal was now completely raised, and he began curvetting and prancing about



in a fearful manner, but our little hero appeared all the better pleased, and exhibited his skill to perfection. When he thought he had shewn off sufficiently, he turned round and darted away towards the palace at a furious pace. He was dressed in a green jacket, full white trousers, and fez, and wore a little sword girded round his waist. His saddle and saddle-cloth were of black velvet, embroidered with gold.



*July 19th.*—I was rather better this morning, and I took my first drive in Alexandria. We had a very nice open barouche, hired at the hotel, for seven francs the drive.

We drove first towards the quay, by an unfinished sandy road, which appeared as if only lately reclaimed from the surrounding desert. In our way we passed the market appropriated to the fell'ahhs ; all connected with it, whether buyers or sellers, appeared in the most abject and impoverished condition. The principal articles exposed for sale were door'ah cakes and rush baskets of sour curd, much eaten by all classes in Egypt.

When we reached the quay, all was bustle and confusion ; people hurrying in every direction, and camels heavily laden with merchandize from every quarter of the globe. There are some very handsome buildings in this quarter ; the most striking amongst them are the Pasha's palace and the Custom House. I was not well enough to go over the former, but I am informed it is fitted up in the European style, and very handsomely furnished. A friend who saw it, told me the objects most worthy of notice were the royal pipe-room, filled with sumptuous specimens of jewelled shib'ooks and hookahs, and a magnificent table, lately sent by the

Pope as a present to the conqueror and defender of the Moos'lim prophet's tomb—rather singular personages to exchange pledges of friendship. The table represents in mosaic all the ruins of ancient Rome, and is considered a *chef-d'œuvre* of its kind.

The site of the ancient Pharos of historic renown was pointed out to me, and near it a beautiful old Roman tower. The harbour is very large and commodious, and at this moment contains the whole of the Egyptian fleet, presenting quite a forest of masts. Certainly Mohammed Ali must be a wonderful man, to have undauntedly persevered amongst so many difficulties. His fleet has an imposing appearance, and the ships, at least to a superficial view, seem well constructed; but it is said they were put together too hastily to ensure their soundness. Saïd Pasha has lately been appointed high admiral of Egypt.

I am told the navy are in as much arrear of pay as the army, and one day, when the viceroy was driving along the quay, several hundreds of the sailors rushed forward,

demanding loudly money or bread. Mohammed, not the least intimidated, although they had clamorously stopped his carriage and held his horses' heads, rose, and waving his hand, ordered his officers to seize the ringleaders and punish them. Whether the mob thought he had promised them redress, or whether they were really overawed, is not known, but the whole of them immediately returned to their duty.

Besides the Pasha's vessels and steam-boats, numbers of ships from every country were displaying their colours, adding much to the gaiety of the scene; amongst these the Union Jack was very numerous, and the fine British man-of-war steamer Cyclops was one of the most conspicuous vessels.

After pausing to gaze at this pretty scene, we continued our drive, and proceeded, first to the beautiful column known still by the name of Pompey's Pillar, although, from an inscription latterly discovered, it has been distinctly proved that its last dedication was in honour of the Emperor Dioclesian, by a prefect, or governor of Alexandria, who



bore the name of Pompeius, and not to the memory of Pompey the Great, as was so long and erroneously supposed. This magnificent vestige of antiquity stands without the walls of modern Alexandria, and upon the borders of the great Libyan desert. The ground around it, now used as a burial-place, consists of loose sand, raised into numerous and variously shaped eminences, supposed to derive their form from the ruins of the city of the Ptolemies, which are imagined still to exist beneath. The extent of an amphitheatre and a large square can be distinctly traced, and the ground immediately surrounding the pillar gives a hollow sound and has a tremulous motion when trod upon, attributed to subterranean buildings. Comparatively few excavations have been made in this interesting neighbourhood, which might afford such an abundant field for the learned, and so rich a harvest for the antiquary. The complete disappearance of this far-famed city may be attributed to the effects of an earthquake, that swallowed up 50,000 of its inhabitants and threw down



the loftiest of its buildings; and the constant drifting of the sand has completed the work of annihilation.

The column itself, standing alone and unshaken, as a funeral monument to the city it formerly adorned, is the most beautiful thing of its kind I ever beheld; no pictures that I have seen do it justice in any degree. When approaching it from a little distance, it gives the idea of being almost of modern date, it looks so perfect and cuts so clear against the sky; but on nearing it a few slight cracks are perceptible, and the edges of the pedestal, worn round with age, give it the stamp and charm of antiquity. The shaft is one solid block of Egyptian granite, or, as some suppose, porphyry. It is about ninety feet high, and nine in diameter, remarkably well cut, and very little injured by the effects of time. This is the part so justly admired, for the base and pedestal are inferior, and evidently do not match.

It is quite distressing to see the great black letters which cover its beautiful polished

surface, traced by barbarous adventurers to commemorate their several feats of attaining the top of the column, thus defacing the fair face of this architectural gem of bygone glory.

The capital, which is Corinthian, adds ten feet more to the height, in addition to the pedestal of twelve feet, making it in all 112 feet from the ground. It is a singular circumstance, that the block on which the pedestal rests is inscribed on the four sides with hieroglyphs, and these figures and characters being inverted, shew that it has been turned upside down, an incontestable proof that the stone must have belonged to some more ancient edifice, which, in all probability, was in ruins before the pillar was erected in its present situation.

One side of the pedestal has been shamefully mutilated, by an attempt made some time ago by an Arab to blow it up, in order to find the treasure he supposed to be concealed beneath it.

The view from the high ground upon which the pillar stands embraces the town

and harbours of Alexandria, with the blue Mediterranean beyond, and the Bay of Aboukir, rife with all its associations of bloodshed and glory, the grave of the gallant Abercromby, and of hundreds of British heroes ; as also the scene of Nelson's triumph.

To the left is the Lake Mareotis, of ancient name, and rendered famous in our days by the British, who, in the year 1800, cut the embankments of the canal of Alexandria, and thus admitted the waters of the sea into the lake, overflowing in a few hours the pride of Egypt and the work of ages : an immense body of water continued to flow with considerable violence for the space of a month. " It is worthy of notice, at the same time, that it (cutting the dyke) was suggested by the French ; for in the pocket of General Roez, who was killed in the action of the 21st, there was found a letter written by Menou expressing an apprehension that the British would cut the embankment." " From that moment," says Sir Robert Wilson, " it had become the favourite

object of the army, as, by securing the left and part of its front, the duty would be diminished, the French cut off from the interior, and a new scene of operations opened.”\*

On the right, and as far as the eye can reach, stretches an undulating extent of sandy desert; and in the immediate neighbourhood are numerous tombs, each with aloes planted between the stones.

Having satisfied ourselves for to-day with Pompey's Pillar, we repaired to the carriage, as the wind was blowing very cold and sharp, notwithstanding the heat of the sun. We drove round outside the walls. In every direction might be traced the remains of the ancient city, scattered amongst heaps of sand. Piles of brick and mortar, with here and there a broken shaft or mutilated capital, attest its bygone extent and splendour.

In the course of the drive we passed a

\* View of Ancient and Modern Egypt, by the Rev. Michael Russell, LL.D.

train of five or six carriages and pair, occupied by the ladies of the Pasha's hharee'm. I do not think their drive could have done them much good, for, notwithstanding they were in close carriages, the blinds were drawn carefully down, and must have excluded every breath of air. I saw one or two pair of bright eyes peeping from behind these, but the faces of all were veiled; the pretty little boy I mentioned yesterday was riding by their side. One of the party was an elderly lady, a favourite wife of Mohamed Ali, and the only one of his numerous hharee'm who enjoys any of his society: she is represented as superior to the generality of Egyptian women, possessing the accomplishments of reading and writing, besides being a tolerable linguist. The viceroy spends an hour or two in her company every day, while she reads aloud to him in French or Turkish.

We re-entered the town by a different gate: in its vicinity are gigantic remains of the ancient walls and fortifications; immense fosses, partly filled up with sand and rub-



bish, and enormous vaults constructed as reservoirs of water, which are replenished by every inundation of the river. Near this we saw the ruins of a Roman tower.

The road we followed after entering the gate was a very singular and interesting one: it appears to have formed one of the principal streets of the ancient town. On both sides were fragments of stately marble columns, lying unregarded and neglected; they are supposed to be the remains of a magnificent colonnade, extending between the gates of the Sun and Moon, and considered one of the greatest ornaments of the city.

The ground in every direction, except here and there where it had been reclaimed for a small garden of the prickly pear, presented a chaos of mounds of sand and brick. Whenever an excavation is made, a ruined pillar, a broken arch, or other vestige of some costly building that formerly occupied the site, but whose name and date are entirely lost, is almost sure to be found. When we passed, numbers of labourers were digging and carrying away the stones in

various parts. I particularly remarked and admired two magnificent marble shafts and capitals, broken in half.

We next visited Cleopatra's Needle, the second antiquity of Alexandria that bears a name, and is equally celebrated with Pompey's Pillar. This beautiful obelisk is supposed to have been brought from Thebes, with its fellow now lying prostrate by its side, to adorn the entrance of the palace of the Ptolemies. They are composed of granite, and covered with hieroglyphics.

It is singular that the more ancient capital, which was robbed to adorn its rival, should now stand erect, and attesting its own splendour, while its successor is levelled and all but buried in oblivion, excepting from the almost imperishable monuments it had stolen from its elder sister. Yet such is the case: Thebes still exists, while the Grecian city is annihilated. I know not why the obelisk has acquired the name of Cleopatra's Needle, excepting that every nameless ruin bears that of the beautiful Queen of Egypt: for instance, Cleopatra's

baths alone are pointed out in various and opposite parts of the town.

We drove home by the private residence of the British consul, a large and commodious house, having a garden at the back, and a small chapel attached, where the English service is performed every Sunday. It is said that Mohammed Ali has granted a piece of ground, and given permission for the erection of a church — a great proof of his tolerance and liberality. Few Moos'lims would have done the same.

The union-jack, displayed from the flag-staff on the consul's official house in the square, has just announced the arrival of the English steamer with the Indian mails. Although the telegraph has not given notice that the Bombay packet has reached Suez, all the passengers are hurrying off in order to be in time. It must be quite dreadful to rush through such an interesting country as Egypt without carrying away any reminiscences of it; but since the establishment of the overland route this has been the case with hundreds, who gallop through it with

as little interest as if it were a high road in England.

*July 20th.*—We drove out again, this afternoon, to Pompey's Pillar. On our way we passed the funeral of a man who had died of plague, or "a plague-man," as our servant said. The corpse was preceded by a number of men, armed with large sticks, intended to warn the passers-by to get out of the way. Several women, crying and shrieking in the most doleful strains, walked behind the bier. They wound on to a part of the desert allotted for the interment of those who die of the plague. It was not far from the pillar, and I could see the group, when it halted, distinctly from where we were.

Pardoned criminals are invested with the sad and dangerous task of performing the last rites to plague-victims. As soon as the government authorities hear of any person supposed to be attacked with it, these men are immediately sent to their dwelling, and keep guard over it until the patient either dies or recovers: if the former, all the property is seized and destroyed,



and the inhabitants of the house are compelled to perform quarantine for a long-appointed time within its walls.

Just before our arrival at Alexandria, all the British residents were in the greatest distress, occasioned by the death, from plague, of a servant of the only English doctor in the place. The house, as usual, was immediately guarded, and the doctor made a prisoner in his own dwelling. His patients were thus left unattended, and it was not for several days, and at the earnest representation of our consul, that he was released ; and even then he was compelled to leave all his own clothes behind him.

Although it is certain that this dreadful malady is in existence in some quarter of the town at all seasons of the year, and that numbers are annually cut off by it, yet I have heard it asserted that many who are given out to have fallen victims to it have died, in fact, of some other disease, and that the imperative measures employed to stop its progress are often used as a means of revenge : for instance, a person may be sick,



and any one who bears ill-will towards him has only to spread the report that he is attacked with plague, when the guard is immediately sent, in all probability his house and effects are destroyed, and his friends fly from him in terror. But where the laws are regulated at the will and caprice of one man, they cannot but be faulty.

Mohammed Ali is naturally anxious to arrest the scourge that has so often and fatally swept his dominions: he has therefore made very strict quarantine regulations. All vessels coming from Turkey, Syria, or Greece, are obliged to float under the yellow flag for a considerable number of days. But these laws he does not think binding upon himself; for if any of his own ships or secret emissaries arrive, although direct from Constantinople, they are allowed to land and take *pratique* without any difficulty.

To return to our excursion of to-day. We drove on to some high ground beyond the pillar, commanding a magnificent view of Lake Mereotis, Aboukir, and the surrounding sea and land; and upon all sides were

traces of the ancient city. Our road was stopped by the Mahoudiah Canal, lower down than where we landed.

*July 21st.*—The passengers from the Bombay steamer arrived to-day, and the mail is soon expected to follow. It is strange that it should be sent by land from Cairo instead of by water, so much the quicker conveyance. We are to start to-morrow for Malta.

I never saw any thing so richly caparisoned as the donkeys are here; they look very far from the despised animals they are in Europe. There was one standing in the square opposite our windows this morning, that had a saddle and saddle-cloth of crimson velvet, ornamented with gold or yellow lace, embroidery, and tassels, and its other trappings were of corresponding richness.

I could sit all day at the window of our hôtel and find every moment something new to amuse me. To-day G. was sitting by my side, pencil in hand, and I persuaded him to draw different objects that were passing by until he filled his paper with them grouped together.

First there was a poor woman, with a child by her side, sitting on the ground in the middle of the square, selling water-melons. Then passed a huge camel and its attendant. Now came some kind of Durwee'she, mounted on a donkey ; a man selling sherbet ; a woman, of the poorest class, with a basket on her head. Afterwards a stately Turk made his appearance, in his flowing robes and white turban ; then a lady, whose ample breadths of silk were so distended by the high wind that she looked almost like a walking balloon ; and last and least in the picture was a tiny Mussulman of some two or three years old, strutting proudly and playfully along.

In the afternoon G. went up to the roof of the hôtel to draw some little gazelles that were imprisoned there. A man brought one to sell, for two dollars ; but although I should have liked much to possess it, our plans were too uncertain for me to venture on the purchase.

*July 22d.* — All our luggage was sent down to the Custom House on camels, and

from thence, without any search, was taken to the steamer. At eleven o'clock we left the hôtel, accompanied by the only one of our fellow-travellers who remained in Egypt. We drove through some of the narrow streets of the town I had not before visited; they reminded me of some of the picturesque alleys of Cairo.

The steamer lay some distance from the quay, and, as the sea was very rough, even in the harbour, our little boat tossed about and went very much on one side, as the Egyptian boatmen who always like to save themselves trouble, although the wind was almost right against us, hoisted the sail, to avoid rowing.

We threaded through the huge hulls of the fleet and other craft, and at length reached the side of the Tagus steamer; we found nearly all the passengers were on board, and about half an hour afterwards we were under way, and steaming rapidly through the harbour. We passed several beautiful ships and steam-boats belonging to the Pasha; also, the British man-of-war



steamer Cyclops, and some fine French and American frigates. Alexandria looks exceedingly well from the sea. The vice-regal palace, forming one side of the harbour, is a spacious, handsome, white building, with a higher roof rising from behind, being that of the Pasha's hharee'm, and is, in fact, a distinct building from the palace. Several other handsome houses front the quay, and the forest of masts shews the importance of its situation and extent of its commerce.

At the entrance of the harbour many large and picturesque rocks rise on either side ; over these the breakers are continually dashing, adding much to their grandeur, but they are dangerous to ships on dark nights, and consequently few venture to enter after sunset. After passing the town, the land on each side of it appears literally covered with wind-mills ; their numbers are quite surprising ; there must be several hundreds ; and, I believe, they form from the sea the characteristic feature of the place. So many sails turning at once has a novel and extraordinary effect. The celebrated



catacombs lie in this direction ; the entrance to them was pointed out to me : it appeared like a cave on the beach.

I remained on deck for several hours looking at the retreating shores of Africa and the windmills, indicating the direction of Alexandria.

The sea was very rough, but of the most beautiful azure colour, the usual hue of the Mediterranean. The ship cut swiftly through the waves, although the wind was completely contrary. The deck was so clean, and every thing in such good order and so well arranged, that it formed quite a contrast to the dirty India. The Tagus is one of the Peninsular packets, and took this turn to Alexandria because the Oriental was in dock. It is not half the size of those usually on this station.

The only person, besides myself, who remained on deck during dinner, I imagined, by his dress, to be a Turk, but he afterwards proved to be the Italian physician of Mohammed Ali, who was taking two of his children to Europe, for education. His

wife was a Nubian, and his children black. I never saw any body looking so miserable and so completely out of his element ; no one spoke to him, and, as I supposed him a Turk, I did not at first attempt to exchange a word ; but I shall have to mention him frequently hereafter.

G. and I were very fortunate in having the small ladies' cabin appropriated to us, as, otherwise, I should have been obliged to share the large cabin with a lady, her servant, and four children, the two little black girls, and the stewardess. I have the greatest abhorrence of what are called ladies' cabins, generally, as in this instance, the worst in the ship, where a number of strangers are packed close together, at a time when they are any thing but agreeable companions.

*July 23d, 24th, 25th, 26th.*—After the first morning we enjoyed ourselves very much ; for although the sea was rough, the weather was beautifully clear and fine, and I began to feel that elasticity in the air to which one is a stranger in the tropics.

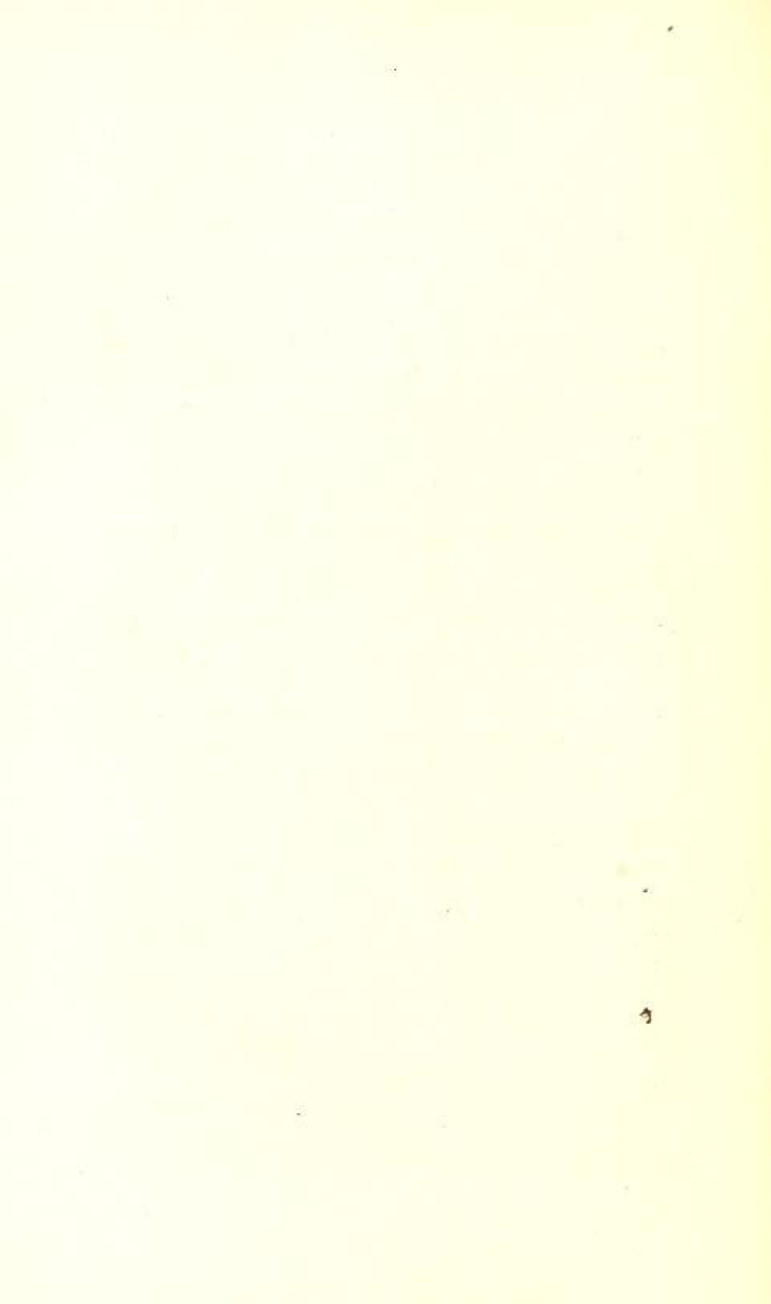
The saloon of the Tagus is very prettily and tastefully ornamented; it occupies the whole of the stern, and has windows on three sides. Every thing is carried on in the most liberal style; passengers may have as much soda-water and limonade gazeuse as they choose to call for; and they did so in earnest, for I never heard such a popping of corks as was going on all day. The weather was very hot, and no one seemed to have any thing to do but to quench their thirst. The living, also, was exceedingly good — plain and substantial — and every thing excellent of its kind; but the greatest luxury was the plentiful supply of water. In every cabin each basin was furnished with a cock, where we might draw as much as we pleased, and be liable to no grumbling or questioning from the stewards. This is indeed a luxury, only to be appreciated by those who have, like ourselves, made long voyages, where every drop of water that was given was dealt out as grudgingly as if it were so much gold, notwithstanding its nearer resemblance to ink!



### CHAPTER III.

At Anchor off Malta — Quarantine — Marsamusetto, Quarantine Harbour — Lazaretto — Apartments — Guardian — Parlatoj — Egyptian Physician — A Death in Quarantine — Funeral — Guardian's Precautions — Lazaretto Sanita Boats — Quarantine Dangers — Guardian's Impatience — Pratique — Floriana — Valetta — Strada Reale — Apartments — Dress of the Women — Vicenza — Casel Crendi — Great Harbour — Fields of Cotton — Fruit-Trees — Figs — Country — Prickly Pears — Villages or Casels — Carved Balconies — Churches — Religious Zeal — Women spinning — Wells — Aqueduct — Ravine — Windmills — Citta Vecchia — Fountain — Buildings — St. Paul's Church — Grotto of Calypso — Catacombs — Streets of Valetta — St. John's Church — Mosaic Pavement — Market — Prices — Beccaficos — Water-Carts — Ice-Laws — Maltese Language — Religion — Maltese Women — Marriages — Casa Industria — Boat-Excursion — Protestant Church — The Festa — Princess Royal Hotel — New Church — Old Church — Evening Scene — Ramparts — Caper Plant — Piazza Regina — Upper Barracca — Strada Mercanti — Soldiers — Drive to St. Paul's Bay — Ponsonby's Pillar — St. Antonio — India-Rubber Tree — Sirocco Wind — Palace of St. John's — Armoury — Tapestry Room — Apartments — Public Library — Museum — Tomb of the Marquis of Hastings — Queen, or Ant-Eater — Petrifications of Goza — Museum — Leaving Valetta.





### CHAPTER III.

*JULY 27th.*—I awoke very early this morning, finding the ship motionless, and, on looking out of the port-hole, saw by the grey light of dawn that we were at anchor within a stone's throw of the walls of Malta. I tried to go to sleep again, but could not succeed : there is a sort of excitement produced by finding one's self at the end of a voyage, and at anchor in a new port, that is never felt at the termination of a mere land journey. Presently I heard the striking of clocks and ringing of church-bells—sounds that had long been strangers to my ears ; and I listened with delight, feeling that I was once more comparatively at home.

As soon as I was dressed I went on deck, but, alas ! we were floating under the yellow

flag, and thus still without the chain of the European world. I never thought of the plague till now, when I felt almost terrified at it, there were so many precautions observed, and every one appeared so afraid of communicating with us.

From the Marsamusetto or quarantine harbour, where we were anchored, we saw on one side the high white walls of Valetta, with a few dwelling-houses, and the new Protestant church erected by Queen Adelaide towering above them; while on the other was the island upon which Fort Manoel and the Lazaretto are built. We were anxious to pass our quarantine in the former, as it is considered the coolest; but there was no good room vacant. We determined to remain on board until after dinner; and I never felt any thing in Ceylon equal to the heat and suffocation we experienced. Some of our fellow-passengers by the India, three Frenchmen and as many Englishmen, who had left Egypt nearly three weeks before us, in a French steamer, touching at Syria, thinking they should by that means get

home sooner than by waiting for the Tagus, to our great surprise came off in a boat to see us. They said they had been in quarantine ever since, and were so weary of it, that, although they had only a few days longer to remain, the Englishmen determined to go on in this vessel.

After dinner we left the Tagus, which is to sail to-morrow morning for England, and proceeded to take up our abode in the Lazaretto. I begged to have one of the pretty little awning boats I saw rowing about the harbour, and thought one was secured for me, when, to my dismay, I found the only use we were to be allowed to make of it was, that it should tow us by a long cord in a miserable open boat, as the awning might carry infection. I really felt quite indignant when the boatmen who rowed it pushed us close to the little pier of the lazaretto, and shrank from the least personal contact with us, receiving our money in water.

Our guardian and a man-servant (whom we were obliged to hire at 2*s.* 4*d.* per diem

all the time we should remain in quarantine) received us upon the little terrace which is to form our future boundary. Our apartments were situated at the top of a high flight of stone stairs, outside the building, the ground floor being used as warehouses for goods and merchandise in quarantine. We had three unfurnished rooms and a small kitchen allotted to us : one of these was to be occupied by our servant, and the others were entirely covered by our clothes, which the busy guardian had caused to be unpacked and spread out to air, making every thing in the greatest confusion and discomfort. We were obliged to hire each article of furniture extra.

Turning from these dismal-looking apartments, we asked permission to go to the Parlatorj, and accordingly passed through two or three other courts, similar to our own, to a large room divided through the centre by a double wooden bar running lengthways. Several articles of jewellery, of gold and silver filagree-work, and gloves and mittens, netted in black silk, all of native manufacture, were



exposed for sale on one side of this bar; on the other were our fellow-passengers of the Tagus, for whom the display was made, and who were buying packages of gloves, brooches, and bracelets, that they were not permitted to touch until they had become the irrevocable possessors. They paid their money into troughs of water, and received their purchases from a pair of long iron tongs, which the vendor handed cautiously over to them. It was amusing to see the care the guardians took of their several charges, watching them as if they were so many wild beasts ready to break loose, and carefully keeping their clothes from any contact with each other. I felt quite enraged at them, and very little inclined to pay the sums of 2*s.* 6*d.* per day, and 7*d.* in addition for board, to our gaoler—for such he really was. I cannot help thinking that he rendered himself more disagreeable than was necessary, by prying after us at times when there was really no necessity, and for which we had no redress.

When we returned to our court, we found

that Mohammed Ali's physician and his two little black girls, who had come from Alexandria with us, were to share our quarantine; and the rooms allotted to them are approached by the same staircase as ours. Finding we were to be such close neighbours, we determined to make ourselves acquainted: I therefore addressed him in French, and, finding he spoke that language fluently, we were soon the best of friends. We drank tea out of doors, and then retired to our cells, the guardian securely locking them after us.

*July 28th.*—We were very much annoyed, this morning, by our guardian coming up and insisting upon looking through all our boxes, evidently to satisfy his own curiosity as much as any thing else. Upon our shewing some resistance, he brought up a superior, who, warding us off very disdainfully with his stick, for fear he should be tainted by contact with us or any of our clothes, stood by while the most minute examination was made. All the little bits of cotton in my trinket-boxes were turned out, as he said

that they were “shushsheptable” (susceptible). So we were obliged to submit in silence to all he ordered.

The weather was very hot, but still there was a refreshing sea-breeze blowing into our rooms ; and, had we not known we were prisoners in a lazaretto, we should really have been very comfortable. The view from the windows was exceedingly pretty and singular : it extended over the beautiful expanse of water in the Marsamusetto, where hundreds of ships of every nation in the world were lying at anchor, performing their quarantine. On the left rose the white fortifications of Valetta, bastion surmounting bastion, with the dome of the church of St. Publius, in the suburb of Floriana, peeping above the whole. Amongst these bastions may be seen small plantations of cypress mixed with sepulchral monuments, marking the spots devoted to the English burial-grounds.

On the opposite shore, in front of us, and stretching to the right as far as the eye could reach, were garden terraces, composed

of olive, orange, fig, and pomegranate trees, whose dark foliage and luxuriant growth contrasted strongly with the white and stony soil of this island rock. Several houses were perched in different spots, and a road ran winding along the shore until it struck across the country towards Citta Vecchia. Directly opposite to our windows was a small military guard-house.

I set hard to work at my journal, while G. finished his sketches; these two occupations affording us ample employment during the whole period of our quarantine. We have fixed our breakfast-hour at nine, and our dinner-hour at two, and really find the fare from the *Tratoria* excellent: the peaches, plums, and, above all, the figs, are delicious.

In the evening we descended to our court, where we met our Egyptian friend, who conversed most agreeably, relating numerous and amusing anecdotes of his master the Pasha; he also spoke much of his children, whom he is bringing to Europe to educate. He has already placed his son at college in



Naples, and his little girls are to be established at some good school at the same place. He does not intend to spare any expense upon them; they are to have the best and first masters: thus hoping, he says, to make up for the disadvantage of their colour, by giving them every accomplishment. But I fear he is mistaken, and is not insuring their happiness: their copper skin will be an insurmountable barrier to their success in the European world of civilisation; while those of their own caste will be so much beneath them in mental acquirements, that they in their turn will look down upon them; and thus they will find no suitable associates.

The youngest little girl is really very pretty, and has the brightest and largest eyes I ever saw; but brush and comb have failed in smoothing the stiff curly hair that marks her African origin. They speak Italian very fluently, and their fond father appears to have heaped all the fine clothes upon them he could find in Alexandria. They left the ship yesterday, one in a blue,



and the other in a pink silk bonnet and flowers, according very ill with their complexions.

We sat watching the decline of day from the little stone pier that runs into the harbour, and did not go to our rooms until the moon was shining full upon the waters, throwing the most lovely reflections around. Thousands of fish were sporting near the surface. Every now and then a gay little boat, painted green and red, with its prow and stern curled gracefully round, or projecting up in some fanciful devices, with snow-white awnings and red flag, proclaiming the liberty of pratique, glided past us. Then laboured by a dirty, dingy-looking craft, with a faded yellow flag, enough, by its contrast with the others, to give the plague in imagination. Presently, cutting through the water like a knife (so sharp and even was its course), would come a man-of-war gig, the steady even tug of six or eight British seamen impelling it through the waves straight and swift as an arrow.

It was really a very amusing sight to watch

this noiseless traffic, while seated under the shade of the large acacia-tree that grew from the flag-paved yard.

In the evening the national songs of different countries, sung by the crews of the neighbouring vessels, breathed melodiously through the clear air, lending an additional charm to the moonlit scene.

*July 31st.*—At nine o'clock we were ready this morning, as usual, for our breakfast; but eleven o'clock came, and yet it did not make its appearance: no one knew why, as we had had no communication beyond our prison-yard. At length our servant Carlieu came to say that a gentleman in Fort Manoel, where the tratoria is kept, had died last night of plague, and the cooks had consequently been obliged to leave their kitchen and go into the town in quest of fresh provisions. We made our breakfast upon some coarse bread belonging to the guardian, and a few small fish caught at the moment from the little pier of our court.

It was a long time before we could learn

the particulars, or the name of the gentleman who had died ; but, from what we could gather from the reports that reached us, it appeared he was a Frenchman from Calcutta, and was to have taken *pratique* to-morrow. This led me to fear that it was one of our fellow-passengers in the *India* ; and these suspicions were verified when, towards the afternoon, one of the clerks of the lazaretto came and gave us the name of Monsieur Réme Foudant. I cannot describe the shock it gave me, to think that one I had known so short a time ago, full of health and spirits, should have been cut off so suddenly, and in such a fearful manner. From the particulars we could collect, it seemed that he had been ailing some days ; indeed, when we arrived at Malta we were told he was ill ; but yesterday morning, when the doctor of the lazaretto came, as is customary, to view him and his companions before giving them *pratique*, Monsieur Foudant said he was quite well. A short time after, as he was going towards the table to settle his expenses incurred during quarantine, he

suddenly fell back, and never spoke afterwards. His body, after death, was covered with blue spots.

A medical board was immediately held over the remains, and it was adjudged, although not decidedly plague, to be very suspicious; and his companions in quarantine, seventeen in number, were obliged to remain prisoners closely shut up for eighteen days longer.

It is generally supposed that this melancholy catastrophe originated in a large quantity of musk which the Frenchman had brought with him, and kept in his room, it being very valuable, and said to be worth several hundred pounds. The odour of this was so great, that the whole of Fort Manoel was impregnated with it. Several people in the neighbouring rooms had been ill, and Monsieur Foudant himself may be described as having been literally poisoned with it.

I felt so low-spirited and poorly all day, that G. proposed my going down stairs into the open air earlier than usual: accordingly, I left my room, and was descending the



steps, when Carlieu directed my attention to a string of small open boats that were just coming into sight round the point from Fort Manoel. I turned to look at them, when to my horror I saw in the third, which was towed by the two first, a plain black coffin ; it was placed across the boat, no pall covered it, but there it lay, bare and neglected, as if made up in haste and unconcern. Four guardians, who were appointed to bear it, sat on either side ; two others followed in the next boat, and after a short interval another came in sight : this was occupied by a priest.

Rivettèd to the spot where I stood, I listened to the melancholy splash of the oars, and watched the mournful procession as it traversed the whole length of the harbour, until it was hid from view by the sharp angle of the lazaretto, as it shaped its course to the quarantine burial-ground, situated on the same island, and, although unseen, but a very few feet from us. And these were the remains of poor Monsieur Foudant, whom we had parted with so few weeks



before at Cairo, full of life and plans for the future! It seemed but yesterday that I was talking to him on the deck of the *India*, just before landing at Suez, while he was superintending his Negro-servant cleaning the silver tops of a magnificent dressing-box, which he shewed me as being the last present from his wife, whom, a year before, he had left at Paris with his children, and whither he was then returning to spend a short time, before the mercantile affairs that had brought him home should compel him to return to India. I remember well his saying at the same time, in the full confidence of health and strength, "In three months I shall be returning through these same scenes." And yet one little month has sufficed to sweep him from the face of the earth, to be consigned to that ground allotted for disease, where no human footstep visits the graves of the departed!

I was in the midst of these mournful reflections when the priest and *cortège* re-passed. It appeared scarcely five minutes since I lost sight of them, and in that short

time was a fellow-creature consigned to his last resting-place!

*August 1st.*—The melancholy scene of yesterday made so deep an impression on my mind that I could not shake it off. I cannot fancy any thing more horrible than to breathe one's last in a lazaretto, where even a doctor is inaccessible, at least, to perform any personal offices or examinations, and where all disease is set down as the most terrible and contagious to which human nature is liable. How sad—at least, so it appears to me, who have always cherished the idea that my grave will be often and fondly visited by those most dear to me on earth, and watered by their tears—how sad to be inhumed in an isolated spot appropriated to those who have died *without* the pale of intercourse with their fellow-men, where no footfall, even of the passing traveller may ever tread, and no human voice, save that of some muffled priest, hurrying over the last service near a new-made grave, will ever resound!

*August 3d.*—G.'s cousins, Captain and

Mrs. Maxwell, came to see us. They landed on the stone pier, and sat on one side of the court, while G. conversed with them from the other, but were not allowed to approach nearer.

*August 4th.*—I had ordered a bottle of quinine from Valetta, which came yesterday; and this morning the doctor of the lazaretto sent to say that, as I was taking medicine, he should pay me a visit. They must have undone the parcel to see what it was; however, seeing me walking about, and not looking at all plague-bitten, I suppose Mon. le Docteur saved himself the trouble, for he did not come.

Our Egyptian friend is a very clever, sensible person, and his conversation extremely entertaining; we have a long chat in the court every evening with him. He has given me several very interesting details of his journeys across the Great Desert, and his sojourns in Senaar, where he has passed several years of his life, and where his children were born. He describes the riding on dromedaries—a motion generally sup-

posed to be very uneasy — as being quite delightful to those who are acquainted with the proper method, and their pace to be swift as the wind.

*August 5th.*—We went down stairs before breakfast. The sun had not yet shone in our court, but seeing a bright-looking spot through the open door at the end of another yard, I felt an indescribable wish to go there. At length, after a great deal of persuasion, the guardian consented, upon condition that he should accompany us. I was delighted even at this little change, and sat on the wall, in the eye of the sun, looking at the other side of the harbour, which could be seen from thence. But I was not allowed to enjoy it long, for the guardian, in less than five minutes, warned us to return, and we were obliged to obey.

It is very amusing to watch the precautions taken by our keepers against communicating infection ; they constantly receive their own friends, but sit at a certain distance from them, and, at least, while we are present, refrain scrupulously from any



personal contact. It is quite laughable to see them lighting each other's cigar: for instance, this evening our guardian was smoking, when a friend in *pratique* entered; he brought out another cigar, and laid it on the ground for the new comer to pick up, and, taking the lighted one from his own mouth, laid that down also. The friend took both, and, having ignited the one intended for himself, returned the other in the same manner. Surely, if there was any infection to be taken, the cigar from the guardian's mouth was more likely to carry it than any thing else.

A provision-boat comes every morning with fruit, or to execute commissions. Our Egyptian friend often purchases something from it, and pays his money into water, while the vendor throws the articles out of the boat upon the ground; and yet I have seen him give his pitcher to the guardian to fill from the lazaretto well. These boats, and all others that are in *pratique*, have "Sanita" written in large letters on them.



*August 7th.*—When the wind is at all contrary, it is very interesting to see vessels towed into the harbour, to perform quarantine. This morning, a very large ship, just arrived from Tripoli, was brought in by at least twenty boats; and, painted, as they all are, green, red, and yellow, the sun shining upon the white sails of the gallant vessel, the shouts of the boatmen and the crew, who were all on deck, made the scene very gay and pretty. She tacked several times before casting anchor, just in front of our windows. In the afternoon another, also from Tripoli, was towed in, in the same way; she was loaded with Barb horses. We saw them hoisted, one after another, into a boat. They were very handsome, with sleek, golden skins: they usually fetch about 16*l*.

We really are very happy and comfortable, although in prison; the life we lead is so peaceful and uninterrupted. I write, while G. draws; and we have a good supply of books from the garrison library at Valetta, to which we subscribe, whose liberal arrange-

ments afforded us an easy access to all the newest publications.

*August 8th.*—A great number of fresh passengers, by a French steamer, have arrived to pass quarantine; and as a great part of Fort Manoel has been unoccupied since Monsieur Foudant's death, they have allotted several to our court. Our quarantine being now nearly finished, we are just as much afraid of them as others were of us when we first arrived, for were they to come in contact with us, we should have to recommence our imprisonment. There is a dog belonging to one gentleman, that runs down amongst us very often, to our great alarm, as he is considered as capable of conveying infection as his master. This evening I had a very narrow escape. I was sitting just under the staircase, talking to le Docteur Ferrari, when one of the passengers from above dropped the end of a cigar nearly upon my head. Had it touched me, and the guardian observed it, I should have been liable to fresh quarantine.

*August 12th.*—Captain and Mrs. Max-

well paid us a visit: nothing can exceed their kindness to us.

*August 13th.* — To-day is our last in quarantine. We are all bustle and confusion, packing our things and settling our accounts. Now we are really free, we feel almost sorry that we are going to leave, and, I dare say, we shall often look back to our quiet life with regret. A letter from home, the first we have received since leaving Ceylon! How I tore it open and devoured its contents! Letters take more than a fortnight coming from England.

Late this evening, the doctor of the lazaretto paid us a visit, to see that we were free from plague: he peeped in at our door, but was still afraid of touching us.

*August 16th.* — By daybreak this morning, and before we were up, Carlieu came to say the guardian wanted to see us, to be certain that we were well, before he could take *pratique*. We had been so long subject to his caprices, that we were determined now he should await our convenience, so did not hurry ourselves, notwithstanding he per-

sisted in knocking every five minutes. At length, G. put his head outside the door, but that was not enough; they said they must see the lady's face; so after I thought he had waited long enough, I wrapped myself up in a shawl, and went to the window to shew myself, when I found instead of the guardian it was my Egyptian friend and his children, who were waiting to go. He came up to wish us good-by, and we scarcely knew him, transmogrified as he was by the change from his Turkish to his European clothes.

By eight o'clock we were ready for starting, and stepped, this time, into a very pretty little awning-boat, that soon wafted us across to Floriana, where Captain Maxwell had sent a *calèche* to meet us at the quay called "*Sa Maison*." These carriages, universally used at Malta, are of a very singular construction. The bodies of some are shaped like landaulets, but the best kind are similar to coaches: they have no springs; they are, however, rendered less necessary by the wheels (of which there are but two)



being placed very far back, and the extreme length of the shafts, which are raised nearly to a level with the back of the horse. By this means the body of the carriage is hung higher in front than behind, and the trot of the horse gives it a sort of springy motion peculiar to itself. A very strong horse indeed it must be to draw a *calèche*, and, at the same time, to bear on its back the immense weight of harness that completes the equipage, and supports the shafts. This harness is studded thickly over with brass nails and ornaments. The reins are very long, and the driver holds them while running by the side, nearly as far back as the carriage window. He is generally dressed very smart, but is almost always without shoes.

As soon as we were seated in our new conveyance, we started at a brisk trot through Floriana to Valetta. We passed the Monte di Piéta and the Botanical Gardens. To-day being Sunday, the road was thronged with peasants in their best attire: the "faldette" of the women, and the picturesque costume of the *smyches*, had an ex-



tremely novel and pretty effect. The carts, even, by their peculiar construction, added much to the interest ; but what particularly struck and pleased me was the air of cleanliness, comfort, and prosperity that characterized every one.

We passed through the Gate of Bombs which forms the entrance to the outer portion of the gigantic fortifications with which Valetta is magnificently girdled. The white bastions of native stone glittered proudly in the sun, except where here and there the lovely caper-plant twined its dark - green leaves and full-blown lilac blossoms from between the crevices. We had one peep of the great harbour, the finest in the Mediterranean, with the fleet lying at anchor in its deep basin, and then entered the Porta Reale, leading into the street of the same name, the largest and handsomest in the city. Here we were greeted by the ringing of bells in every direction, for which Valetta is famous ; I never experienced such a variety or confusion of tolling. The first time I heard twelve o'clock strike, I thought

I should have been quite stunned ; every church (and there is an immense number of them), rung a peal at the conclusion of the hour. Most of the clocks strike six, four times in the twenty - four hours, instead of twice twelve.

All the shops were shut as we drove up the Strada Reale, but it was thronged with people, and numbers of British soldiers and seamen were mixing with the handsome Maltese. Valetta would look quite like an English town, as far as regards its cleanliness, neatness, and foot-pavements, but that the large images of saints to be seen at every corner dispel the illusion, and remind one that, although the British flag floats from its walls, the inhabitants are foreigners in religion as well as language.

We passed the governor's palace, and soon after our carriage stopped at Madame Morelle's, in the Strada Reale, where Captain Maxwell had engaged apartments for us. They were exceedingly comfortable ; we had two bed-rooms and a handsome sitting-room, very nicely furnished, with three win-

dows looking to the street, and an enclosed wooden verandah, furnished with windows, which might be shut or opened at pleasure. This style is peculiar to Malta, and admirably adapted for the climate; it gives a very picturesque effect to the streets. Our windows commanded the whole length of the Strada Reale, up and down, and embraced the square in front of the palace, where the band plays three times a-week. The rent of our rooms, waiter and housemaid included, was fifteen shillings per week.

The evening gun, and the bugles of the Rifle Brigade, now quartered here, sounded quite natural to my ears; every thing at Malta bears a military stamp, reminding one of its importance.

*August 16th.*— I did not leave the house either to-day or yesterday, but found ample amusement sitting in the verandah, watching the passing groups, composed of people from almost every nation in the world. The dress of the smyche, or Maltese peasant, is very picturesque; it consists of a sort of striped jacket without sleeves, a pair of blue trou-

sers, with a scarf of some gay colour twisted round the waist, and a long scarlet worsted cap hanging nearly a yard down the back ; a large chequered sash, thrown across the shoulders, completes the costume. The hair is often curled in two long ringlets on each side of the face.

The women of all classes wear the “*faldette*,” a sort of short cloak gathered into plaits on one side only. It is thrown over the head, one end hanging down behind, while the other is held in the left hand, the fulness being on the right side. They are always black, and the material is either of cotton or silk, according to the means of the wearer. It is a most becoming costume, and shews off the handsome features of the women to great advantage ; and they really are handsome, almost without exception, combining the fine eyes and hair of Italian beauties with clear complexions. The remainder of their out-of-door dress, called “*onynella*,” consists in a full petticoat, either black or brown, and a shawl or handkerchief folded across the shoulders. The national dress is



without shoes and stockings, but the town ladies all wear them; when they do not it has a rather singular effect.

I engaged a Maltese lady's-maid to-day; she speaks English very well, and is an excellent needle-woman. Her wages are to be seven dollars per month, finding her own board and lodging.

G. went this evening to see some races in Floriana, and came back quite pleased with the sport. There were horse, mule, and donkey stakes; the horses were capital, and the donkeys were of the large Goza breed. The winner in the first stakes had been purchased a few weeks previously out of a ship from Tripoli. But the most novel features in the sport were the prizes, the winning horse carrying off a silk gown, the mule a shawl, and the donkey a cap and scarf. Crowds of people were assembled, all perfectly orderly and quiet. The Governor, Sir Henry Bouverie, was present.

*August 17th.*—I took my first drive to-day, with the intention of going to Casel Crendi, a village about seven miles from



Valetta, where some very singular remains of antiquity were discovered a short time ago; but we found the road so bad, and the journey so fatiguing, that we turned back before reaching it. I enjoyed my drive, however, very much. We passed through Floriana, and close down to the Grand Harbour; it has more the appearance of a very wide river than an inlet from the sea, but it is so deep that the largest man-of-war can anchor even within a very few feet of the shore. Several of these splendid vessels now covered its surface, amongst others, the Queen, one of the largest in our navy.

The road we followed ran directly inland, towards the centre of the island, and was on the ascent nearly the whole way. Every spot of ground, in any degree capable of being so, was highly cultivated. Large tracts were covered with crops of the cotton plant, just now in full bloom. The flower is generally deep yellow or orange, and contrasts beautifully with the bright green leaves. The plants are about a foot and a half in height.

Although there is scarcely an acre of land

not covered more or less with large loose white stones, yet it bears profusely and abundantly. No trees of any size, excepting the cypress, and here and there a solitary date-palm, are to be met with. But there are abundance of fruit-trees, which produce in profusion the most delicious fruit I ever tasted. The fig-trees seem to bear two-thirds of the year, and are literally weighed down with their green and purple harvest. The latter are the largest and finest to the eye, but I prefer the flavour of the green, as the sweetest and most delicate.

The pomegranate, peach, apricot, and plum are standard trees, and very fine of their kind. The road was often skirted with hedges of the prickly pear, hanging in luxuriant masses over the low stone walls; it differs from the same plant in Egypt, the fruit being larger, and of a bright orange-red colour: the flowers are yellow. In other parts, trellises of vines, literally bending with their luscious clusters, were to be seen. The country is generally cultivated in terraces

formed by sunken walls, supporting the scanty soil, to prevent it from being washed down by the rains; this has a very singular effect, and makes the whole appear, as it really is, artificial, every part bearing the stamp of the hand of man.

We passed through several villages, or casels, as they are called, of which there are twenty-two in the island; they would deserve the name of small towns any where else, being substantially and entirely built of stone, and appear both populous and prosperous. Many of the houses bear the stamp of antiquity, and I remarked several that were ornamented with beautiful stone balconies, elaborately carved. Every village boasts, at least, of one church, generally two; I never saw so many within such short distances of each other, and they are, without exception, spacious and handsome, appearing more calculated to adorn a large town than a simple hamlet. The grandeur and magnificence of these edifices must be quite enigmas to those who do not know the zeal that precedes their foundation. As soon as the inhabitants

of a village have decided upon constructing a church, the whole population of the neighbourhood set unanimously to work to forward the desired end ; horses, carriages, and men are all put into requisition. They go to the quarries to hew the stones ; rich and poor are equally interested, and all take their share in the general work ; it is one vast association, where time, strength, and money are given with equal feelings of devotion, and all are levelled to a true fraternity of spirit. Thus these temples soon majestically raise their heads, as if almost by enchantment, shewing the power of that combination so much rejected by modern society, in which the heart becomes corrupted by selfishness.

Every thing in the island displays that feeling of religious devotion the inhabitants so much pride themselves upon. Crosses, chapels, and images are to be met with in greater profusion than in any part of the Continent I have visited, and one is constantly reminded of the knightly priests who formerly swayed the land.



At the doors of the houses groups of women are generally to be seen spinning, and, with distaff in hand, added to their picturesque costume, would form admirable studies for a painter. The numerous wells that are scattered about in the fields may be known by a square arch of stone raised over each.

*August 18th.*—We went to-day to visit Citta Notabile, or Citta Vecchia, the ancient capital of Malta, situated about seven miles and a half from Valetta. The road we followed, styled that of San Giuseppe, is skirted for several miles by the great aqueduct (constructed by order of the grand-master Wignacourt) that supplies the modern town with an abundance of the best water, conveyed from a distance of nine miles and a half. It crosses the road, about two miles from Valetta, by a handsome archway.

As we proceeded, our way lay through very much the same sort of country as that we saw yesterday. At one point we suddenly came upon a lovely little ravine: it was, in fact, merely a fissure between two rocky



table-lands, but clothed in such rich luxuriance of vines, fig, olive, and pomegranate trees, all twined together, and the sun throwing such a striking light into its depths, as to make it quite enchanting.

There are a great number of windmills scattered throughout the island: they appear to me to be of a singular construction; but I do not know how to describe them, except by saying that they have an unusual number of cords and pulleys attached to their sails.

At length we came to the foot of the hill, one of the highest points in Malta, with Citta Vecchia crowning its summit. The ancient buildings and ruined fortifications climbing the rocky sides of the eminence, cresting it with hoary battlements, had a fine effect. The ascent to the town was very steep, and on either side terrace rose above terrace.

Before entering the gate, we passed a very curious fountain: it was nearly overgrown with a thick creeper, and upon the top knelt two figures. I did not observe them so much in going as in returning, for

they had been clothed during the interval. At first sight I took them for a couple of living women. I do not know what these images were intended to represent.

The streets of this ancient city, the former capital of the Knights of St. John, are very narrow, but many of the buildings are exceedingly beautiful. We drove into an open green in the centre, from whence we saw, close by, the senatorial palace, the church of the Benedictines, the seminary, and what was formerly a large convent or monastery. Further to the right rose the cathedral church of St. Paul, the largest in the island, and supposed to be built on the site of the dwelling of Publius, who was governor of Melita (or Malta) when St. Paul was shipwrecked upon its shores, and where he passed the succeeding winter months. It is very handsome, and magnificently ornamented. G. visited it alone, for the wind was so high and cold I was afraid of leaving the carriage; so I contented myself with the magnificent view I could enjoy from the windows, comprising almost half the island,

of which Citta Vecchia forms nearly the centre.

With the city behind me, I looked from the summit of the hill over the surrounding valleys, thickly studded with villages, to the wide extent of the blue Mediterranean beyond. A fairy creek was pointed out to me as St. Paul's Bay, and farther on the site of the fabled Grotto of Calypso.

Casel Hasim, whose inhabitants claim the honour of having been the first to receive baptism, lay at my feet. Close by were the catacombs, said to be very extensive; but they have been in a great measure filled up, by order of government, in consequence of many people having lost their lives in attempting to explore them. As my curiosity did not tend that way, we turned to go home, promising ourselves to visit Citta Vecchia again. We took a lower road, passing close to the government gardens of St. Antonio, looking lovely in the setting sun.

*August 19th.*—We walked out this evening to see something of the town, a very

singular one. Many of the streets consist entirely of steps, and are impassable for carriages or horses. This is the case with one end of the Strada Reale. The three principal streets are the Strada Reale, the Strada Forni, and the Strada Mercanti; from these nearly all the others run. The houses are built of white stone, and have flat roofs forming terraces, that afford delightful walks. They are all provided with wooden verandahs, similar to the one I have described in our apartments. Almost every thoroughfare is supplied with an abundant fountain, constituting one of the chief ornaments of the town, and dispensing comfort and cleanliness to its inhabitants. At the corner of each street a large image of some saint is sure to be seen, generally forming the lamp-post, and processions of priests are met every way one turns.

We first directed our steps to the church of St. John the Baptist, the finest in the place, and in its way certainly one of the handsomest in the world. It is an object of great veneration to the Maltese; and in



truth nothing has been spared in its construction to render it worthy of becoming the chief seat of worship of those far-famed religious knights, who were the *élite* of all the noblest in the Christian world. At the time the British took possession of the island, it was proposed that the church of St. John should be devoted to celebrate the rites of the English church; but this idea was relinquished, for it was found the Maltese would rise up in arms against it.

There is nothing striking about the exterior of the edifice: on the contrary, it is built of plain white stone, and exceedingly simple; but the first *coup-d'œil* of the interior is magnificent and unique, losing nothing afterwards by the minutest examination. The grand arched ceiling was painted by the Cavalier Calabrazze, and represents the principal events in the life of St. John the Baptist, together with several other scenes. It is in fresco, and the colours appear to be as brilliant as the day they were placed there. All the decorations and ornaments are of the greatest magnificence.



Between each arch, up the entire length of the nave, are mosaic portraits in medallion, of the most exquisite execution. Above these hang draperies of crimson silk, reflecting a warm hue over the surrounding objects, adding much to the solemnity of the whole.

The beautiful chapels occupying the two side-aisles were, in the prosperous times of the knights, devoted to those of the different nations or languages into which they were severally classed : thus the Spaniards assembled in one chapel, the Italians in another, and so on ; and their place of sepulture was usually the same.

But perhaps the most admirable and striking part of the whole church is the pavement, unique of its kind : it is composed entirely of sepulchral stones, covering the tombs of the knights-grand-crosses of the order, who alone had the privilege of being inhumed here. The greatest part of this funereal pavement is embellished by the richest mosaics, representing a crowd of allegorical subjects, bearing reference to the

dignities and employments of the knights during their lifetime.

Many of the monuments to the grand-masters are very elegant and costly, well worthy of attention. The tomb of the grand-master, Manoel Villema, on the left-hand side of the principal entrance, is singular from the figures being of bronze and the drapery of black marble. The effect is very striking. Another in the right aisle contains a magnificent mosaic portrait, held, if I remember right, by a female figure in white marble.

At the end of this aisle is the chapel, enclosed by the celebrated gates of massive silver that during the Revolution only escaped the rapacity of the French by being painted black, to represent iron. Now they appear in all their native brilliancy, splendid beyond description, and exquisitely chased.

Within the chapel are one or two inscriptions on the same precious metal. The whole church is richly adorned with silver lamps and candlesticks. The chapel corresponding to the one I have just described,

On the left-hand side-aisle, is also enriched with several silver ornaments. We remarked many good pictures : the finest represents the beheading of John the Baptist, by Caravagio. The altar-piece is the assumption of the Virgin.

It must be a most magnificent sight to witness the fête held in this beautiful temple on St. John the Baptist's day, when the whole building is illuminated, inside and out, and the governor and all the authorities of the town are present. I saw a large throne-like chair, of crimson velvet and gold, surmounted with the British arms, which is appropriated to the governor on the occasion ; it looks ill-placed in these venerable precincts.

While I trod the vaulted aisles of this noble temple, my thoughts wandered back to the time when the ceremonies of religion were celebrated within its walls, with all the pomp of which the Roman Catholic worship is susceptible, by priests who were noble knights, beloved and honoured by all Christendom, and the terror of its enemies.

These scenes have passed away, although the same deep-toned bell that then summoned them together still tolls amidst their fortress rock.

*August 20th.*—We walked to the market, part of which is held in the Strada Mercanti, and part in a large building close by, erected for the purpose. It was really a very pretty sight, the fruit and vegetables being in such perfection, and every thing else equally good of its kind. The very best beef was 4*d.* per pound; mutton, 5*d.*; small and large fowls, from 1*s.* to 1*s.* 6*d.*; turkeys, 5*s.* to 7*s.*; geese, 3*s.*; ducks, 1*s.* 6*d.* fat rabbits, 8*d.*; very large pumpkins were 2*d.* each; water-melons, 1½*d.*; and fine bringals, or egg-plants, ¼*d.*; beccaficos, just coming into season, are 1½*d.* each. We had some for dinner to-day, for the first time: they are very delicious little birds, about half the size of a lark, but excessively fat. The best white sugar is sold in the market for 3½*d.* per pound; in short, Malta being a free port, the best of every thing is to be obtained, at very reasonable prices.



It is exceedingly amusing to watch the busy throngs constantly crowding the Strada Mercanti, the dresses are so picturesque. The method of watering the streets of Valletta appears to me very strange ; the water is contained in a barrel drawn upon wheels ; at the end of this a long leathern pipe is inserted, from which the water is constantly pouring, while a man walks behind for the purpose of swinging the pipe from side to side, and who is certainly, to say the least of it, as much watered as the road.

We visited several magazines of native sculpture, and saw some splendid vases and figures exceedingly well executed. It seems a pity that they are not composed of more durable material than the soft white stone of the island.

As we returned home through the square, the band was playing delightfully, and crowds of well-dressed people were walking up and down, listening to it. We betook ourselves to our verandah, where our ears were charmed and our eyes amused while



we were resting and cooling ourselves by eating ice, a very cheap and abundant article in Malta, great quantities being consumed by all classes of the people ; indeed, so necessary is it considered to them, that Government has licensed the importation of it to one man, who is bound to have a constant supply at a fixed price ; and in order to insure its abundance, he is liable to a heavy fine of about 5*l.* per hour if he should, under any circumstances, be unable to answer the full demand. The ice, or rather frozen snow, is brought from Mount Etna in Sicily.

I like my Maltese maid very much ; she is exceedingly useful and intelligent, and has told me a great many facts relative to the manners and customs of the people, which very likely I might otherwise have remained ignorant of. The Maltese language resembles Arabic more than any other, being perfectly understood upon the coast of Africa ; but the inhabitants can almost all speak Italian more or less, and now generally learn English. In religion they are exceedingly bigoted and severe in their rules ; none of

those who have not performed the duties of confession within the year, and possess a ticket from the priest to certify such to be the case, are allowed to receive the Sacrament, and should they die under these circumstances, the clergy will not officiate at their funerals. The consequence is, that very few pass a month, or at most two months, without confessing, and all appear very exact in their attendance at church. They fast rigorously every Friday and Saturday throughout the year. Religious processions are to be seen passing through the streets at all hours, and priests are constantly taking the Sacrament to the sick or dying. During the time they are administering it, some of the choristers remain kneeling outside the house, and almost every passer-by joins in the devotion: thus crowds of people are often to be seen prostrate in the streets.

The Maltese women lead a very retired life; they are never allowed to walk out without their parents, nor to speak to any man until they are married; their acquaintance with their husbands being made entirely

afterwards. When a man wishes to marry, he goes to the father of the lady he admires (who, perhaps, he may have seen once or twice through an open door or window), stating what he is worth, and what are his expectations. If the father and he are mutually satisfied, the state of the case is made known to the girl, who is seldom averse to changing her condition. Rings are then exchanged, and the young man is invited to dinner and to walk out with all the family, brothers and sisters included, however many there may be. The next time they meet is generally in church, to be united. The father of the bride gives, besides the *trousseau*, part of the household furniture, and plate, if he be rich enough.

I was much amused when Vicenza, talking of her children, the two biggest of whom are in the Casa Industria, said she thought that the eldest girl, who is just thirteen years old, would be married in a year or two, for now they were allowed to come out of the school for three days every six months, and during that time very likely

some young man might see and admire her. I laughed at the idea of such a short acquaintance, but she told me that at the last holidays, sixty girls were married, and the rule had been made on purpose to give them an opportunity, for, during the rest of the year they are never allowed to leave the walls; and even their parents, excepting on some urgent necessity, are only permitted to see their children at certain hours on Sunday.

The Casa Industria is a sort of charity-school, where children are taught some useful trade, and to read and write. The girls make the pretty silk gloves and mittens for which Malta is celebrated.

*August 21st.*—We went this afternoon to witness a very singular exhibition that took place in the Marsamusetto, or quarantine harbour, and was attended by crowds of spectators of all ranks. We walked to the harbour, and descended the long flight of stairs close to the new Protestant church now erecting by order of Queen Adelaide; it is a beautiful building of white stone, and



will contain all the English inhabitants, who are at present without any place of worship, excepting a far from adequate room in the palace.

Embarking in one of the gaily painted boats, shaded by an awning of striped cotton, we were soon rowing to the scene of action.

Fort Manoel and the Lazaretto being now no longer our prison, looked really beautiful in the distance; and, rejoicing in my freedom, I should have felt quite happy in gazing at them, had not my mind wandered to poor Monsieur Foudon's grave. The weather was charming; not a cloud was in the sky, and the sun, now low in the horizon, sent a soft light around, blending the garden-terraces on one side, and shining full upon the bastions and houses on the other. A refreshing breeze was playing over the waters, rippling them in its course. The many ships of different nations, and of all shapes and sizes, riding out their quarantine, added much to the effect; while in every direction, hurrying onwards to the Festa, were the party-coloured



boats of the country, filled with well-dressed people, seated beneath the snow-white curtains, all with countenances ripe for enjoyment. I never saw so gay a scene. The beautiful women of Malta were dressed in their holiday costumes, black silk petticoats being added to the graceful faldette, the most becoming of all head-dresses. Every now and then, a man-of-war boat, filled with officers, shot by us, giving variety to the scene.

At length we reached the hulk which was to be the theatre of the Joust, the amusement of the evening ; it was large, and stood high above the water, where it was firmly moored. Placed in its centre, was a pole nearly twice the length of itself, projecting bowsprit fashion, from the prow, and at the extreme point of this was fastened the flag which constituted the goal. The crowd of boats was really astonishing ; there must have been several thousands, and yet no confusion or disturbance took place, no pushing and shouting ; the greatest order and good-humour prevailed ; all seemed to be aware

of a point so generally forgotten during sight-seeing, viz. that every body had as much right to see as themselves.

It was curious to look from our boat at the dense mass of human heads that lined the shore of Floriana. They were ranged in tiers three deep, the first sitting upon the edge of the harbour, the next upon the low wall behind, and the last standing. Every window was full, and the flat-terraced roofs of the houses crowded. Not far off were extensive preparations for fireworks, to be exhibited in the evening for the amusement of the people.

As the operations had not commenced when we arrived, we had plenty of opportunity to look around at the gaudy scene—for such it really was. In a boat close by us sat, muffled up in shawls and cashmeres, the ex-Bey of Tripoli, who, since his expulsion, has resided at Malta. He wore upon his head a voluminous white turban; his countenance was stately and dignified. Several boats were filled with handsome young Greeks, in the picturesque costume of their country;

others with English soldiers. Then would come an importation of Italians, breathing out their melodious language ; and then a crew of such a variety of differently-curved and variously-coloured moustaches, that one was tempted to believe it composed of a specimen from every country in Europe, save our island home, whose sturdy seamen filled many a neighbouring bark. But the Maltese themselves were the greatest ornament to the assembly.

Some of the competitors for the prize now began to arrive. They were, with the exception of a pair of short drawers, entirely without clothing. They jumped into the water, and during the time they were waiting for the signal to commence, which must have been a full hour, swam about, diving down for money thrown to them, cutting in and out amongst the boats, and performing a variety of other feats, merely resting now and then, for a moment or two, upon the blade of a friendly oar.

During this time, a man carrying a large basket full of grease upon his arm, was sent

out to the end of the pole, and proceeded to smear every part of it. Soon after this was finished, the signal was given, and the competitors, from twelve to fifteen in number, scrambled up the cable into the hulk. The performance consisted in walking the whole length of the slippery pole, until the flag of the union-jack was reached and borne away, the first attaining it winning the prize. The difficulty was increased by its diminishing towards the end (which was the most elevated part), and from the great vibration produced by the constant tread of the men. They succeeded each other as quickly as possible ; as soon as one had failed and fallen into the water, another took his place. It was quite painful to look at them ; some walked sideways, others forward, balancing themselves with their arms ; as soon as they had got half way, they held out their hands, ready to grasp the flag, when the vibration would become so great, that they were pitched head-foremost into the harbour. They then swam round, got into the boat again, and



were ready for a fresh start when their turn arrived.

Two or three were much more skilful than the rest, while others threw themselves into the water almost directly.

We waited till the sun had set, and as the contest was not then decided, we were obliged to leave, but before we had rowed back half way, we heard the shouts proclaiming that the goal had been won, and by one of the competitors I mentioned.

We came home through the Strada Forni, one of the handsomest in Valetta. The Princess Royal Hotel, near the square of the palace, is of very beautiful architecture, and I think must have been one of the eight auberges, or palaces, devoted to the different nations in the Order of St. John.

*August 22d.* — Ever since I heard the history connected with it, I had been very anxious to visit Casal Musta, a small and poor-looking village, but where, nevertheless, a magnificent church is in the act of being erected, upon the plan of the Pantheon



at Rome. The story is as follows:—The priest of the village being seized with a great desire to travel, performed a pilgrimage to the Papal city, and from thence to London, where, having seen, admired, and wondered at the colossal piles of St. Paul's, St. Peter's, and the Pantheon, resolved upon what appeared the wild scheme of erecting a similar edifice in his native Casal. He returned, had the plans drawn out, and commenced the foundation; at his death he left all his savings to continue the work, but although wonderfully large for those of a poor priest, they were, of course, far from adequate for its completion; but the pious project being once commenced, the expenses are defrayed by the voluntary subscriptions of the inhabitants, and carried on by the gratuitous labour of the workmen on fête-days and holidays.

When we visited the building, it had made a considerable stride towards completion; the outer walls being quite finished, although not roofed in. It is certainly a very splendid structure, and has an imposing effect: its portico is 112 feet long and 60 high, the in-

terior circle being 125 feet : the columns that adorn it are exceedingly handsome. A very singular fact, is, that it is built over the old church, still perfect, within its walls, and where service was going forward when we entered it. This, a moderately-sized building, gives, by comparison, an excellent idea of the proportions of the new one, in the midst of which it stands like a toy.

As soon as the new temple is sufficiently completed, the old one is to be pulled down, and thus the ground will not have to be re-consecrated.

An inclined plane is placed from the ground to the roof, for the convenience of the workmen. G. went up, and said the view from the top was very fine and extensive. The church is dedicated to St. Paul.

We came back a great part of the way by quite a new road ; the country round was much more bare and desert, and the ground covered with immense rocks of white stone, affording nourishment to nothing but olive-trees, which, however, appeared to thrive very well, and their crooked, knotty trunks

and branches formed a pleasing ornament to the rude scene. It was a lovely evening, and as we approached Valetta the view was beautiful. The setting sun made the windows of the churches glitter like gold in the distance ; and, here and there a solitary palm-tree raised its head, giving an eastern touch to the surrounding objects, while every now and then luxuriant trellices of vine met our view. The depth of the shadows, and the richness of the lights were charming.

*August 23d.*—We confined our walk to the town this morning, and after taking another look at St. John's church, we strolled down to the end of the Strada Reale, and then mounted a flight of steps leading to the ramparts,—the view from thence is very extensive, reaching over Floriana and the neighbouring suburbs into the interior of the island. From every crevice in the walls hung clusters of the caper plant. The flower is exceedingly beautiful ; it has four large white petals with a quantity of long lilac stamens. The leaf is nearly round ; the flower bud is the part that is pickled and

eaten in sauce. The only other flower we met with was a pink one, something like our "ragged robin."

Wandering along these massive battlements, we found ourselves in the Piazza Regina, just opposite the beautiful Auberge de Castille of the knights of St. John, now used as officers' quarters. It is a large and finely carved building, exceedingly lofty. Over the principal door is a handsome escutcheon in white marble.

Following the road to the right, we arrived at the gardens of the Upper Barracca, planted with cyprus trees, and adorned with a handsome promenade, commanding a view of the Great Harbour. Several monuments have been erected here to celebrated persons; amongst others to the Governor, Sir Thomas Maitland, Sir Henry Hotham, (very well executed) Sir F. Freemantle, &c. At one end is an obelisk erected to Colonel Edwards, of the Ceylon Rifles, with a very laudatory inscription.

The view from the Barracca is exceedingly extensive and beautiful, commanding



the magnificent harbour and the three towns beyond. The castle of St. Angelo, with its four ranks of batteries, and its deep fosses hewn out of the solid rock, forming an amphitheatre, rises in the centre. Nearer the mouth, towers the castle of St. Elmo; upon another point is the vast Naval Hospital; while on the bosom of these bastion-girded waters floated the British fleet. It is a very interesting and peculiar sight to behold these huge vessels, the triumph of man's art, lying within a stone's throw of the banks, quite safe from the storms that may be raging around.

Busy steamers were plying in all directions. One could not gaze down upon the scene below without being filled with admiration, and being duly impressed with the importance of this island rock.

We returned home through the court of the Auberge de Castille, which led us into the upper end of the Strada Mercanti. I remarked here another very handsome house adorned with marble trophies; the Police



office also is worthy of attention, on account of a curious fountain in the yard.

*August 24th.*—We turned our steps to-day quite in the contrary direction from yesterday. Proceeding down the other end of the Strada Mercanti, we entered two churches. The images in one of them were surrounded by wax models of noses, arms, legs, hands, &c. intended as testimonies of the miracles performed at their shrines. Whenever I have been into any of the churches here, I have almost invariably seen many of the English soldiers at their devotions.

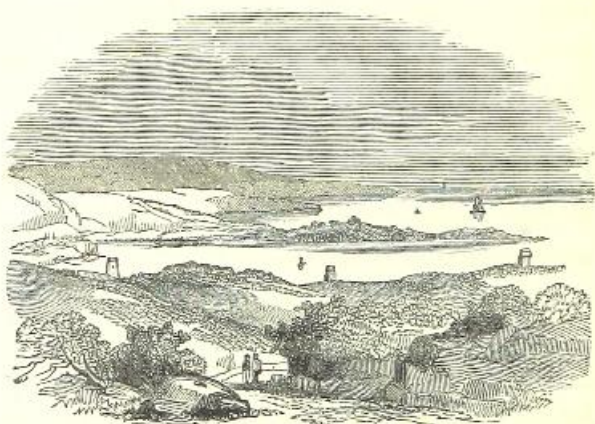
We passed by the military hospital, towards a fort, at the entrance of the harbour; here we seated ourselves upon the bastion and watched the glorious scene, the expanse of the Mediterranean as well as the port being exposed to our view. I saw a splendid brig come in, in gallant style, with snow-white sails full set and swelling to the breeze. Then passed several boats heavily laden from Gozo, filled with picturesque-looking peasants of both sexes. I saw also some of the

smallest boats imaginable, hardly large enough to hold one little boy; they never venture out of the harbour, but row about from ship to ship to pick up oakum. Immediately opposite to us was the Naval Hospital, a noble pile and worthy of its name.

*August 25th.*—We drove to-day with the intention of visiting St. Paul's Bay, supposed to be the identical spot where the apostle was shipwrecked on his voyage to Rome. (Acts, xxvii. and xxviii.) It is situated near the same desert part of the island we passed through when we returned from Casal Musta. After proceeding some distance we came to a high point of land overlooking the whole scene. About two miles below us lay the little fairy creek, bounded by two small islets, with the wide sea beyond, dashing against the rocky, iron-bound coast. As I gazed upon it I felt not a doubt upon my mind as to its being the self-same bay where, nearly eighteen centuries ago, the apostle of the Gentiles, and the crew of the ship, whose lives God spared for his sake, were cast upon its shores. The form of the creek is

so peculiar, that it seems almost impossible that a ship of any size could be thrust into its narrow mouth. "When it was day, they knew not the land: but they discovered a certain creek with a shore, into the which they were minded, if it were possible, to thrust in the ship."—Acts, xxvii. 39.

Although we were anxious to reach the shore, yet the bird's-eye view from where we were appeared so comprehensive and good, that we were afraid of losing it, so paused upon the top of the hill for G. to make a rough



sketch from the carriage-window. As soon as the drawing was completed, we began to de-

scend the steep, zig-zag road, hewn out from the solid face of the rock, much to the discomfort of our driver, who assured us that we should not reach the bay until dark ; but his remonstrances only made us the more obstinate, and on and on we pushed, until the road really seemed to lengthen as we went. At length we reached the foot of a small hill terminating at the water's edge. Just below it is Casal Naseiario, signifying, in Arabic, " the place of the Nazerenes ;" it was the first Christian village in Malta, and a chapel is built over the spot where it is supposed that St. Paul shook the viper from his hand.

*August 28th.*—We wandered about the ramparts on that side where a pillar is raised to the memory of General Ponsonby, and came back by the Strada Mezzodi, where the Admiralty palace, a fine building, is situated.

*August 29th.* — In the evening, we drove to visit the governor's country palace at St. Antonio. It is a lovely place, rendered more so by the contrast its cyprus groves afford to the surrounding country, where scarcely a



tree is to be seen. At a little distance, perhaps it appears too sepulchral, but this feeling is soon dissipated by driving up the avenue of gigantic orange-trees by which it is approached. The air was scented with perfume to an almost overpowering degree, while the flowering branches hung side by side with those of the fruit just turning.

We drove into the large yard of the palace, where we left the carriage, and proceeded on foot through the vine-clad terraces, loaded with purple clusters, to the garden, which, although now much neglected, is quite a fairy scene. Beautiful flowers and flowering shrubs were vieing with each other in variety of form and brilliancy of colour; while every now and then the winding paths terminated in a silvery fountain. The very solitude and neglect pervading this lovely retreat adds to its charms, by a sort of melancholy feeling experienced while traversing it. I recognised many of my Ceylon jungle favourites amongst the most choice flowers. Several splendid varieties of cactus were growing luxuriantly. In a small enclosure was an India-rubber



tree, growing in the open air, from its size, the greatest curiosity of the place, but which I immediately remembered as being one of the most common trees in the jungle.

The Palace of St. Antonio is a very handsome and spacious building, but is no longer inhabited by the present governor. One of the subordinate officers occupies a part of it.

*August 30th.*—The hot damp wind of the sirocco has set in to-day, and destroyed the clearness of the atmosphere I have hitherto so much admired at Malta. During the time this wind prevails, the sun is usually overcast.

*September 2d.*—We had postponed visiting the governor's palace, which our kind cousins, Captain and Mrs. Maxwell, had offered to shew us, until to-day. It was formerly the residence of the Grand Master, and is an exceedingly handsome and spacious building, occupying a whole square, surrounded by four public streets. It is only one story high, and is surmounted by an elegant cornice. At one angle rises the observatory, founded in 1780, by the Grand

Master, Emanuel de Rohan. This is now used as a signal-station for ships. G. tells me, the view from the top is very extensive. Several lofty halls and corridors are contained within the palace walls, and a large room on the ground-floor is at present used as the English chapel.

We first visited the armoury, forming one side of the quadrangle. It is a magnificent apartment, containing, independently of the many rare and curious weapons of antiquity, ten thousand muskets fit for present use. Numerous coats of mail, mostly belonging to the Knights of St. John, are ranged round different parts of the room. The most beautiful of these is the suit of the Grand Master, Vignecourt, inlaid with gold. It is the same that he is represented to be wearing in the fine picture painted of him by Caravaggio, in another part of the palace. We also saw the armour of the Grand Master, La Valette (the founder of Valetta). I particularly admired some small armour, beautifully inlaid. At one end of this gallery is a large glass case containing some

magnificent Turkish arms. The ceiling of this apartment is painted with the escutcheons of the different governors of Malta.

Leaving the armoury, and passing through a long corridor, adorned with paintings in fresco, and portraits of the knights, we came into the tapestry-room, representing a series of Indian animals and birds of various kinds, admirably executed. This beautiful apartment is now rendered unfit for occupation, on account of the windows looking into the Racket Court.

It would be superfluous to give a detailed description of the many handsome suites of apartments we traversed: some of them contained a few good pictures. We now passed by the private entrance into what is called the Public Library, founded by a Grand Master in 1760, and is quite distinct from that belonging to the garrison. It is an immense apartment, containing many thousand volumes in all languages. It is open to the public for a certain number of hours every day, and comprehends a small museum of the antiquities discovered at Malta, amongst

others, several curious sarcophagi, some Roman remains, and many very singular Phœnician inscriptions. But what interested me more than any thing, were the figures lately disinterred from the ruins discovered near Casel Crendi. These consist of several dwarf images, with monstrous and disproportioned limbs, in grotesque sitting attitudes, some of them sculptured in Maltese stone, and others of terra cotta. No one has been able to discover what could have been their origin, or by what people they were moulded. They are known by the name of the "Fat Women of Crendi."

Returning through the gates of the palace, two broken prostrate columns that were lying near were pointed out to us. They had been brought from the ruins of ancient Carthage, with the idea that Queen Adelaide might like them to form the material of the font in the new Protestant church building at her expense.

In the evening G. went to visit the tomb of the Marquis of Hastings, situated on a different part of the ramparts to any we have



before visited. No monument is erected over it, and nothing rests upon the plain flat slab that marks the spot but a small stone cushion, placed there, as a monument, by some of the grateful inhabitants. The view from hence is very extensive, looking over Floriana and the quarantine harbour, as far as Citta Vecchia.

I believe I have not mentioned in any former page the singular circumstance of almost every plant and bush in the neighbourhood of Valetta being covered more or less with a number of small snail shells, generally white, which often appear to have hardened and petrified there.

*September 3d.*—G. brought home with him to-day a very pretty little bird, called the “queen” or “ant-eater,” the latter name referring to its singular manner of obtaining its livelihood. It lays itself down on the ground, in the neighbourhood of its prey, and remains quite motionless, feigning death, but at the same time hanging its long tongue out. The ants, attracted by a glutinous moisture peculiar to it, are soon brought around; and when there are a sufficient number collected,



the bird suddenly draws in its tongue and swallows the repast.

Last night we purchased several of the beautiful petrifications found in the rocks of Gozo, from a peasant and his wife just arrived from thence.

I must not omit to mention, in reference to that island, the gigantic donkeys we constantly meet with, as the original breed comes from thence, where the largest are still to be found. Those seen about the streets of Valetta vary from thirteen to fourteen hands high. One was brought for us to look at the other day, bred at Gozo, full fourteen hands, although only three years old, and for which the owner asked two hundred dollars or forty pounds. Its coat was beautifully soft and glossy ; and were it not for its shape and long ears, one would scarcely have imagined it to be related to the poor, degraded donkeys of our clime.

The day has at length arrived for us to quit Malta, and I cannot say how sorry I am. It is such a cheerful, happy looking place, and the air so pure and fine, that I would

have given much to spend the winter there. But it could not be, so I determined to make the best of it ; and looked forward with real pleasure to the opportunity afforded me of visiting Sicily, a country I had always felt a great desire to see.

Before I take a final leave of the island, I must mention, as a warning to future travellers, an annoyance we were obliged to submit to. We had just paid our passage-money to Naples, and were within a few hours of starting, when a notice of impediment against quitting the island was served upon my husband. This originated from no less a person than a *washerman* we had employed when we first came out of quarantine, and who had washed our clothes so badly, that I sent them, being unable to wear them, to be done over again by another person, telling the first, at the same time, I should only pay him half the sum. A few days ago he brought his bill, amounting to a few shillings, and refusing to take what we offered him, said he would not be paid at all, and so on. He waited, however, until he knew we had deposited our passage-money, and

then went to a lawyer, who issued the impediment. In order to remove it immediately, and not forfeit our passage, we were obliged to pay not only the bill, which the man had raised in the meantime to twice the original amount, but also for the two warrants. I am told that the Maltese are constantly playing these tricks upon travellers, and the wisest plan is not to dispute with them unless you have plenty of time before you.

At six o'clock my cousin came to fetch me in her caleche, and accompany us on board the Ercolano Neapolitan steamer. We passed along the wharf, a part of Valetta I had not seen before, and through the Marina gate, apparently of very ancient date. Here Captain Maxwell had ordered the government barge to be in waiting for us, and we all went on board together, just as the men-of-war riding in the harbour were firing the salute at sunset.

We took one of the airy cabins on deck, with which the Neapolitan steamers are provided, so preferable, in this hot climate, to all others.

## CHAPTER IV.

Night—First View of Sicily—Harbour of Syracuse—  
Obelisk of Marcellus—Mount Etna—Landing—  
Neapolitan Soldiers—Prison—Inn—Kitchen—  
Breakfast—Drive—Market—Fortifications—Beautiful Country—Ruins of Amphitheatre—Aqueduct—  
Ear of Dionysius—Quarries—Theatre—Fine View—Mill—My Hosts—Nymphæum—Street of Tombs—Archimedes' Tomb—Tomb of Timoleon—  
Chilis—First Christian Church—Catacombs—Cathedral—Doric Pillar—Fountain of Arethusa—  
Modern Syracuse—American—Yankee Anecdote.





## CHAPTER IV.

*September 4th.* — At nine o'clock last night we heard, for the last time, the guns fire, the bugles and drums playing and resounding upon the rock of Malta, while the hundred bells and clocks of Valetta were chiming their many-toned peals. Another hour elapsed but still we were at anchor, and all were comfortably asleep before the signal for departure was given.

This morning, on waking about day-break, I found we were skirting the fertile and mountainous shores of lovely Sicily; for lovely it is indeed, and seems formed only to realize the poet's dream and the painter's imagination. But the dark page of history tells us another tale, and one trembles to find that the bloody deeds of the tyrants of

Syracuse should have polluted so fair a spot, one of the brightest gems that decks the bosom of the world.

In about half an hour the Ercolano had cast anchor in the harbour of Syracuse ; and how shall I describe the scene which greeted me upon coming on deck ! To the left rose a low range of hills, varying, in the distance and in the shadowy light of sunrise, from gray to blue. In the front were numerous heights of varied forms, some clothed in the richest verdure, and others rising grotesque, bare, and craggy. A single pillar was seen in the distance, adding much to the beauty and interest ; it is supposed to have been erected by Marcellus, after he had taken the city of Syracuse. Farther on, a cave, just distinguishable between the trees, was pointed out to me as the celebrated “ Ear of Dionysius.” Sepulchral rocks and vine-clad slopes lured the eye onwards, until it was irrevocably arrested by gigantic Etna rising singly in all its majesty, and filling the mind with astonishment and awe. Not a cloud shaded it from our view ; every rock and curve was

distinguishable, while its peaked top was crowned with perpetual snow. The rich foliage and fertility clothing it nearly to that point, was clearly seen even at this distance; and one would almost have forgotten in the parent mountain, nourishing and embellishing its verdant offspring, the fierce and fiery volcano, which has destroyed, and may again destroy, all that is fair and fruitful within reach of its burning streams, had it not been for the faint column of white smoke gliding slowly from its snowy summit, until lost in the surrounding atmosphere.

As soon as I could withdraw my eyes from this fair and colossal destroyer, I turned to the right, where rose modern Syracuse, all that remains of the city of the tyrants, with its antique time-worn houses, and its strong and renovated fortifications, forming, with the two harbours, almost an island in the deep blue waters of the Mediterranean, now calm and unruffled as a mirror, looking as if placed there only to reflect the beauties that clothe its shores.

We lost no time in procuring a boat to

take us to the town to breakfast. We passed through two very handsome gates, and over a couple of drawbridges, guarded by Neapolitan soldiers, in an undress of blue cotton. Their discipline seems very different from ours, for the sentry was laughing and chatting with a crowd of other soldiers not upon duty, and did not appear at all discomposed by an officer who passed, merely intimating the knowledge of his presence by presenting arms, and then continuing his conversation with renewed ardour.

In our way to the inn we passed the prison. It was only divided from the street by a double row of wooden bars, through which the wretched inmates might be seen lying about in a dirty, miserable-looking inclosure. Most of them were busily employed in making baskets.

The appearance of the inn, as we approached it through a narrow by-street, certainly did not promise much to hungry seafaring travellers, and the time we had to wait for our breakfast was rather tantalising. I paid sundry visits to the kitchen, adjoining

the dining-room, to see how things were progressing, and found it a very curious looking place. The whole kitchen range, of no inconsiderable extent, was covered with a mosaic of inlaid tile of various colours, and had, together with the savoury viands smoking from every part of it, a very gay effect, heightened by the picturesque costumes and attitudes of the culinary *artistes* in attendance. All the herbs necessary for cooking, such as mint, and thyme, were growing in a small artificial garden, covered in with glass, and adjoining the kitchen, although on the second story. This was an original refinement of luxury that I little expected to see in this poor inn, of a comparatively unfrequented place.

In another of my peregrinations I found a pair of the largest ox-horns we had ever met with, they were at least four feet long, and very prettily polished and mounted. The oxen of Sicily, I should think, are the biggest in the world; they far surpass those of Abyssinia, which appeared to me gigantic.

At length the breakfast arrived, and



proved tolerably good ; the tea was really excellent. As soon as it was over, we got into a carriage, apparently almost the only one in Syracuse, and accompanied by two gentlemen, our fellow-passengers, the one an Englishman, and the other, I afterwards found, an American, who shared it with us, proceeded to view all that this most interesting city and its environs have to shew. And in as far as there was no dearth of amusement or interest, I never spent a more satisfactory morning ; or a more *unsatisfactory* one, from the fact, that all we saw required to be revisited, and examined much more minutely than our time would allow of.

We rattled through the ill-paved streets, passing the market, where an abundance of the finest pears, figs, grapes, and melons, were exposed for sale ; but at least half the stalls were filled with large onions, of which there must be an immense consumption ; indeed, all the lower classes, both in Sicily and Malta, are so strongly impregnated with the odour of onions and garlick, as to be almost unapproachable.

The fortifications on the land side are very extensive : there are walls within walls several times over, and we must have passed as many as five draw-bridges over fosses filled with water ; in fact, the town is rendered a perfect island.

On issuing from these, we first directed our steps to the Amphitheatre, about two miles off. In our way, we passed a single marble column of great beauty ; it was erect, but had lost its capital. Three pedestals, similar to its own, were near it, planted at equal distances, while farther off was another, sunk deep into the earth, that had been dug away to display it. These pillars are of the ancient Doric order, and are supposed to be the remains of the Pretaneo, or Forum. We were told by the guide it was the Temple of Ceres ; but this appears to be an error. In the Pretaneo was found the statue of Sappho, sculptured by Marco Sillamone.

The road wound through the most luxuriant country I ever beheld. The earth seemed to yield her fruits spontaneously.

Vineyards loaded with their purple clusters, and hedged round by prickly pears of the finest and richest growth, stretched far and wide; while fig and mulberry-trees of the largest size, appeared often as if not content with their own luxuriant fruit, but afforded a support of some forty feet high to climbing vines whose luscious and clustering bunches almost hid from view the tree that had raised them from the dust.

I have often read of scenes like these, but I have never really believed in their existence until now. I only attempt to describe the least part of what I saw, for all these fair productions of Nature were thrown comparatively into the shade by the glorious groves of pomegranates, which, overhanging the vine-clad walls, displayed their scarlet and golden fruit from between their dark green leaves. I never beheld any thing so beautiful or so luxuriant. Nothing seemed blighted, all appeared to breathe out a perfume of love and joy. Unlike the regions of the torrid zone, the sun shines down with a benignant warmth, cherishing

without destroying elasticity and life ; while the soft, fresh breezes of the Mediterranean gently fan this favoured clime and its beautiful children. I could dwell for ever on this gorgeous scene, where Nature, in her richest garb, appears to have exhausted all her treasures ; but I must hasten on to the works of man, its former masters, who, almost nameless and unknown, have long since become a portion of its soil.

We followed a road which ran at a considerable distance round the windings of the bay, on our left, while on the right rose a range of large craggy rocks, every where perforated for sepulchres. At length we stopped, descended from the carriage, and in a few minutes found ourselves upon the bank of the Amphitheatre. It is one of the most perfect in existence.\* The gradations of seats are almost unbroken, and occupy an immense arena cut out of the solid rock. The two principal entrances immediately face

\* “ The semi-diameters of this edifice are 134 English feet by 83 feet ; and the wall of the Podium is about 8 feet 6 inches in height.”—*Starke*.

each other, and are in a high state of preservation : the steps of the one we descended are almost entire. Each terminates by an elegant and finely proportioned arch, displaying a lovely vista ; the farthest of these, however, is now a beautiful ruin, as a great deal of the masonry has given way, and it is shattered on one side.

From these entrances, and under every tier of seats, an arched passage branches off to the right and left ; these served as lobbies, and gave egress to different parts of the amphitheatre. In the centre of the arena is a large stone reservoir, supplied with water by an underground aqueduct, still nearly perfect, entering beneath the ruined arch. This arrangement was intended for the naval combats, as by this means they could fill the whole stage with water. Every thing seemed so exact and so easily comprehended, that but a slight stretch of the imagination was required to people this noble structure, and while looking at it I could almost fancy I saw the senate of ancient Syracuse, seated in their pomp of state, to



view the classic combats ; the judges awarding the prizes ; and higher up, the happy and gratified populace.

We were next shewn the passage by which the gladiators entered the arena. Near this was a deep excavation, supposed to have been the prison for the wild beasts ; at all events, it was evidently intended for some important purpose, as the masonry round it is very solid.

I was quite enchanted with this ruin ; certainly one of the most interesting and satisfactory antiquities I have seen. The caper, and many other pretty creepers and wild flowers, now clothe the walls deserted by man. In many places, particularly in the vaulted passages, the water and damp have formed into stalactites over the solid masonry. I should imagine this to be an uncommon occurrence. I purchased, upon the spot, a few vases and coins lately dug up ; amongst other things, a beautiful little antique head.

Leaving the amphitheatre, our road ran close to the remains of an extensive aqueduct that skirted us for some distance on the left,

and we traced the continuance of its remains over the rocks to the right; it at length crossed our path, one arch embracing the road. It was, perhaps, of more modern date than the amphitheatre, but still very ancient, and its time-worn and creeper-covered bricks, together with its noble arches, unusually large, contributed much to the beauty of the scene. The one I mentioned across the road, formed a suitable and most becoming frame to the exquisite landscape it opened to our view.

Once again we were on foot, and following a narrow path flanked by gigantic and naked rocks of the most grotesque form, but bearing in many parts evident traces of human labour. At length we reached an open space, and beheld immediately in front of us, the extraordinary cavern known by the name of Dionysius' Ear. The earliest historians confirm us in the belief that it was constructed by the tyrant of that name, and used by him as a state prison, which, from its peculiar formation, conveyed faithfully every whisper breathed within its walls to the small chamber above, where the despot was accustomed

to secrete himself, and regulate his bloody schemes accordingly. Both the exterior entrance and the interior construction resemble exactly the formation of the human ear.

This immense work appears to have been originated by Nature, and completed by art. The entrance is about seventeen feet wide and fifty-eight feet high, the sides slope gradually to the summit, terminating in a narrow channel that conveyed every sound in the cave to the small apartment above, which is still to be seen. A secret passage is supposed formerly to have communicated with this from the tyrant's palace, and another from the theatre. But the only access to it now is by the disagreeable process of being swung up in a basket; however, as none of our party were anxious to make the experiment, we contented ourselves with looking at the small square aperture from below, and then exploring the interior of the prison itself, which winds, as I have before said, like the orifice of the ear. I traced the narrow channel to the farther extremity, where it is terminated by a hole running up

like a chimney. The height of the cave is the same throughout.

In one part is a singular recess, said to have been the seat of a secret tribunal. The echo is so great, that the slightest sound or whisper resounds from one end to the other, with a startling distinctness; and when a musket was fired at the entrance, it reverberated loud and stunning like a peal of artillery, the report lasting ten seconds.\*

Several gold coins in fine preservation, and said to have been found in the vicinity, were offered to us for sale, but I did not become a purchaser.

The rocks in the neighbourhood were of a gigantic height, grotesque and rugged in the extreme; in many parts they appeared to have been pierced for cinary urns.

From Dionysius' Ear we proceeded to explore the remainder of the extraordinary quarries or caverns of which it forms a part. They are all supposed to have been used as prisons, and it was in them that thousands of

\* It has been supposed that this wonderful cavern owes its construction to Archimedes.



Athenians were thrown after their unfortunate defeat under Nicias and Demosthenes. On the sides, in many parts, are the remains of illegible inscriptions : might they not have been traced by a Sophocles or a Euripides ? These quarries supplied the materials for building the ancient city, and the large and singularly shaped columns abounding in them, must have been left by the workmen to support the granite and marble rocks they had undermined. In their present state they consist of vast irregular chambers, enclosed on all sides, except at the entrance, by rows of rugged and pointed pillars, covered with a robust and splendid vegetation.

That part called the Quarry of the Rope-makers, from the manufacture now carried on there, is very extraordinary, both in its size and formation : the rock looks as fresh as if it had only just been worked. Another serves as an habitation for the labourers employed in burning for saltpetre. I just entered it, but was almost suffocated by the smell, while the lurid flames, dimly glowing through the thick columns of smoke, cast



a flickering light over the swarthy faces around, giving them an almost inhuman aspect, and making the whole scene worthy of the caves of Endor.

Once more immersing into the warm sunshine, and scarcely giving ourselves time to admire the surpassing beauty that surrounded us, where fig, olive, and pomegranate were vying with each other in inconceivable luxuriance, and gorgeous butterflies were flitting amongst their branches, we took the path leading to the theatre, situated amongst the rocks above the quarries.

The size of this majestic edifice, in a great measure hewn out of the solid rock, cannot be beheld without admiration, placed as it is in one of the most magnificent situations in the world. The ancients were always peculiarly happy in choosing the site of their edifices. The theatre of Syracuse is certainly an illustration of this, for the view from its seats is unrivalled. The whole city, upon the island of Ortygia, rising in the midst of its two harbours; the fine and verdant hills that skirt the bay; the intervening land

clothed with orchards of every hue ; the fair Mediterranean beyond and Mount Etna at home ;—all these are embraced in one *coup-d'œil* of admiration.

But to return to the theatre itself, one of the largest in the world, and considered the most ancient in existence. Its diameter is 116 feet, and it exceeds a semicircle by 27 feet 4 inches. It is impossible to say how many tiers of seats formerly existed, as the stage, and probably several of the circles, are filled up with cultivated soil ; but all that does remain is in a surprising state of preservation, and attests the former magnificence of the edifice. Three portions, probably assigned to the different grades of rank of the spectators, are divided by a corridor wide enough to admit the passage of a chariot ; there are two of these nearly entire. The seats they separate are eight tiers deep. In many parts chiselled lines are distinguishable, marking the extent of each separate place, and behind every row is a division for the feet of the persons above.

But the singular part in the formation of this theatre is, that the steps, or seats, become shallower as they approach the highest part, until they are only half the depth of those near the stage.

Two Greek inscriptions have been found at different times within the precincts of this theatre, but they do not appear to have thrown much light upon the particulars of its erection, generally supposed to have been in the earliest ages of Syracuse. An immense quantity of water must have been diverted to its use, if we may judge from the volumes conveyed by an ancient aqueduct in its vicinity, added to an abundant rivulet, that now turns two mills above, and one in the theatre itself; the latter is planted so as to intercept its course as it dashes in silvery cascades from tier to tier.

To this mill, perched amongst the seats of ancient grandeur, now serving as paths for the neighbouring flocks, I took my way, and craved a resting-place under its shadow, while the gentlemen climbed the higher

banks to visit the Nymphæum above. Seated at the door of the humble dwelling, and surrounded by sacks of flour, I looked with delight at the enchanting scene before me, where indigence and pastoral labour had usurped the ground consecrated two thousand years ago to luxury and power; where the ear of ancient civilisation was charmed into forgetfulness by the soft strains of the skilful musician, or kindled into valour and enterprise by the inspiring accents of some classic poet. Those sounds are for ever hushed, the song of the nightingale is the only music, and the murmuring of the waters the only poem that will henceforth resound in these fairy precincts. But who would wish for any other?—for what else could harmonise so deliciously with the feeling inspired in every sensitive mind while contemplating these beautiful and massive remains of bygone generations?

Although a gentle melancholy is excited by the contemplation of these ruins, there is nothing sombre in their appearance; none

of that awe and chilliness comes over one while beholding them experienced amongst the arched and vaulted remains of Gothic grandeur; and the reason is obvious: the blue sky and cheerful sunshine, which no time can change, glows above, and beneath their mild aspect friendly nature has filled up the gaps and ornamented the face of failing art, making the whole scene inexpressibly beautiful.

The Syracusans shewed their taste in erecting no roof to their theatre, contenting themselves with a simple awning as a shade from the sun. The remains of the holes for the staves that supported this are still visible.

I was not long allowed to indulge uninterrupted in the contemplation of this singular scene and the magic view beyond, which no pencil, no words can convey to the imagination; for my humble hosts gathered round me, all chattering at the highest pitch of their voices. Their party consisted of three women and one man. The mill was stopped, and so were their various occupa-



tions, to satisfy the curiosity I excited. They examined all I had on ; my watch, chain, and rings, seemed to please them greatly : but what appeared most to astonish them was a miniature I wore of my father. They assailed me with such a number of questions, in such extraordinary sounding Italian, that it was with difficulty I could understand them, and when some neighbours came in they made me shew my trinkets all over again.

One of the women was very handsome ; and all were remarkable for their white and even teeth.

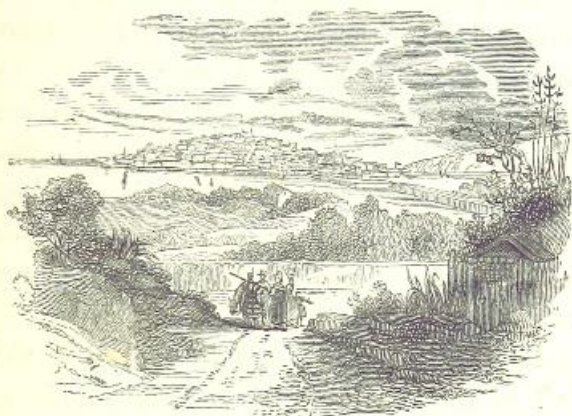
At length I was rejoined by my friends, and I bade farewell to my pastoral entertainers. G. tells me that the view from the point they climbed up to was even more magnificent than the one I had seen, as from the greater elevation it was more extensive. Here was the Nymphæum, a fountain gushing out from the solid rock, the source of the crystal stream I have spoken so much of. It is supposed that this was the spot where the names were inscribed of those persons who gained the prize for music in the

theatre, and where the tripod of Apollo was placed. A few washerwomen were the only visible nymphs now haunting the fountain. Casting one more lingering look at the lovely prospect from the mill, I reluctantly turned from it to the carriage.

We next drove towards the street conducting to Tycha, one of the five cities\* that constituted the ancient Syracuse: and is now known by the name of the Street of Tombs. It takes its way amidst heaps of confused masses of rock, out of whose surface it was hewn, and is bounded on each side by sepulchres. One of these is pointed out as the tomb of Archimedes, and although the most credulous cannot but feel sceptical upon the subject, yet the name attached to it, however fabulously, adds to the interest with which it is contemplated, and heightens the admiration bestowed upon the beautiful Doric column and architrave at its entrance, sculptured out of the native rock. In the interior

\* The five cities were—"The Island of Ortygia" (the modern town); "Epipolæ;" "Acradina;" "Tycha;" and "Neapolis."

are several cavities and niches for cinerary urns. From this spot a fine view of the city is obtained.



Not far off is shewn the last resting-place of Timoleon, the conqueror of the cruel tyrant Dionysius the Younger. The mere fact of treading the very ground where these celebrated characters of antiquity lived and died is in itself so gratifying, that one is ready to forgive the small impositions practised upon one's credulity as to the identical sites of their sepulture.

The *coup d'œil* of this Street of Tombs is

singular in the highest degree. The ground, so fertile every where else, is here sterile and barren, only affording nourishment to a few wild herbs and thistles, and a beautiful blue flower I have never previously met with. Large fragments of rocks, interspersed with tombs, lay scattered in wild confusion; the latter bearing here and there the remains of a Doric column or pedestal: but no inscriptions are to be found. I climbed up to one upon a high rock above the rest; it appeared unusually magnificent.

Beyond the sepulchres to the right and left of the road were several square blocks of various sizes, hewn out of the rock, and arranged without any order. It is not known what they could have been intended for, as no traces of letters have been found upon them; nor could they have been meant to ornament the street, for there appears no design or symmetry in their arrangement. Farther on are some large heaps of stones, supposed to have formed part of the ancient city walls.

Turning from this scene of desolation we again descended into the fertile plain below,



and drove towards the first Christian church in Sicily; it is dedicated to St. John. In our way I remarked some extensive fields of chili, growing in great luxuriance.

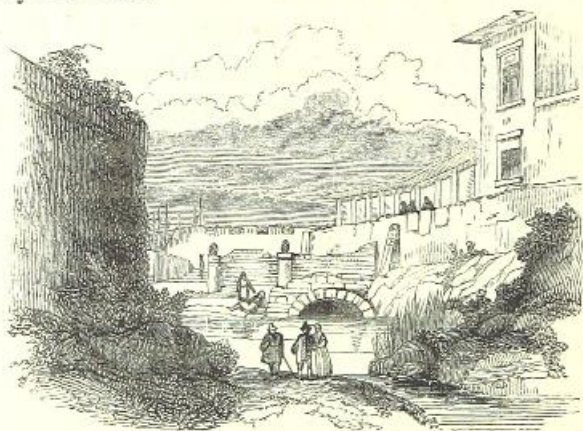
The exterior of the church is now white-washed, but several Grecian fragments and pillars are built into the walls. Excepting a rose window, there is nothing remarkable in the interior. I did not accompany the gentlemen into the crypt, from whence there is an entrance to the catacombs, the resort of the early Christians.

We now drove back to the town, and proceeded up the principal street to the Cathedral, which faces a large, handsome, open square. The front is modern, but it is supposed to occupy the site of the ancient Temple of Minerva. It was converted into a church in the twelfth century. Thirty-four magnificent Doric columns are still standing; I observed eleven of these built into the side wall; they are raised on a platform, and without bases: the shafts are about twenty-five feet high, and the capitals three feet.

Passing by the Capuchin Convent, a hand-



some and venerable-looking building, we arrived at the celebrated "Fountain of Arethusa," of which all the poets have sung, and every historian has praised the excellence: according to Strabo and Diodorus, it was so abundant as to contain fish of the largest size, and, above all, was honoured as the protecting Nymph of Syracuse.\* It is now reduced to a common washing-pool, and the stream that formerly received divine honours is used to cleanse the dirty linen of the Syracusans.



\* Arethusa, one of the Sicilides, is fabled to have been transformed into a fountain by Diana, while flying from the pursuit of Alpheus.

There is nothing very striking in the modern city; the streets are regular, but look thinly inhabited. I remarked several handsome balconies, and many ruined pillars and archways built into the walls of the houses.

It was now time for us to re-embark, so, seating ourselves in a boat, we waited until our American friend had settled the expenses, which it was agreed he should manage, although he did not speak a word of Italian; but his talents for bargaining were far too prominent to be thrown away.

*Apropos* of this gentleman, I must mention a trait of Yankee invention that quite delighted me. The sun being exceedingly powerful, and I having nothing to shade me from it but a very small parasol, it was proposed he should lend me his umbrella. I observed that it looked in a very dilapidated condition, but of course said nothing; and my impression was confirmed when our English friend, who was attempting to put it up for me, turned to the other and said, "I cannot manage it."—"Hold it up so that it may

catch the air, and then give it a sudden jerk," said the American. This process was successful, and once up, I took no further notice of it, until upon closing it sometime afterwards, it all fell disjointed again, every whalebone hanging out loose as if broken. The Englishman called my attention to it, by saying,— "You hold in your hand one of the most curious things, perhaps, you have seen to-day."— "A broken umbrella?" said I, laughing.— "Far from being broken," answered he, "it is one of the last inventions of New York; its apparently mutilated state is only counterfeit, and intended for its own preservation, or rather that of its owner, who has never lost an umbrella since he bought it: for put it down where he will, either in ship, club, or coach, no one would think it worth their while to take such a useless-looking thing."—"Is it not a capital idea?" said the American; "it has saved me many a dollar."

## CHAPTER V.

Agosta—Catania—Harbour—Mount Etna—Fête of St. Antonio—Landing—Quay—Street—Drive—Museum—Costume of Women—Promenade—Flowers—Races—Town—Lava—Aqueduct, &c.—Antiquities—Gay Scene—Toilette—Cathedral—Elephant Obelisk—Theatre—Dinner—Specimens of Lava and Amber—Fête—Messina from the Sea—Marina—Hotel Vittoria—Town—Churches—Market—Cattle—Harbour—Passengers—Coast of Sicily—Impressions—Calabria—Faro of Messina—Reggio Charybdis—Straits—Scylla—Lipari Isles—Stromboli—Three Volcanoes—Tropea—Gulf of St. Euphemia—Pizzo—Murat—Dinner—Evening.





## CHAPTER V.

WE were soon steaming away at a rapid pace, and had left fair Syracuse in the distance. We kept very near the shore—which looked lovely from the sea; in a few hours we passed Agosta, a pretty little town and harbour. As we approached nearer to its foot, Etna, in its colossal beauty, appeared to dilate before us, towering like a giant towards the sky. Traces of lava became more and more frequent, until the whole plain appeared more or less encrusted with it; vegetation, nevertheless, did not, except near the more recent layers, seem at all impeded.

At length, about four o'clock, we cast anchor in the roadstead of Catania, formed, in a great measure, by an immense stream of

lava rocks, running in a line from the town far into the sea. The effect is surprisingly singular and beautiful; the bank of jet black cinder, curving round the right of the bay, and confining the view on that side by its fearful height and thickness, looking as fresh and recent as when, during the eruption of 1669, it first ran boiling and hissing into the water, leads the eye onwards until it rests on the adjoining magnificent mole, formed of the same material and at the same period when the ancient city was entirely destroyed. But Catania, like Portici, has risen, century after century, over its own volcanic ruins; although it knows the destiny that awaits it, and the voice of warning calls from the subterranean remains of its former self, it listens with a happy indifference, and allows the terrible sounds to be hushed by the soothing murmur of the bright blue sea that bathes it.

But the aspect of these enchanting regions accounts for the carelessness of its inhabitants. As soon as Nature has ceased to destroy, she becomes so beautiful, so laughing, and effaces so shortly almost all traces of her

former rigour, that she imperceptibly allures forgetfulness. Nothing can be more enchanting than these plains of Catania; this land of fire is carpeted with the richest fertility, differing from any other, for it charms the sight as much as it administers to the luxury of man. On whichever side one turns, new beauties arise, and it escapes, by the variety of its scenery, and the diversity of its forms, the monotony of sublimity too often repeated: in one word, it combines all the elements of loveliness, sea, woods, plains, mountain—and that mountain is Etna.

The appearance of the town from the sea is very striking; it looks as if almost buried in the lava that surrounds it, while the domes and spires of its numerous churches rise towering from the midst. The view is bounded by verdant mountains, linked to the sea by lovely plains of vine, corn, orange, and olive; while towering behind the city, or rather rising from the very waters, for the city climbs its base, stands gigantic Etna, in all its beauty and magnificence, its snowy peak gilded by the sun, while groves of chest-

nut-trees form a verdant girdle around its centre.

I was quite riveted to the deck with admiration of this unrivalled scene. When we cast anchor, the sun was getting rather low in the horizon, throwing the deepest and most effective shadows around, relieved by brilliant lights, while the bright blue of the Mediterranean was variegated into a tint of transparent green, that ran in a sloping line towards the land, and embraced the harbour in the same hue, producing a most singular effect.

It was Sunday, and the Fête of St. Antonio, and hundreds of boats full of gaily dressed people were plying in every direction. The Ercolano was soon so surrounded by boatmen quarrelling who should convey the passengers on shore, that it was a difficult task to succeed in seating one's self safely in any of their boats. At length, however, we landed on the quay, which presented the most lively and bustling scene imaginable. It appears that we had happened to visit Catania on one of its greatest gala days ; the

inhabitants were all in their holyday costume, and seemed hurrying on, bent upon amusement. Flags were flying on all sides, extensive scaffoldings and preparations for fireworks and illuminations were going forward, and a gilt altar, profusely ornamented, was raised in a conspicuous part of the quay.

Numerous public games were exhibiting, amongst others, a small joust, similar to the one we saw at Malta. Making our way through this happy and merry throng, we took our road to the hotel, where it was agreed that we should dine, our party consisting of our two acquaintances of the morning, an English gentleman and his Spanish wife, and ourselves. As no sitting-room was to be had, we were obliged to turn a bedroom into our *salle à manger*.

The preliminaries of ordering the dinner being arranged, it was proposed that we should sally out, and see what we could of the town during the three intervening hours. Accordingly, a convenient open carriage was procured, and we first drove to the museum of the Principe Biscari, a wealthy and en-



lightened nobleman, a native of Catania. It is considered one of the best in Italy, and although we were hurried through it, and had not time to note many of the unique objects it contains, I never was more gratified with the sight of any collection than with this. Every object was well and clearly arranged, the apartments were good, and the light well thrown. A court-yard in the centre contained an obelisk and some larger specimens of sculpture. The collection of bronzes was very fine, and that of the vases of Sicilian pottery interested me particularly ; for they were almost all found in the neighbourhood of Catania ; many of them were of an immense size and elegantly formed.

Amongst the statues I remarked the fragment of a beautiful figure, supposed to have been a Bacchus ; it was found in the ruins of the Forum, and is considered a very fine specimen of Grecian sculpture : also an exquisite figure of a child sleeping upon a cushion, carved in lava ; and several magnificent antique heads and bassi relievi of the same material. I also admired some fine figures in mosaic.

The great interest of this museum is, that it consists almost entirely of objects found upon the spot, illustrating the ancient and modern history of the city in which it stands. The walls of many of the apartments were inlaid with antique inscriptions.

The collection of ancient coins and medals is one of the most perfect in the world, and the display of shells and other branches of natural history is very much admired.

From the museum we drove through the centre of the town, towards the street that commences the ascent of the mountain. I had no idea it was so large and extensive a place; the houses, or rather the palaces (for exteriorly, at least, they deserve to be so named), are regularly and very handsomely built; the streets are wide and spacious, and give one more the idea of those of some great capital than of a provincial town.

After we had driven about a mile, we commenced a steep ascent up the side of Etna. Here was the great rendezvous of the fête, whither the light-hearted inhabitants had been flocking. A triumphal arch

of evergreens was erected, as well as great preparations for fire-works. I scarcely ever beheld such a throng of people; for they formed one unbroken mass for at least a mile, and their gay costumes added animation to the scene.

The ordinary dress of the Sicilian women is very picturesque; it consists of a long black silk cloak, covering the head and reaching almost to the feet: its effect is something similar to the *faldette* of the Maltese, but it is much more ample, concealing almost the whole figure, and, instead of being fulled at the end, the gathers are placed on one side of the waist, giving rather a coquettish effect. But to-day, although many appeared in this dress, the majority were enveloped in silk shawls of dazzling colours, such as green, red, but chiefly of the brightest orange; these were thrown over their heads, but did not hang low enough to conceal the smart petticoats beneath. At a little distance they looked almost like a bed of tulips, and they lost nothing by being surveyed more minutely; for many of them were very handsome, and

almost all were tall and of commanding figures.

Passing at a foot's pace through this happy multitude we continued our road, being anxious to see as much as possible of the mountain. The limits of the town are terminated in a handsome circular promenade, shaded with fine trees, and commanding, from the rocky acclivity on which it is formed, the most enchanting *coup d'œil* that can be imagined; the mountain above, the beautiful lava-girt and sea-washed town below, hill and dale, groves and villages, spread around in delightful and harmonising contrast, which no pen can describe or pencil portray.

The road from hence became more steep and rocky, but still we persevered, although some gathering clouds had obscured the mountain-top. Wild flowers of many kinds were growing around; I observed, amongst others, profusions of heliotrope, and some magnificent lilies. G. succeeded in digging up a few of their immense bulbous roots;



the flower-stalks were from four to six feet high.

At last the carriage came to a stand-still, and the coachman refused to drive us any farther, as the ascent was too steep for his horses. We were just meditating whether to compel him to proceed or not, when the loud shouts of the multitude below attracted our attention; we inquired the cause, and heard that some races were going forward. This decided us, and we agreed to return and see the sport, instead of pursuing our road up the mountain, which, from the lateness of the hour and the lowness of the clouds, did not promise any satisfactory result.

We were not long in rejoining the merry throng, and took up our station near the promenade I mentioned before. The first heat being just over, we had to wait some time before the second began. It was quite extraordinary to see the good order and good humour that prevailed amongst the thickly crowded populace; there was neither confusion nor quarrelling.



At length we saw, by the opening of the crowd at the bottom of the street near the triumphal arch, that the horses had started, and we soon perceived them coming up. They were four in number, and without riders, the whip and spur being replaced by a number of gunpowder crackers tied to the tail and mane and round the body; these going off from time to time frightened the animals on at redoubled speed. They came kicking and prancing up, much to the delight of the people and to my terror. Men were stationed at certain distances upon each side the road to keep the horses in the proper track. The winning-post was just above us. Our curiosity satisfied, we drove off to see something more of the town. Traces of the terrible eruptions and the earthquakes, of so frequent occurrence in this city, placed, as it were, upon the brink of eternity, are every where visible. The streets, the soil, the walls, and the houses, are all composed of lava; the ruins of the former town are of the same material, and the streams that ran through its very centre are distinctly traced.

In many places the shattered remains of antiquity raise their rugged forms amidst the uniform rows of modern building. I was particularly struck with the beautiful ruins of an aqueduct, an arch of which was every now and then to be seen rearing its head above the wreck of its fellows. In the same direction we saw vestiges of one of the two theatres that adorned ancient Catania; it was supposed to be of Grecian construction. In another part were the remains of the Temple of Ceres. In short, the whole plain towards the mountain was scattered with interesting relics of former ages, which I should have delighted in exploring, but was only tantalised by catching a passing view of them.

As we returned into the principal streets of the town we met crowds of handsome equipages, filled with ladies in full dress; that is to say, with short sleeves, long gloves, and low gowns. Some wore bonnets, and some not; but all looked *en toilette de bal*. It appeared, however, that they were only driving up and down to enjoy the beauty of the evening, and to see and be seen. Gentle-

men, *en grande parure*, were riding or lolling in elegant carriages lined with silk. The balconies of the palace-like houses were also filled with ladies, bowing and laughing to the fashionable carriage-crowd in the street, that moved at a foot's pace. I was quite surprised, and unable to account for this display of wealth, in what I imagined to be a mere provincial town. I never saw more dressy carriages, or a greater appearance of that ease which characterises good society, than in the pretty throng I have described.

We followed the train, and passed through the Piazza del Duomo. The cathedral is the largest in Sicily, and its front is ornamented with six granite columns, taken from the ancient theatre. I did not visit the interior.

In the centre of the square is an obelisk, composed of red Egyptian granite, supported upon the back of an elephant of Etna lava. Both the figure and the column are antique.

The fashionable drive continued from the Piazza up another long, handsome street, terminated by an archway. About the centre of it are the ruins of the great theatre,

considered larger than that of Marcellus at Rome. It is supposed to be Grecian, but is almost hidden by a number of modern houses built over it.

The evening closed in before we had time to visit the amphitheatre, and we returned to the hôtel to dinner, which was very well served, and every thing excellent of its kind. The fruits of Etna are proverbial for their size and flavour, and the wine of Catania is esteemed the best in Sicily: that which we tasted was red, and very strong; it is thought to resemble Cyprus wine.

After dinner, a man brought some beautiful specimens of polished lava for sale; there are not so many varieties of colour in that of Etna as of Vesuvius. We were also shewn several fine pieces of amber, great quantities of which are found in the neighbourhood.

At about nine o'clock G. and I returned to the vessel, leaving our friends to prolong their stroll through the illuminated streets; those we traversed were perfectly dazzling; and the whole of the inhabitants appeared to be abroad, so crowded was every thoroughfare.



Approaching the quay, the blaze of light became redoubled. The gilded altar we had seen by day-light was now illuminated by thousands of tapers, rendering it almost too brilliant to look at. A band of music was playing close by ; numbers of carriages, filled with ladies and gentlemen, were drawn up in line, to witness the fireworks, and the intervening space was occupied by the happy peasantry. As we rowed away from the shore, it appeared almost as if we were gliding into chaos, so black and dark looked the waters, compared with the dazzling scene we had just left. But, although the moon had not yet risen, the night was lovely, and the soft perfumed breezes, wafted over lemon and orange groves, made me feel as if in the precincts of fairy-land. This illusion was increased by the lighted crescent of the town, glittering like diamonds in the distance, the soft strains of music swelling and sinking on the ear, and every now and then the meteor-like blaze of the fireworks shooting high into the air. I could have gazed long upon this



scene, but we had reached the steamer, and, tired with the day's exertions, I was obliged to retire to my cabin.

*September 5th.*—My eyes closed last night upon Catania, slumbering, or rather sparkling, at the foot of colossal Etna ; this morning they opened upon the lovely basin of Messina, hemmed in by a low range of verdant mountains, and formed, according to the poetry of pagan mythology, by the scythe of Saturn, when he dropped it from the sky.

But, before I begin describing, I must mention how much our equanimity was disturbed, when, on coming upon deck, just after a heavy shower, which had ushered in the morning, we were told that not only we must go on shore before we could get any breakfast, but that we should not be allowed to sleep on board to-night, as the ship was not going to start till to-morrow morning. This appeared very like playing into the hands of the innkeepers. At all events, these vessels generally manage to arrive just in time to breakfast and dine on shore. In

fine weather this is all very well, but when wet, it is exceedingly disagreeable.

All our fellow-passengers had landed before us ; but, just as we were stepping into a boat, we received a note from our American friend, to say that he had secured some rooms for us at the Hôtel Victoria. This restored our good humour, and the weather having cleared up, and it appearing now quite fine, I was able to look around me and admire, and really judging from what I have seen of Sicily, one has room for no other sentiment while viewing her lovely shores, replete as they are with beauty in every variety of shade.

Messina certainly differs from all other places I have seen, and its *tout ensemble* appears almost unique, both in form and feature. Its situation and its port can be compared to none. It seems as if Nature had wished to prove to Art, that the work of her hands is infinitely more perfect and more majestic than any thing that can be produced by human science or labour. An arm of earth and sand stretches towards the

sea, in the form of a semicircle, embracing the best and finest harbour in the world, in which more than a thousand vessels may remain, secure from every wind, and in every season.

From the sea the town looks exceedingly handsome and imposing. The houses skirting the Marina, amongst others a small palace belonging to the king, are regular and well built; and rising immediately behind them is a semicircle of the most verdant and sunny hills that can be imagined. The Faro, sweeping round from the right, encloses the harbour on that side, and a blue line of waters, visible across its sandy belt, forms the straits which divide Sicily from the magnificent coast of Calabria, towering in unrivalled beauty, enclosing the view in that direction, and making the harbour of Messina appear like an inland sea. A small fort in the centre of the bay is appropriated to a lazaretto.

We first rowed to the custom-house, where our few packages were examined, and from thence to the Marina, where we landed, and

proceeded to the hôtel to breakfast. We found it exceedingly comfortable, and well arranged. One side faces the Marina and the lovely shores of Calabria, and the other looks into one of the principal streets of Messina. The houses are in general low, and the streets wide. The whole town is modern, as the ancient city was completely destroyed in the earthquake of 1783, and the consequence is, that it presents scarcely any thing worthy of note, excepting its magnificent situation and its beautiful scenery. I was too unwell to leave the house. G., however, went out, and visited several of the churches, of which there are a great number, but almost all of an inferior description.

*September 6th.*—As soon as breakfast was over we hurried off to the steamer. In our way we passed the market; it was well supplied with the finest fruit and vegetables of all sorts. Numbers of the magnificent bullocks of the country, generally speaking, of a pearl-white colour, were standing on the quay, harnessed to their loads.

We were on board nearly an hour before



we started, and I had ample leisure, while sitting under the awning upon deck, to impress on my memory the lovely panorama around me, where cypress, chestnut, olive, and orange-clothed mountains threw their shadows over the dark-blue sea; and the harbour filled with vessels, whose white sails were swelling in the breeze.

The day was splendid, and the water as smooth and brilliant as a mirror; this was very fortunate, for more reasons than one. The Ercolano's passengers had increased from about one to four hundred, men, women, and children, bound to the great fête that annually takes place at Naples on the 8th of September; they were very smartly and gaily dressed, most of the women without bonnets, and all were laughing and chatting merrily. A few lurches of the vessel would assuredly have changed the scene, and made it unbearable. As it was, there was scarcely room to sit down upon deck, and the ship seemed quite sunk in the water with the weight. I congratulated myself upon having a private cabin, for our poor Spanish friend,



whose berth was in that appropriated to the ladies, was obliged to share it with all the fair denizens of Messina, who, although many were very pretty, were all equally dirty in their habits.

At length we were under way, and gliding out of the harbour, for no motion was perceptible, so smooth was the sea; and I only knew we were *en route* by watching the retiring spires of Messina, and the sunny scenery of Sicily, enamelled with the richest hues, passing with magic lantern-like dreaminess before my eyes. Smiling villages peeping from the midst of luxuriant vineyards climbing the sides of the wooded hills, churches and towers raising their heads above the forest-tipped mountains, the perfume from the groves of orange, lemon, and citron, wafted towards us by the faint sea-breeze, made me feel almost as if breathing poetry.

I could have gazed on this scene for ever; but my eyes and attention were called away to the other side of the vessel, where towered the lofty and magnificent coast of Calabria,

whose beauty is of so elevated and majestic a character as to mingle awe with admiration. Precipices of the most enchanting verdure rise straight from the sea, and the only means of reaching their summits appears to be by following the track of the mountain torrents, which have worn themselves a silvery path amongst the self-sown forests. And this is the land of the luxuriant Sybarites ! Certainly there could not be a region more calculated to lull all care and labour into forgetfulness than this, where Nature herself seems called into being, and dressed in her most gorgeous apparel, without any other effort than that of basking and expanding herself under the sunny climate and zephyr-like breezes that constantly surround her.

We were now passing the Faro of Messina, the Bosphorus of Italy. Reggio was in the distance, sleeping at the foot of the wooded craters of Calabria, reposing in the midst of pomegranate groves, her head sheltered by vine-trellises and orange-trees from the blue and cloudless sky above her, and watered by a sea of the clearest azure, divid-

ing her from fair Messina. On the point of the Faro is a ruined tower, and close by the fabled Charybdis, whose whirlpool was so much dreaded by the ancients. The captain pointed out its vortex to me, and I could distinctly distinguish the circle on the face of the calm waters around. It is formed by the meeting of two currents, the one running constantly from the north and the other from the south. The Straits in this part are little more than twelve miles in width; the coasts appear as if they had formerly joined, and had been rent asunder by some great convulsion of nature.

On the shores of Calabria is Scylla, the twin-sister of Charybdis. The town and castle to which it has lent its name are built on some projecting rocks, that seem to have been torn from a chasm in the mountains which rise behind. Jutting out into the already narrow passage of the sea, its rocky promontory forms an additional obstacle, that, in stormy weather, makes the waters rage and swell, almost embodying the fabled whirlpools of the ancients.

I never saw so sublime a spectacle as the passage of these magnificent Straits. The immense height of the hills made the proximity of the coasts appear greater than it really was, and the deep shadows they threw upon the water added solemnity to the scene. At a little distance they really appeared almost too narrow for the ship to pass.

Beauty succeeded beauty so quickly that I could really scarcely note what I saw. At length we bade adieu to Sicily and Etna, which overshadows the island from whence it rises. The Lipari Islands, blue in the distance, now scattered the sea on our left, while on the right still rose the Calabrian highlands, vying with each other in loveliness. Every here and there a sweet village rested on the very brink of a rock laved by the never-ebbing tide and skirted by some mountain torrent, while olive and orange-groves reared above, and vineyards hung in luxuriance around. But it is vain to attempt to describe that which exhausted my admiration while beholding it.



We saw Stromboli distinctly as we passed ; a few white clouds rested upon the summit, so that I could not distinguish its smoke. This mountain island rises precipitously from the sea ; the effect during an eruption must be very fine. G. tells me that, in 1822, when he was cruizing with the English fleet in the Mediterranean, he was once in a spot from whence he could see, at the same moment, the smoke of three volcanoes, namely, Etna, Stromboli, and Vesuvius, during the great eruption of that year.

Nearly opposite the volcano is Tropea, on the coast of Calabria ; it is built on the promontory that forms the southern side of the Gulf of St. Euphemia. We passed close under it ; it appears a considerable town, and has a very singular and picturesque effect from the sea, the walls of the houses forming an actual junction with the rocks which rise directly from the water.

Soon after we entered the gulf, more beautiful than any thing I could have imagined. On one side tower the range of Apennines in lofty magnificence, while



forests of olive-trees, woods of oranges, lemons, and citrons, hills shaded by fig-trees, and vineyards spreading in luxuriance around, are laved by the "liquid azure" of the Mediterranean. On another side is a range of green hills, a continuation of the Apennines, shaded by oak, beech, and poplar trees, with here and there a hamlet peeping between the foliage.

We hove to beneath the walls of Pizzo, built upon a rock at the extreme inlet of the gulf, and I was glad of the opportunity afforded me of pausing on this scene. But Pizzo, situated as it is in this little earthly paradise, has its tale of blood; within the walls of that picturesque tower, rearing its head over the bastions, was shot, on the 13th of October, 1815, Murat, king of Naples, famed for his valour as well as the extreme beauty of his person.\* His tomb is in the church, which Murat himself had caused to be rebuilt — affording a

\* "The signal he gave to the soldiers to fire was 'Sauvez le visage—visez au cœur.'" — *Italie Pittoresque*, —CHARLES DIDIER.

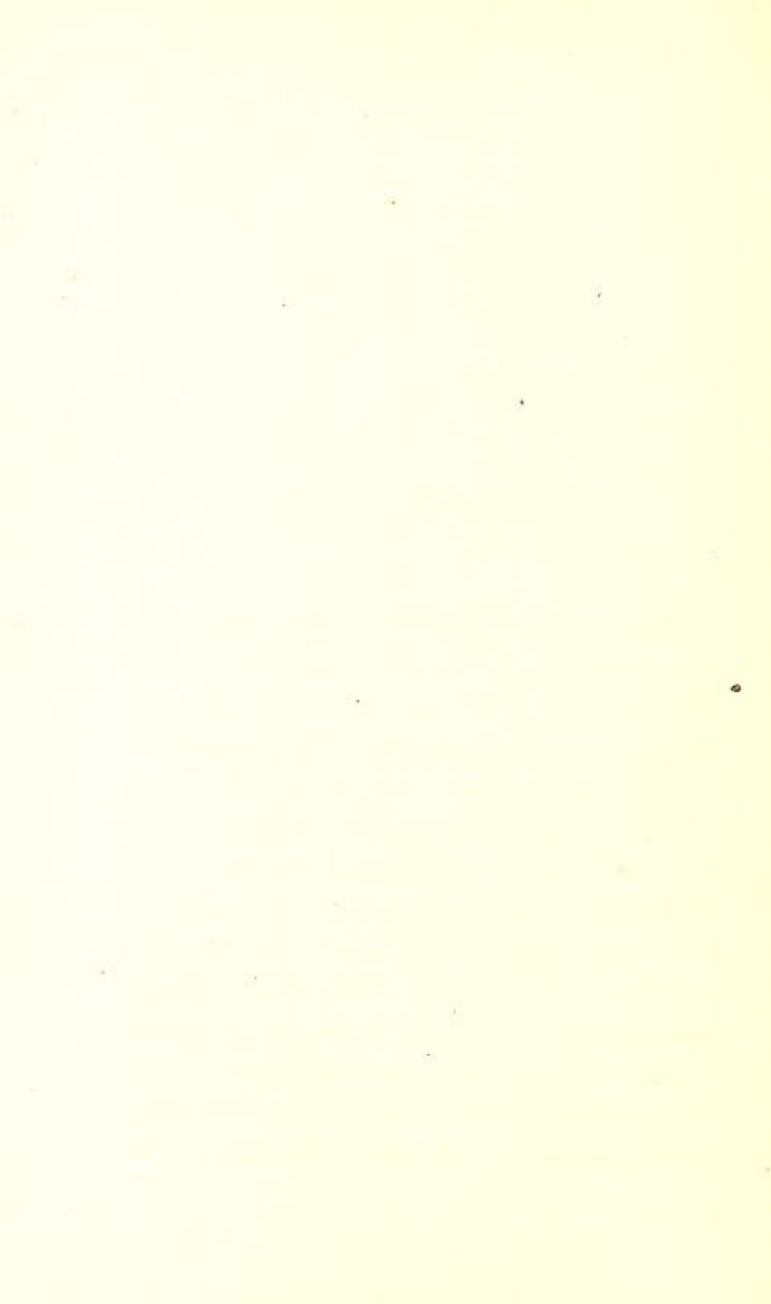
sad lesson of the mutability of earthly things.

The sun had sunk behind the hills, and night was fast approaching, as we sailed out of the lovely gulf of St. Euphemia, which lost nothing by the soft shades of twilight. But as active preparations were making upon deck to satisfy the cravings of hunger, and a chilly wind was rising, I reluctantly retired to my cabin, sighing over the many fair scenes I should lose while the vessel pursued her rapid way during the long night.



## CHAPTER VI.

Morning — Capri — Bay of Naples — Naples — Harbour — Difficulties at Landing — Custom-house — Evening Drive — Neapolitan Calessa — Grotto of Posilippo — Naples in September — People — Church of the Madonna di Pié di Grotta — Virgil's Tomb — Vineyards — View from thence — Twilight Drive — Fête of the Pié di Grotta — Peasantry — Taran-tella — Troops — Procession — Ships Illuminated.





## CHAPTER VI.

*SEPTEMBER 7th.*—What I saw on coming upon deck this morning reminded me so forcibly of all I must have missed during the night that I had scarcely any pleasure in looking around me. We were just off the island of Capri, and at the entrance of the Bay of Naples, Sorrento being to our right. With regard to the beauties of the Bay of Naples, my expectations had been raised to so high a pitch, that I felt almost disappointed at the first view of it. But this feeling was of short duration, and as the morning mists cleared away from the hills, shewing them in all their splendour, with

the town rising, tier above tier, like an amphitheatre of palaces, and Vesuvius, with its column of white smoke, standing forth from the sky in its own peculiar beauty, I acknowledged I had never before witnessed a more striking combination of the sublime and beautiful.

It would be fruitless to dwell on that which has been described and re-described, drawn and re-drawn, from the humblest prose to the most exalted poetry, and from the scratch of every common sketch-book to the easel of the greatest artists. The first view of Naples should, without doubt, be obtained from the sea, from whence the whole panorama is embraced. The city itself, crowned with the venerable fortress of St. Elmo, certainly one of the most striking features, can only be seen in its entire extent from thence; and from no other point can the vine-clad hills of Posilipo and the Vomero be viewed to such advantage. The time to *admire*, though perhaps not to *enjoy* Naples, is decidedly the summer or commencement of autumn,

when the trees are in leaf and the vineyards in full bearing. Those hills, which look brown in winter, are now clothed with verdure ; and their smiling loveliness, contrasted with the barren surface of the volcanic sentinel upon the other side of the town, enhances the effect of both.

The new palace of the king, although handsome when close to it, looks like a long barrack from the sea ; but the eye soon wanders from this building, and rests upon the Château de l'Œuf, jutting its picturesque battlements into the waters, and only joined by a long and narrow causeway to the land.

We were now at anchor within the harbour, and amongst crowds of shipping that impeded all view, and here our troubles commenced. I really thought they never would have allowed us to leave the ship. Every one of our numerous passengers was inspected by the police and the board of health ; the delay occasioned was most tedious, and the crowd upon deck

insupportable. Then we were obliged to wait until the luggage was got up from the hold, and ours having been put down nearly the first, of course came up last.

At length we were permitted to get into a boat, and were rowed to the custom-house, where they offered to let our few packages pass unexamined if we would give them a fee of three piastres ; but as we had taken care to bring nothing siezable on shore, we waited while they looked them over, and then, getting into a carriage, drove to the Chiaja. All the hôtels were nearly filled, upon the occasion of the approaching fête ; and we went from one to the other, quite in despair of getting apartments. At length we were obliged to content ourselves, for the present, with a back room in the Hôtel de la Grande Bretagne, and I really was so tired and worn out with the morning's exertions, that I could scarcely look at any thing.

However, after we had partaken of a meal that served both for breakfast and dinner, and I had rested a little, I became

more refreshed, and was ready for an evening's drive in an open carriage. The weather was glorious, and the Riviera di Chiaja, as well as the gardens of the Villa Reale, presented the gayest scene imaginable, although quite different from the winter gaiety, when crowds of smart carriages, filled with fashionables from all nations in Europe, are coursing each other up and down, as thickly almost as in Hyde Park during the London season; and thousands of many-coloured shawls and bonnets fill the avenues in the gardens. Now, on the contrary, the company are all national; here and there a carriage of a Neapolitan noble rattles along; but the chief part of the busy throng is composed of the happy peasantry. The little light, open fiacres of the place are filled with them, and are constantly passing and repassing at full speed. The Neapolitan calessa is also in great vogue, and adds much to the picturesque. These extraordinary little carriages have a body shaped like a small gig, with a large stand behind



and before, and will accommodate from ten to fourteen persons, some standing and others sitting ; the coachman generally drives from behind over the heads of all the passengers ; the vehicle is tilted up very much in front, and drawn by one horse, which is made to gallop at a furious pace. The whole affair has an extraordinary effect, and it is amusing to count the number of people, men, women, and children, that one of these carriages is made to hold.

Crowds of people are to be met at every corner, gathered round a fantocini exhibition, or enjoying the wit of an itinerant storyteller ; while others are refreshing themselves at one of the many gaily-gilded lemonade-stalls. I am convinced that this is the only season of the year to see Naples as it really is, when it is occupied by its own children, who form one of its chief and most ornamental characteristics, harmonising their lively manners with the lovely scenery around them.

Driving straight up the Chiaja we came

to the entrance of the Grotto of Posilipo, cut through the Tufo mountain, 2316 feet in length, 22 feet wide, and from 80 to 89 feet high. The road through this tunnel is lighted by lamps, kept constantly burning. Turning back, we visited the church of the "Madonna di Pié di Grotta," where the royal family are to pay their public devotions to-morrow, in honour of the fête of the nativity of the Virgin.

The church was close by, and we found many people assembled on the same errand as ourselves; it was small, but beautifully decorated with silver lamps, and the altars with a profusion of flowers of the same material, arranged in bouquets at the back, giving a brilliant and elegant effect. At one end a gallery was prepared for the orchestra, to be composed of all the first and most celebrated opera singers.

Anxious to see as much as possible during our short stay at Naples, we determined, notwithstanding our fatigue, to visit the tomb of Virgil, situated immediately above the

Grotto of Posilipo. We were obliged to ascend on foot, the steep road leading to it, and as we got higher and higher, the lovely landscape became more and more enchanting. The tomb stands in the midst of an enclosed vineyard, and the path leading to it was almost blocked up by the long clusters of grapes hanging from the vine trellises above our heads. The vineyards of Italy, unlike those of France and Switzerland, which look like so many stunted currant-bushes, grow up the stems of the trees, and are trained from one to the other, until they form a continuous arbour, from whence the purple and white bunches hang in the thickest and most luxuriant profusion, realising all one's poetic ideas of vineyard scenery. Culling the refreshing fruit as we proceeded, and threading through the narrow path, we at length descended some rude steps, which brought us to the tomb of the great Latin poet. Straggling shrubs grow over the dome that marks the spot; in the interior are empty niches for cine-

rary urns. There are two posterior inscriptions to his memory, one more ancient and



the other modern. Close by is the monument of a young German lady, who died at the age of eighteen ; the affecting epitaph inscribed upon her tomb is doubtless often read by the pilgrims to the poet's grave, and her sorrowing friends could not have chosen a better spot to have kept her memory alive.

The view from this abode of the dead is lovely beyond description. It is bounded on one side by the majestic Apennines, with Vesuvius in their foreground, the bright bay



washing its base, which in its turn is bordered by Portici, Torre del Greco, and farther on by Castellamare and Sorrento, backed by the lofty mountain of St. Angelo and the hills towards La Cava. In another direction rises the bright blue land of Capri, while beneath lies the city sleeping at the foot of a mountain, crowned by the turrets of St. Elmo. A soft hue pervaded the whole scene, blending it in one lovely picture, and throwing around that ideal dreaminess which is to be found only in Italian landscapes.

Returning to the carriage, we took several turns up the Riviera di Chiaja and the Chiatamone to Santa Lucia. The sun had sunk long before our return home, and the soft beauty of twilight, added to the mild and balmy air, different from any I had ever felt before, enhanced rather than detracted from the admiration I experienced when first beholding this lovely spot. Vesuvius by moonlight is as captivating as Vesuvius standing forth and issuing its smoky vapours in the clear and azure brightness of an Italian sky; while the darkened shadows cast over



the smiling bay are enlivened by the lights of hundreds of fishing-boats. Thus closed our first day at Naples.

*September 8th.*—Early this morning regiment after regiment were following each other up the broad road of the Chiaja, and the opposite gardens of the Villa Reale were thronged with peasants in the gay and picturesque costumes of Capri, Ischia, and Procida, who congregate at this annual festival of the Madonna di Pié di Grotta. Many of the dresses were very handsome; several of the women wore velvet bodices, worked in gold lace, and scarlet satin petticoats; they were covered with a profusion of ornaments, necklaces, bracelets, and large earrings, four inches broad; the hair was tastefully dressed, and secured with numerous gold pins. The women of Ischia were provided with ornamented clogs, while those from some other part wore spangled slippers of many colours. The costume of the men consisted generally of cloth jackets, ornamented with velvet, and scarlet waistcoats, embroidered with gold lace; they wore knee-

breeches, and high sugar-loafed hats completed the picturesqueness of their costume.

Groups of people were gathered around temporary lemonade and ice stalls, or refreshing themselves under the shade of the trees. In some parts a musician was delighting his audience with a comic song, and their satisfaction was evident by the varied and excited expression of their countenances. Another knot of countrymen were crowding to see two women dancing the tarantella; one of them was very handsome, and the lively movements of this national dance displayed her to advantage. The music was played by a young girl on the tambourine, which she accompanied with her voice. The effect of this rural assemblage under the shadow of the fine trees in the garden, and wandering amongst the many walks, interspersed with flowery parterres, was novel and beautiful in the highest degree, and the bright beams of a cloudless sky heightened the colouring of the scene.

At an early hour G. walked to the chapel of the Madonna di Pié di Grotta, which

we visited yesterday. Mass was performing, and it was very crowded; he bought at the door one of the numerous medals that are struck in commemoration of the fête.

At twelve o'clock a gun was fired on board the admiral's ship, as a signal to dress up the men-of-war that were ranged in line along the bay opposite the Chiaja: they were seven in number. The flags that decorated every part of the rigging were hoisted instantaneously and without any confusion; they looked very pretty, waving in the breeze.

We now established ourselves in the balcony to witness the procession. Troops had been marching up the whole morning, but still nothing but plumes and helmets were to be seen, extending the whole length of the street, about a mile in extent; they all marched past in the most beautiful order, with colours flying and bands playing. They were, almost without exception, fine young men, and the uniforms of every regiment were remarkable for their smartness and expensive quality. The King of Naples, I am told, prides him-

self much upon the dress and accoutrements of his troops; but why he keeps such an immense military force is difficult to imagine. As they passed on, they formed in line upon each side of the road, a double row of cavalry being stationed next the houses, and another of infantry upon the path near the gardens, until, at length, the whole way from the king's palace to the chapel was flanked with nodding plumes and shining bayonets. There were present from 30,000 to 40,000 troops, it being the grandest military fête which takes place at Naples, and all the regiments that can be spared are called in for the occasion from every other part of the kingdom. The space between the lines was entirely cleared, no carriages or foot-passengers being allowed to pass. Every window and balcony was crowded to excess by well-dressed people; the gardens were thronged with the peasants; and the bright rays of the sun shining upon the scene gave a most striking and brilliant effect to the whole.

At about three o'clock the guns of the Cas-



tello Nuovo announced that the king had left the palace, and about a quarter of an hour afterwards those of the Château de l'Œuf proclaimed that the procession had reached thus far. Soon after we saw it winding round the Chiatamone, and as it proceeded along the Chiaja the men-of-war discharged their broadsides in succession, until the peal was taken up by the roar of the artillery of St. Elmo.

The procession, one of the most splendid sights imaginable, was composed of twenty-one state-carriages, all drawn by six or eight horses. The king and queen were seated in the thirteenth, drawn by eight iron-greys, decorated with plumes of feathers; the harness was of crimson and gold. The state-coach had windows all round, and the panels were covered with sheet gold, upon which the royal arms were embossed in silver; a large crown and plumes being placed upon the top. After their majesties followed all the members of the royal family, each in separate carriages, even to the baby of a year old. Several of the cavalry regiments



forming part of the procession, were magnificently attired, and their bands of wind instruments remarkably fine.

The military music here is certainly very superior, and the bands are admirably trained and conducted. We counted on the present occasion no less than thirty-four musicians and twenty-one drummers in that of one regiment of the line.

The procession proceeded at a foot's pace, and the troops remained under arms during the whole time the king was paying his devotions to the Madonna. In about an hour and a half they returned, in the same order in which they had arrived, and as soon as they reached the palace the troops began to disperse; but it was quite evening before the streets were cleared of the martial multitude.

Long after the sun had set in all its glory, the avenues of the Villa Reale still resounded with the laugh and song of the merry peasantry, who were regaling themselves with ice and lemonade, plentifully dealt out to them. In one instance the stall appeared

to be superintended by a priest in his robes and canonicals, who also received the money ; whether for the benefit of the Virgin or not I do not know, but a priest and an ice-vendor seemed rather incongruous.

We lingered long at the windows, contemplating the lovely scene before us ; the placid bay sleeping in the moonlight, and the ports, masts, yards, and stays of the men-of-war, illuminated with hundreds of lamps, tracing their elegant forms in lines of fire, as they lay anchored, beyond the dark foliage of the evergreen oaks of the Villa Reale just below us.



## CHAPTER VII.

Railroad—Road to Pompeii—Diomedes' Villa—Portantini—Street of Tombs—Herculaneum Gate—Sentry-Box—Via Consularis—Shops—Custom-House—Baker's Shop—Chemist's Shop—Private Houses—House of Sallust—Public Fountains—Strada delle Terme—Pansa's House—Public Baths—House of the Dramatic Poet—Grottos—Great Mosaic—Mosaic of Nile—Wine Jars—Forum—Temple of Jupiter—Temple of Venus—Basilica—Senate House—House of the Boar—Queen's House—Temple of Hercules—Tragic Theatre—Temple of Isis—Æsculapius' Temple—Comic Theatre—Ancient Barracks—Wild Aloes—Railroad—Portici—Dinner—Herculaneum—Streets—Houses—Temple of Mercury—Temple of Victory—Prison—The Quay—The Sea—Statues of the Balbi—Peasant Woman—Storm.





## CHAPTER VII.

*SEPTEMBER 9th.*—We breakfasted early this morning and started for Pompeii by the railroad lately opened between Naples and Castellamare, passing through Portici, Torre del Greco, and Torre della Nunziata. It runs nearly the whole way close to the sea, and is bounded on the other side, excepting where the black lava of Vesuvius has destroyed vegetation, by vineyards now in all their luxuriance and beauty, flourishing over the ruins of by-gone ages, and bending beneath their refreshing clusters. We constantly passed the shaft of a beautiful pillar or some other remains of antiquity, which had been lately excavated, and really, as we were hissing by, it seemed almost like sacrilege to convert this venerable

ground to the service of railroad innovation. But I comforted myself by thinking that, had it not been for this facility, I might have left Naples without having seen a place I had so long desired to visit.

From many points, the view of the city, the bay, and the contiguous islands, is exquisite. In whatever direction this ravishing scenery is beheld, it seems surpassingly beautiful, and every time it is viewed it appears to gain in loveliness. Numerous pretty little villas are constantly to be seen scattered about, peeping from the midst of fig-orchards and vineyards ; but as we approached Torre del Greco the devastating effects of the lava became more plainly visible, and its huge streams of destruction rose, black, bare, and rugged, from the midst of the surrounding fertility. The town is a considerable place, and, like Catania, has risen over its own ruins ; its heedless inhabitants, reckless of the warning given them by the total destruction of the former village in the eruption of 1794, have erected their habitations within the very territory the destroying

mountain has marked, as it were, for its own.

In order to save time, we stopped at Torre della Nunziata, instead of going on to Castellamare, where the best carriages are to be procured, and got into an indifferent sort of vehicle, which we engaged to take us to Pompeii, only a few miles distant. There are two roads, we took that which formerly connected it in a straight line with Herculaneum. At length we stopped under the shade of some lofty trees, and found ourselves close to the remains of what is called the Villa of Diomedes, situated outside the walls of the town, and at the end of the Street of Tombs.

Leaving the carriage, and taking a guide, we proceeded to explore this mansion of former greatness. We first descended to the cellar, where numerous skeletons were found, and saw the impression of a female form against the wall, described by Bulwer, in his "Last Days" of this devoted city, to be that of the ill-fated Julia, Diomedes' daughter. From thence we wandered through the numerous

apartments, whose fresco-painted walls attest the richness of this suburban villa, which, unlike the houses within the town, was composed of two stories. The hot and cold baths, with the luxurious arrangements attending them, are all to be distinctly traced. We walked upon the terrace looking into the former garden when it was first disinterred; a man with a key in his hand, and another with a lamp and a purse full of money, were found at the gate, evidently in the act of attempting to escape, when they were overwhelmed by the surrounding destruction.

But I must hurry on, and not dwell upon the description of a place so often and so minutely portrayed by others. Not being strong enough to walk, I was carried in a *portantini*, a chair fixed upon two long poles, and borne by a couple of men, who stopped at the entrance of those houses I wished to visit; and I advise every one who is not strong to adopt this plan, and also to be provided with a large umbrella, to ward off the scorching rays of the sun.

We first passed up the Street of Tombs,

I think one of the most interesting parts of the city, displaying as it does several magnificent cenotaphs of white marble, bearing the names of those who have slept beneath them for so many centuries, as freshly and distinctly as if engraved there yesterday, and who would probably have passed away from the memory of man but for this second interment, which has thus preserved their names to posterity.

We now reached the walls of the city, and entered it by the Herculaneum gate, guarded by a small stone sentry-box : here the skeleton of a soldier, with his lance and armour, was found at his post, where he must have remained firm even in that dreadful hour. The armour is still preserved in the Museum at Naples. The gateway is composed of three arches, those on either side being appropriated for foot-passengers, and the one in the centre for carriages. The marks of wheels, worn into the pavement, are to be distinctly traced in all the streets. The Via Consularis, which we now entered,



is of great length, and the roofless houses on each side of it are replete with interest. The sea, although now about a mile distant, formerly washed this quarter of the city, where the custom-house is still standing. When this building was first excavated, an immense number of curious weights and steel-yards were found in it. Most of the shops were in this vicinity, and the different trades they were devoted to are expressed by astonishingly well-preserved fresco-paintings upon their walls and counters. Those supposed to have been inns or refreshment-houses have cups and bottles, represented in front of them. One shop is pointed out as a soap-manufactory, another as one of oil. But the most interesting are the bakers' shops; there are a great number with the corn-mills still standing; and many of the ovens were found with bread half-baked in them. The names of the manufacturers of the mills are engraved upon each, and that of the proprietor of every house is placed near the door. In the chemists' shops

were jars of drugs, retaining their natural odour, although buried for so many centuries.

Some of the private houses are exceedingly magnificent; the mosaic and inlaid marble floors are fresh and perfect as ever, and the exquisite fresco-painted walls remain as models for modern artists. The abode of Caius Sallust, in the Via Consularis, is one of the most spacious and handsome. The walls, in common with most of the other houses at Pompeii, are painted in panels of different colours, almost as bright as if only just applied, and inlaid with medallion representations of landscapes, figures, fruits, birds, and fish. In the quadrangle are remains of a handsome fountain, and a colonnade of eight columns communicates with several apartments; the larger of these served as receiving-rooms, and the smaller were bedrooms. The floor of one was inlaid with marbles of surprising beauty, and many of the frescoes were exceedingly striking; I particularly remarked one of Diana

and Actæon, and another of Mars and Venus.

One of the great attractions of Pompeii must have been its numerous fountains; several are still standing in every street, and the soft murmur of their waters no doubt delighted the ears and charmed the senses of the luxurious inhabitants.

After having visited almost every house in the Via Consularis, we turned into the wide street running across it, called the Strada delle Terme, or the Street of the Baths. Looking down its whole length the vista is exceedingly interesting, displaying Vesuvius in all its smiling majesty, contemplating as it were the city it has both destroyed and preserved; while between are the orchards and vineyards flourishing over the yet unexcavated portion of the town.

The house of the Ædile Pansa, one of the largest yet discovered, is in this quarter; it contains, beside an atrium and peristyle, a large number of sleeping-rooms. The refectory apartment in every house is known

by the pictures of fish, cakes, wine, and other eatables, invariably represented round the top of the painted wainscoting.

In this street there are two sets of public baths; the first one we visited was that devoted to the lower orders, and the next to the more wealthy of the luxurious citizens of Pompeii. It appears to have been, in common with all those of the age, the fashionable lounge, where all the news and chit-chat of the place were exchanged. Judging from what has escaped the ravages of time and volcano, the decorations must have been exquisite, and in the best taste; altogether it is wonderfully preserved, and one of the most perfect buildings in the town. The ceilings still exist, and are decorated with *bassi-relievi*. There are distinct apartments for the warm, tepid, and cold baths, and the flues for admitting the vapour may still be seen. In the warm bath is a magnificent basin of white marble, with a fountain in the centre, and another handsome circular one in the cold bath.

They appear to have been lighted from skylights, and by lamps placed in surrounding niches.

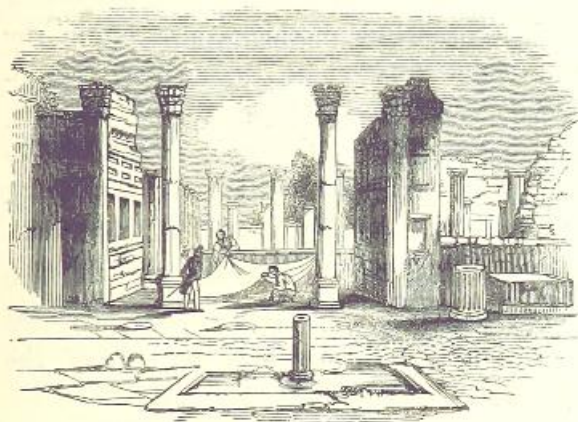
We next visited the house of the dramatic poet, one of the richest and most beautiful in Pompeii. Many of the fresco-paintings are gems of art, and prove, as they can bear comparison with the works of the greatest masters of the middle ages, the perfection of the science in that early era. Several valuable mosaics are also contained here.

Turning down the Street of Mercury, we were ushered through a gateway, kept under lock and key, into a spacious mansion. In the centre court is an ingenious grotto of shell-work, mixed with mosaics, looking as fresh as if just constructed. It was evidently a cascade, and the bronze pipes and cocks for conveying the water are still perfect. The whole house is profusely ornamented with paintings, and appears to have been very costly.

After visiting a contiguous dwelling, whose grotto and decorations surpassed



the first, we proceeded down another street to the House of the Faun, which contains the



most superb mosaics in the city. The one, so justly celebrated, representing the battle between Alexander and Darius, is perfectly magnificent; the size and the brilliancy of its colours is quite astonishing, and the spirited attitudes of the horses are perfection.\* A modern roof protects this *chef-d'œuvre* from the deteriorating effects of the atmosphere, which has done more injury

\* This great mosaic has since been removed to the Museum at Naples.

to the decorations of Pompeii than 1800 years' interment.

In the same house as the battle-piece is another beautiful mosaic, representing the river Nile filled with crocodiles, hippopotami, and other objects, such as ducks, serpents, &c., all minutely and exquisitely executed. Around the court are several wine-jars, still half-buried in the earth. It is supposed that they were placed there in readiness to be filled, as the city was destroyed just before the period of the vintage.

We now retraced our steps until we entered the wide street leading to the Forum. This was evidently the most magnificent part of the city, for the principal temples and the courts of justice were in its vicinity. In the oblong square forming the centre are a number of marble pedestals, upon which stood statues of the most celebrated citizens; but as none of these were found when the place was excavated, it is concluded that, being injured by the earthquake which took place some time before the

eruption, they were removed to the workshop of some sculptor to be repaired: if such be the case, it has not yet been discovered, and, consequently, some of the greatest treasures of art are, probably, still to be rescued from oblivion.

At one end of the square stands the former magnificent Temple of Jupiter; near it is that of Venus. But the most majestic of all these edifices is the Basilica, or Court of Justice, also used as the Exchange. The walls are adorned with Corinthian pilasters, and the centre of the building by columns of the same order; at the farther end is a raised tribunal.

Large quantities of fragments of white marble, and half-hewn pillars of the same material, lie scattered about. It is supposed that, at the time of the eruption, the citizens were employed in repairing the mischief done by the earthquake, and thus the half-finished work of bygone centuries still remains as if only just abandoned.

The Senate House, or Senaculum, is also

contiguous to the Forum, and a number of other public buildings, together with the Temple of Mercury. The *coup d'œil* of the whole must have been magnificent.

Passing down the Strada della Fontana Abondanza, which owes its name to a large and handsome fountain, adorned by a figure that stands in the midst of it, we came to the House of the Boar, so called from its beautiful mosaic pavement, representing two dogs chasing the wild boar. Not far off was the house called that of the Queen of England, it being named in honour of Queen Adelaide, who was present at its excavation; several beautiful things were found here. I am told that, whenever they come to any thing remarkable, they refrain from completely uncovering it until the visit of some illustrious person, when the loose sand and rubbish is cleared away in the course of an hour or two.

Not far from here the workmen are still digging, and constantly making some new discovery; they say not more than one third of the city is as yet uncovered. Every street



is terminated by high ground, with trees and vineyards flourishing upon it, as luxuriant as if their roots did not twine amongst the ruins beneath. The King of Naples has purchased all the contiguous land, and every thing that is found is the property of the government, and is conveyed to the Museum. The work of excavation goes on with comparative ease, owing to the fact that Pompeii, unlike Herculaneum, was covered only by the ashes, and not by the lava, of the volcano, which is as hard as stone.

But I am dwelling longer than I intended upon this interesting spot, and must hasten on to the Street of the Theatres, the next we visited. The Triangular Forum, from whence the Tragic Theatre is entered, contains also the Temple of Hercules, considered more ancient than any other building in the town. The view from thence is charming, and looks from Vesuvius on one side to Castellamare, backed by the Apennines, on the other. The Tragic Theatre is the largest, and is in exceedingly good preservation ; it has fifteen tiers of seats.



We now proceeded to the Temple of Isis, the most perfect in Pompeii. This edifice is replete with interest, exhibiting, as it does, not only the altars of the Egyptian goddess, but the secret places where her priests concealed themselves, and gave utterance to the oracles, supposed to have proceeded from the figure of the idol, now adorning the Museum of Naples. Numerous other statues were found within its walls; amongst others one of Orus, according to Egyptian mythology, the god of silence. Within the enclosure are several reservoirs in which running water still enters. The walls of the temple are ornamented with *bassi relievi* in stucco, and numerous treasures were discovered within its precincts.

In this vicinity is the Temple of Æsculapius, where his statue and two others of creta cotta were found.

The Comic Theatre was the last place we examined, for we were overtaken by a storm of thunder and lightning. It is a beautiful building, although smaller than the Tragic Theatre, and is semi-circular. The rain

now began to fall fast, obliging us to make the best of our way to the ancient barracks, the only sheltered place in the town, the roof of them having been repaired in the antique style, and the building itself appropriated for the modern guard-house.

As soon as the storm had a little abated, we quitted the city by the Nola Gate, where we had ordered the carriage to meet us. I left this interesting spot scarcely more than half explored, as I had not time to dwell upon its many points of interest. Its streets and buildings are every where interspersed with the wild aloe, that grows in the richest luxuriance in the neighbourhood, its pale lemon-coloured flowers clustering from a stem some fourteen feet high, and shedding a delicious fragrance around.

The contemplation of one resuscitated city was certainly enough for one day, but our plans would not admit of this arrangement, so the only thing left for us was to drive back as fast as we could to Torre della Nunziata, in order to catch the train that was to convey us to Portici.

On reaching Portici, the weather had fortunately cleared up, and we walked from the station to a small inn, where, in a short time, we were provided with an excellent dinner, far better than we expected from the meanness of the house, and for this we were charged, wine included, but one piastre (4*s.* 2*d.*) Thus recruited, we stepped into a carriage, and proceeded to explore all that remains excavated of the magnificent city of Herculaneum. It was buried by the same eruption as Pompeii, which it surpassed in richness and beauty, but as the streams of lava flowed over it, and afterwards became as hard as stone, it is far less perfect than the latter city, which was only covered by ashes. Added to this, the towns of Resina and Portici being built above, before its site was discovered, the researches have not been so extensive as they otherwise might, and the chief excavations have been filled up again.

Herculaneum is situated at the very base of the volcano, and the hill leading to it is the commencement of the ascent of the

mountain. The principal part is in the neighbourhood of the grounds belonging to the royal palace at Portici. We descended a flight of steps sixty-eight feet below the surface of the ground, and found ourselves in an open space, from whence the commencement of several streets led in various directions; some of them appeared to have been handsome, and lined with colonnades. The houses are much in the same style as those of Pompeii; in many instances the fresco-paintings upon the walls are still visible, and shew how beautiful they must have been. The floors are all of mosaic, generally white and black, and traced in different designs. The ends of the beams forming the roofs still remain stuck into the walls, but turned completely to charcoal.

The principal building in this part of the city is a temple, supposed, from a picture found there, to have been dedicated to Mercury; it is adorned with military trophies, and was supported by stucco pillars, twenty-four of which are still standing. The Temple of Victory was also pointed out to



us. But the most interesting place was the prison ; where the bars and links of iron are still firm and perfect, as if they had but recently secured their unhappy inmates.

The effect of wandering about these deserted streets, and then being suddenly stopped by an immense barrier of unpenetrated lava, has something quite mysterious in it, and I longed to penetrate through the rocky wall, hiding within its precincts so many treasures of former centuries. The beautiful statues and works of art that have been discovered in the small portion that has been excavated, attest the riches that still lie concealed ; but it does not appear likely that they will ever be rescued from oblivion, for no further search is making, and some parts of the city which were formerly opened have been filled up again, for the preservation of the modern towns above.

Vases of pottery-ware and marble slabs lie embedded in the lava. The wells also are exceedingly curious, and, in most instances, bear the mark worn in the stone by the constant friction of the cord em-



ployed in raising the buckets. The ovens in the bakers' shops, and the coppers of the baths, are all nearly perfect.

One of the most interesting points is what was formerly the quay, situated beyond the ancient walls. The sea, as at Pompeii, retired before the fiery element and its accompanying convulsions, and has never returned to its former bounds. The fastenings for the boats and shipping still remain; and marine shells and pebbles are strewn about where now a hill of lava divides the spot from the waves.

Gardens of roses and marigolds occupy the courts of the houses, and the old cicerone came forward with an Herculaneum bouquet to present to me, for which he appeared to think he could not be too highly remunerated.

Having seen all that was worthy of notice in this part, we returned to the carriage, and drove to the theatre, some distance off. This was the first part of the city that was discovered, by a countryman who was sinking a well near the spot. It is entered from a

small house, while the candles were preparing, we were ensconced in the kitchen, inhabited indiscriminately by men, women, and children, pigs, goats, and poultry. We descended into the theatre by steps; it is a hundred feet below the surface of the earth, and has been hollowed out of the solid lava. By the time I reached the second corridor, the air became so oppressive, and the damp and chilliness so great, that I was obliged to make my retreat, leaving G. to explore the remainder. It was in the Basilica, near here, that the two magnificent equestrian statues of the Balbi, now in the Museum, were found; their impressions still remain in the lava.

While I was waiting for G. I took a seat by the mistress of the house, a pretty, blooming girl, who was busily plying her distaff, and looked young enough to be the elder sister, instead of the mother of the little urchins playing around her.

It was now time to return to the railway station, and we only just reached it before we were overtaken by another tremendous

storm of thunder, lightning, and rain. We waited about half-an-hour before the train came up, and then, to our dismay, it passed on without stopping, leaving us no alternative but to wait with patience another hour and a half for the next. Meantime, the storm continued with unabated fury, and we could scarcely shelter ourselves in the waiting-room from the driving rain. However, we beguiled the time as well as we could by entering into conversation with a young Neapolitan officer, who was waiting to proceed to some place beyond Castellamare. He had come to Naples with his regiment for yesterday's fête, and they were now returning to their quarters in this wretched weather, which affords quite a contrast to the sunny sky that added so much beauty to the gay scene. He was an intelligent young man, and gave us a good deal of information.

At length the train arrived, and I was delighted to find the first-class carriage closed and fitted up like a large room. It was quite dark by the time we arrived at

the terminus, and, to my great horror, I lost G., who had gone to call a carriage, and found myself amongst a crowd of strangers, hurrying in every direction. But he discovered me after some little time in one of the waiting-rooms, where I had taken refuge. I was quite glad to reach the Hôtel de la Grande Bretagne, and rest after the fatigues of the day.

## CHAPTER VIII.

Difficulties of Passport—Steam-Vessel—Castello Nuovo  
— St. Carlos—Strada Toledo—Museo Borbonico—  
Gallery of Fresco Paintings—Egyptian Gallery—  
Ancient Sculpture—Statues—Venus Callipygia—  
Bronzes—Rich Casket—Cabinet of Gems—Great  
Cameo—Pompeian Jewellery—Cabinet of Edi-  
bles—Bronze Utensils—Evening Drive—Castello  
dell' Ovo—Fine View—Largo Palazzo—Villa  
Reale—Steamer—Accommodation—Doctor—  
Under way—Dinner—Rough Weather—Civita  
Vecchia—Coast—Harbour—Breakfast—Landing  
—Ramparts—Country—Locusts—Elba—Doni-  
zetti—Dinner—Custom-House—Rich Country—  
Inundation—Forest of Arno—Vineyards, Grapes  
—Farms—Tuscan Peasantry—Cattle.





## CHAPTER VIII.

*SEPTEMBER 10th.*—G. was occupied nearly the whole morning in arranging his passport and getting it signed. We had not imagined this to be necessary, as we had only landed for four days, and were going on in the same steamer; but all, or rather more, than the usual worry and difficulty had to be gone through.

On driving down to the steam-packet office, at the Mole, to speak about our cabin, what was our indignation at finding that, although we had engaged it at Malta, it was given up to some Neapolitan princess, and that we should be obliged to go below, to one of the small cabins usually appropriated to gentlemen. Remonstrance was vain; and the only answer we received was,

that neither the captain nor the agent at Malta had any right to let the cabin farther than to Naples. We had no redress, as it was the first steamer going to Marseilles, and we were obliged to avail ourselves of it, as my father had left England to meet us there upon a certain day.

Having submitted with the best grace we could to these disagreeable arrangements, we started for the Museum, passing by the Post-Office, and through the Largo di Castello, adorned by two fountains. One of these, in bronze, by Giovanni di Bologna, is remarkably beautiful. Here also stands the Castello Nuovo, a fine old fortress, protecting one side of the royal palace. From thence we passed the grand opera-house of St. Carlos, said to be the largest in the world, and entered the Largo di Palazzo, from whence runs the Strada Toledo, at the upper end of which is the Museum.

The Toledo is the Bond Street of Naples ; here are situated all the best shops, and crowds of carriages, of every description, are

to be seen morning, noon, and night, in one dense mass, often only able to move at a foot's pace, to the imminent danger of the foot-passengers, for there are no *trottoires* to serve as a line of demarcation for the carriages.

The Museo Borbonico is a noble structure, and deservedly considered one of the finest museums in the world, while its rich collection of antiquities, drawn from Pæstum, Herculaneum, and Pompeii, invest it with unrivalled interest. In order to form a just idea of the many gems it contains, and pause a sufficient time to contemplate the most remarkable, several visits should be paid, and but one, or at most, two rooms be viewed in a day; for not only the extent of the establishment is so vast that it is next to impossible to traverse it at one time, but the fatigue of looking and admiring becomes so great, that one finishes by losing the power of observation. This was quite my case, although I did not attempt to visit one half, and left the picture-galleries entirely unexamined. I shall just run through what I

*did* see, noting the objects that struck me most.

We first entered the gallery containing the choice fresco-paintings and mosaics found in Herculaneum and Pompeii. It consisted of five separate apartments, and many of the objects were surprisingly well preserved. I remarked, amongst others, an admirable portrait of a cat, in mosaic; it was absolutely like life. Some of the groups of fruit also were very beautiful. I particularly admired a large fresco-painting representing a glass bowl, filled with pears, grapes, and pomegranates. The inimitable effect produced by the subdued colours of the fruit seen through the transparent vase, contrasted with that piled above it, is quite perfection, and shews the advanced stage of the art in those remote ages. We were also much amused and interested by a strange device traced upon one of the frescoes. It was a large green parrot, harnessed to the shafts of a little red car upon two wheels, driven by a grasshopper perched upon the top, and holding the reins in its mouth;



the whole painted in the most vivid colours. This is supposed to have been intended for the Emperor Nero, who is represented as the parrot, driven by Seneca the grasshopper.

If we may judge from their appearance upon the walls of Pompeii, these witty caricatures appear to have been common amongst the Romans.

The next division we entered was that devoted to the Egyptian, Etruscan, and Oscian antiquities. Amongst them is a beautiful statue of Isis, that, together with many other interesting objects, was found in her temple at Pompeii. Here, also, is the statue of Jupiter Serapis, discovered in the temple dedicated to him at Pozzuoli. Several alabaster vases, found in the chemists' shops, containing drugs, still preserving their medicinal odour, are shewn in this room. At the farther end is a small cabinet, where some skeletons, found at Pompeii, are preserved under glass-cases. Amongst them is a female figure, said — as it was

taken from the tomb bearing that name—to be one of the family of Diomedes.

We next proceeded to the Gallery of Ancient Sculpture, which is divided into several corridors and magnificent halls, occupying the major part of the ground-floor of the Museum, and forming quite a labyrinth of interest. The greater part of this superb collection was found in the disinterred cities. Here are the beautiful statues of the Marcus Nonius Balbi, senior and junior, whose impressions I mentioned having seen in the Basilica of Herculaneum. The horses are almost like life.

In the Gallery of the Emperors is a figure of Agrippina, wife of Germanicus; she is seated, and the mournful expression of her countenance seems to convey the sadness of her thoughts. I also remarked a striking statue of Julius Cæsar, and two admirable ones of Vitellius and Trajan. The group of Venus victorious and ordering Love to prepare the recompense for Paris, is perfection; it was found in the Amphitheatre of Capua.

In the apartments appropriated to the bas-reliefs is the immense basin of porphyry from the temple of Serapis at Rome. The celebrated colossal statue of Flora, found in the Baths of Caracalla, disappointed me : its immense proportions take away from its grace ; but the drapery is admirably light and elegant. The fractured Psyche, however, in the same room, deserves all the praises that have been lavished upon it ; the countenance is the ideal of loveliness.

Adjoining the Hall of Flora is another magnificent apartment, devoted to statues in coloured marbles. These have a singular effect, and many of them are very valuable. Diana of the Ephesians, of oriental alabaster, with bronze extremities, is one of the most precious. I particularly remarked a beautiful bas-relief, supposed to represent Bacchus and the Graces.

In the Hall of Illustrious Persons is a most interesting statue of Aristides, found in Herculaneum. It bears the stamp of the greatest simplicity, and appears as if on the point of walking ; the expression of the

features is such as is to be found alone in Grecian sculpture. It appears almost as if the artist had wished to portray him in the most glorious moment of his life, viz. when he was starting for exile, secure in his own unruffled honour and probity.

The Cabinet of the Venuses is devoted to statues of that goddess alone. There are nine of her, amongst whom the Venus Callipygia reigns supreme. She has disputed the palm with the Venus di Medici; but I cannot think the expression of the countenance pleasing.

The collection of bronzes is considered the finest in the world; many were found in Pompeii, but the major part in Herculaneum. Without pausing to conclude our survey of the ground-floor, we next went upstairs to visit the collection of antique glass and pottery-ware arranged in galleries on the first story. This is one of the most interesting portions of the Museum: it is wonderful that these frail pieces of crystal should have survived the wreck of so many centuries. They also testify the degree of per-



fection the art had arrived at, which cannot be surpassed, or in some points equalled, by modern manufacturers. The celebrated vase of blue glass discovered at Pompeii is the most exquisite thing of the kind I ever saw; the colour is very beautiful, and the surface ornamented with bas-relief of the finest workmanship. It is mounted upon a modern pedestal of silver, as its own was broken.

This gallery contains, besides the crystals, a variety of earthenware vases and lamps, found in Herculaneum and Pompeii; the latter so numerous, that they are arranged in festoons round the apartment. Here, also, are several gems of the middle ages; amongst others I admired a magnificent casket, composed of six sides of rock-crystal, beautifully carved, and representing severally, the wars of the Amazons, the Centaurs, the hunt of Meleager, a bacchanalia, games in the circus, and a naval combat between Xerxes and the Greeks. The whole is set in silver, and ornamented



with statues of the same, representing Minerva, Mars, Venus, and Bacchus.

We now proceeded up stairs to the second floor, and entered what is called the "Cabinet of Gems." It contains many of the valuables formerly belonging to the house of Farnese, and all the gold and silver ornaments and utensils discovered in the excavated cities. There are several beautiful cameos, and the celebrated one from the Farnese collection, of Sardonic agate, said to be the most valuable of its kind in the world, is mounted upon a pivot and frame in the centre of the apartment. It is carved on both sides, one representing the apotheosis of Ptolemy the First, and, the reverse, the shield of Jupiter, with Medusa's head in the centre. Exclusive of any other consideration, the size of the stone is wonderful.

Two table cabinets covered over with glass, display the various articles of jewellery found in the disinterred cities. Many of the bracelets and brooches are of beautiful

patterns, and serve as models for modern fashion. The trinkets found upon the female skeleton in the cellar of Diomedes's house at Pompeii, are very handsome.

One large glass case is filled with the culinary and sacrificial utensils of silver from Herculaneum, and another with those from Pompeii, plates, dishes, spoons, inclusive. These are the more interesting, from being the only specimens extant of the domestic implements of the Romans. But what delighted me more than any thing were the contents of a large cabinet that occupied one side of the room, containing several of the edibles, found after the lapse of so many centuries, in an almost unchanged state. Amongst these were two loaves of bread that were supposed to have been baking at the time of the eruption, in one of the ovens I saw yesterday. The name of the baker is still legible upon the crust, and is as follows, — "ELERIS Q. CRANIERISER." There were also bottles containing the dregs of wine, a plate of eggs, some

honey-comb, and fruit; amongst others were olives, looking still almost green, and a bottle containing the remains of oil. There were also the colours found in a painter's shop. The preservation of perishable articles like the foregoing appears nearly incredible, and such objects make one feel almost identified with the bygone era of their first existence, when Pompeii was to the Romans what Naples is to us.

Upon the same floor is the magnificent and unique collection of bronze furniture and utensils, found at Pompeii and Herculaneum, together with several articles formerly belonging to the Musée Borgia; they occupy five apartments. Some of the bronze couches are of the most elegant shape, and are elaborately inlaid with silver. The cooking machines seem to shew that even the culinary art has not outstripped the others in the lapse of centuries. They forcibly remind one, in connexion with the rest of this museum, that there is nothing new under the sun, from a statue to a

frying-pan. Several of the lamps and candelabras are exquisite.

I was so fatigued by the time we reached this portion of the museum that we could not visit the magnificent collection of Etruscan vases beyond. We did not go out again until the morning, when we took a lovely drive, extending the whole length of the Riviera di Chiaja, the Chiatamone, down by the picturesque Castello d' Ovo, to St. Lucia, where the Lazaroni assemble to enjoy the fresh air. The view from thence is superb, and exhibits Vesuvius in all its majesty and beauty, with the lovely range of Apennines beyond, and Castellamare and Sorrento sleeping at their foot. The whole scene is so beautiful that it seems more like a dream of the senses, rocked by the soft rippling waters of the smiling bay, than a substantial reality.

From Santa Lucia the Strada Giganti leads to the Largo Palazzo; one side is occupied by the royal palace, and the other by the church of St. Francisco de Paolo, built in a semicircular form, and exceed-



ingly handsome. In front of this church are two well executed bronze equestrian statues ; \* and, as far as building goes, this is the most imposing part of Naples.

The evening was so lovely, and the scene so exquisite, that I wished for nothing more than to go up and down the drive I have just mentioned, where all the *beau monde* of Naples were assembled. We passed the king and queen several times. His Majesty † is rather a fine-looking man, something like the pictures of our George IV. when young, but, like the rest of his family, inclined to corpulency. The queen, who is daughter of the Arch-duke Charles of Austria, is a good-natured-looking person, but with nothing dignified about her. The royal family appear very fond of driving, for some of them are to be seen out at all hours of the day.

I took a short walk in the Villa Reale Gardens. They are very pretty, interspersed

\* These statues formerly represented Napoleon and Murat, but the late king decapitated them, and substituted the heads of himself and his father.

† Ferdinand II.



with statues and pavilions, and shady colonnades, formed of the evergreen oak.

*September 11th.*—Frequent showers prevented me from going out again until we started for the Mole, to embark on board the steamer. We found her crowded with passengers, and, as the weather was squally, I augured nothing very agreeable from my berth below, in the midst of so thick a population. But, after some persuasion, the captain, who evidently thought that we had been unfairly dealt with in regard to our cabin, very good-naturedly offered G. and me the use of one next to the ladies' cabin; and, this point settled, I felt more at my ease. We were glad to find our quarantine friend, the Doctor Ferrari, was on board. He told me that upon his arrival at Naples, not being pleased with the progress his son had made in his studies, he was going to take all his children to be educated elsewhere. The boy was not nearly so well-looking as his sisters. The doctor introduced me to his brother and sister-in-law, residing at Naples, together with their son,

a fine tall young man, who, they assured me, had learnt English and spoke it, expressing a wish that I would converse with him in that language, but just as he had satisfied us that he knew very little, and his fond parents that he knew a great deal, the conversation was interrupted (much to the distress of the father and mother, who were listening in rapture to their son's cleverness) by the bell warning all visitors to leave the ship.

I remained upon deck for some little time, but the weather was squally, therefore we did not obtain a good view of Ischia and the other islands skirting that side of the Bay of Naples. I went below at five o'clock, when dinner was laid upon deck, but, owing to the motion, few people availed themselves of it. G., however, was one of these, and just as the most savoury dish was being handed round, a very heavy sea struck the ship, and away went every thing upon table. A chicken bounded off G.'s plate into a lady's new bonnet, the deck was under two feet of water, and the vessel

rolling heavily, carried ladies, gentlemen, spoons, plates, and dinner, into the lee-scuppers. G. described the scene as being most ludicrous.

As the night advanced, the sea became rougher and rougher, and I congratulated myself upon the comfort and privacy of my cabin, for, judging from the variety of cries and other sounds around me, there must have been no peace any where else.

*September 12th.* — It was dreadfully stormy all night, and the scene that greeted me this morning upon leaving my berth was any thing but exhilarating. We hurried upon deck, however, where we escaped all the suffering community down stairs, and enjoyed the fresh breeze and magnificent sea, which was roaring and foaming in stormy grandeur. We were about twenty miles from Civita Vecchia, and the coast we were passing appeared low and sandy, continuing the same until we cast anchor, about eleven o'clock, in the small harbour of that port. It is protected by the light-house and some fortifications, erected upon a breakwater in

front ; two projections run out on each side from the town, thus enclosing the whole with the exception of two narrow entrances from the sea. The fortifications have a handsome effect, being all built of the small, neatly pointed Roman brick.

It was twelve o'clock before breakfast was laid upon deck, and then it was only by degrees that the discomfited passengers dropped in, one by one, to console themselves for the miseries of the night. As soon as we had finished our repast, we stepped into a boat and went on shore. We passed through the main gate, guarded by a few wretched-looking soldiers, into the town ; it looked half deserted, and contained few good buildings, the largest and most conspicuous of which was an hotel ; but it did not, however, appear very flourishing in its interior arrangements.

We took a long stroll through the streets, and the principal square, where the houses of the foreign consuls are situated, to the ramparts on the inland side of the town. The fortifications here were very much di-



lapidated ; the view was extensive, over the low and slightly undulating plains of the Roman Campagna. The land was little cultivated, but the spots that were so appeared very flourishing. As we returned, we passed near the barracks and the Pope's palace. His holiness and his predecessors have posted up their coat of arms in every possible part of the town, with their names affixed at full length.

I went to the hotel to rest, while G. and our fellow-passenger took a walk into the country. He came back quite delighted at the sporting nature of the ground. The covers consisted of myrtle bushes kept closely cropped by the cattle. He was surprised to find the place infested with thousands of locusts ; every step he took ten or twelve of them flew up ; some were of a smaller kind than those we have generally seen, and had scarlet, blue, orange, and yellow wings, tipped with black. Upon lifting up a large stone, a centipede, three inches long, crawled out. A species of lily was growing in great abundance every where.



At about four o'clock we were again under way, and the weather continued nearly as rough as before. Two or three men-of-war brigs were lying in the harbour; they, I am told, constitute the Pope's fleet.

*September 13th.*—It was so very dark that we laid to for three hours during the night, for fear of running foul of another steamer that was expected to be on her way from Marseilles; such an accident having happened before in the passage between Elba and the main land.

At six o'clock in the morning we were in sight of this island; which must ever derive a deep and never-failing interest from its association with one of the most wonderful men who has appeared in our age, or perhaps in any other. I spent nearly the whole morning in the saloon, listening to Donizetti, who was one of our fellow-passengers, and was warbling out to the piano several of the most exquisite airs from his own favourite operas. He is rather an interesting-looking man, with a high forehead, full eye, and a pink hectic colour. He very

kindly gave me his autograph for my collection, with a few notes of music attached.

At ten o'clock we anchored in the harbour of Leghorn, but it was half-past twelve before we left the ship. We had some distance to row to the quay. Although Leghorn is a free port, they detained us a long time at the custom-house, and were very troublesome. As the captain considered the weather too rough for us to continue our voyage towards Genoa to-day, it was decided we were to spend the night on shore; and Leghorn, in comparison to Pisa, offering little to see, we determined upon spending our time at the latter place, about twelve or thirteen miles distant. We, therefore, only waited to take our dinner at a restaurant, and then got into a nice little close carriage we had hired for the purpose, and proceeded towards Pisa, our party consisting of Mr. W., G., and myself. Upon leaving Leghorn we were again stopped at a custom-house, and our few things turned out and examined in the most uncereemonious manner.

The country we now traversed is one of the richest that can be imagined, and is acknowledged as the garden of Italy; the most luxuriant crops were every where to be seen, and the myrtle hedges, vineyards, and olive groves, were in full bloom and bearing. From the unusual quantity of rain which had lately fallen, a great part of the low land in the vicinity of Leghorn was under water, and the road to Florence, through Lucca, was quite inundated.

At one time our way wound through some woods of fir-trees, interspersed with tracts of fern, comprising part of the Forest of Arno; great quantities of game abound here, particularly partridges and hares. A license to shoot costs twelve *pauls*—five shillings. Beautiful wild flowers were growing in profusion by the road-side, and tufts of brilliant red pinks. After leaving the forest, the country became more fertile and cultivated than ever; the vineyards were very luxuriant, the road-side being literally hedged in by festoons of vines crossing from tree to tree, and weighing them down

with thousands of black and green clusters of grapes, just ready for the vintage. We passed several large farms, one very extensive, belonging to the steward of the Bishop of Pisa. Every thing looked smiling and prosperous ; profusion of olive groves covered the face of the country, and crops of grain, Indian corn amongst the number, were still standing.

The Tuscan peasantry do not, generally speaking, partake of the Italian physiognomy ; they are usually fair and ruddy, with athletic frames, reminding me of the labourers in our own country more than any other. The cattle appear very fine ; they are mostly pearl-white, and of a large size ; we passed several droves of them.





## CHAPTER IX.

Pisa—Distant View—Custom-house—Lung' Arno—  
Fine Palaces—Church of the Spina—Hôtel del'Ussero  
—Triste Aspect—Principal Edifices—Cathedral—  
Bronze Doors—High Altar—Glass Mosaic—Marble  
Pulpit—Mosaic in Wood—Leaning Tower—View  
from thence—Galileo—Baptistery—Font—Echo  
—Campo Santo—Soil from Potters' Field—Fresco  
Paintings—The Last Judgment—Drive back to  
Leghorn—Grand Square—High Street—Shops—  
Straw Hats—Picture Shop—Jews' Synagogue—  
Priests' Dress—Ceiling—Ladies' Gallery—An  
Awkward Predicament—Statue of Ferdinand I.—  
Galley Slaves.



## CHAPTER IX.

At length we came in sight of Pisa, lying at the foot of the chain of Appenines, with its leaning tower rising high above the surrounding buildings. Half an hour more brought us to the gates, approached by a bridge thrown across the canal that connects Pisa with Leghorn, and joins the river Arno at this point.

We were again stopped at the Custom-house, where numbers of vehicles were waiting to undergo the same ordeal.

The quay of Lung Arno is one of the most beautiful in Europe. The river curves gracefully through the town, dividing it nearly in half, while three handsome bridges reconnect it. The palaces on the opposite side, called the "Parte di mezzo-giorno," are most of them very splendid, and in

many instances faced with marble. The *coup-d'œil* of the whole, with the graceful river rolling on its course, is exceedingly imposing. It is often compared to Florence, and called Florence in miniature; but, at all events, Pisa must have the advantage, in the depth and voluminousness of the river, being here so much nearer to its mouth.

We passed several churches with richly ornamented exteriors; the little church of the Spina particularly arrested my attention. It was the most Liliputian fairy-like building I ever saw, looking as if fit for a glass case, the carving and fret-work of pure white marble were so exquisite.

We drove to the Hôtel del'Ussero, the best in Pisa, although surrounded by narrow, dirty streets. Our apartments were most comfortable, and so inviting that I determined to defer exploring the town until to-morrow. The gentlemen, however, went out but were obliged to return on account of the rain which set in early in the evening.

*September 14th.*—It was still raining

this morning, but it cleared up about nine o'clock, and the sun shone forth in all its splendour. Soon after breakfast we started in an open carriage to view the "lions," nearly all lying on the opposite side of the river. The view from the bridge up and down the Arno was lovely. We traversed the town for about half a mile; most of the streets and buildings appeared very ancient, and there was an air of desolation pervading the whole, which must make it a *triste* abode, particularly for an invalid; there is nothing cheering in the aspect of its time-worn palaces and grass-grown streets—nothing to enliven a mind worn by disease; but, for the tourist who is travelling for information and amusement, it affords abundance of pleasure and interest.

In the principal square are several very interesting old palaces; one, in particular, painted in fresco, and another adorned with gilded figures and the arms of the house of the Medici over the entrance.

At length we reached the large open space, containing the four principal edifices in the



town, viz. the Cathedral, the Baptistery, the Leaning Tower or 'Campanile, and the Campo Santo. They all stand apart, thus each is placed in the most favourable position for observation, an unusual circumstance with the monuments of the middle ages. The effect altogether is splendid in the extreme. The magnificent rotunda of the Baptistery, the stately church, and, above all, the graceful column of the Leaning Tower, equally striking for its light and elegant structure as for its singular position, all of white marble, cannot be surpassed.

But I must proceed to give a detailed account of our morning's excursion, and I have seldom spent one more satisfactorily. We first explored the cathedral. The front is adorned with splendid columns, and is entered by four bronze doors, designed by Giovanni di Bologna; two of these, representing the life and death of our Saviour, and the other the life of the Madonna, are particularly beautiful, and of exquisite workmanship. But the *coup-d'œil*, upon first entering the interior of the temple, is more

magnificent than I can describe. It is in the form of a Latin cross, and is supported by majestic columns, many of them of oriental granite, and taken from ancient temples. The effect of the cloisters round the top of the centre aisle, and their richly painted ceilings, is extremely fine. There are twelve altars, two of them are very handsome, and ornamented with silver; that in the Chapel of the Holy Sacrament is extremely massive and beautiful. The high altar is superbly inlaid with lapis lazuli, verde antique, and brocatello di Spagna. Upon the ceiling above is a very singular glass mosaic, representing our Saviour, the Madonna, and St. John. The seats for the canons are of a curious mosaic of wood; this art was introduced into Tuscany in the time of Brunellesco.

Behind the high altar are several good paintings. We were particularly struck with one by Sodoma, representing Abraham stayed by the angel when in the act of offering up his son Isaac. The figure and countenance of the patriarch are inimitable.

This beautiful work was carried captive to Paris in 1811, but was subsequently restored. There are also four fine pictures of St. Peter, St. John, St. Margaret, and St. Catharine, by Andrea del Sarto. The painting upon the magnificent cupola represents the ascension of the four Evangelists.

In the centre aisle, the ceiling of which is splendidly gilt, there is a marble pulpit, inlaid in exquisite taste ; it is supported by two columns, one of porphyry and the other of oriental brocatello, resting upon lions. A pair of marble fonts are adorned with two beautiful figures of our Saviour and St. John, by Giovanni di Bologna.

We next visited the Campanile or Leaning Tower, a most elegant structure. It is, as I said before, entirely of marble, and, from its base to its summit, is adorned with open galleries supported by columns, giving it a very light effect. Its height is about 190 feet, and it inclines about 13 feet from the perpendicular ; so that, while standing beneath, it appears as if it must fall and crush one. The opinions as to whether it was originally

intended to incline, or that its present position was the result of accident, are various. It seems to me most probable that the ground sunk on one side when it was nearly completed, and that the upper part, leaning rather in the contrary direction, was built afterwards. The best way to form an idea of its leaning construction is to mount to the top, the magnificent view from which quite repays the trouble of climbing the winding staircase. The interior of the tower is hollow, and the flights of steps, broken at every gallery, shew by their slanting floors the inclined position of the building. The upper colonnade is roofed in, and here hang the gigantic bells of the church.

Once more we mounted by a narrow broken staircase until we reached the very top of the tower, commanding one of the most enchanting prospects. On one side the eye ranges over the flat intervening land to Leghorn, upon which it rests a moment, and then looks into the far Mediterranean, with Elba sleeping in its blue waters. On the other side is a far different scene, its grandeur surpassing



its beauty. Here the view is bounded by the high chain of the Apennines, rearing their lofty heads in every variety of form and hue, arresting the sight, until at length it reaches to the Baths of Pisa and Lucca, lying straggling at their feet. But perhaps what renders the Leaning Tower of Pisa more interesting than any thing else is, that from its summit, from the very spot on which we were then standing, Galileo made his observations on the solar system.

After lingering for some time, we descended, and proceeded across the grassy square to the beautiful pile of the Baptistery, situated on the other side of the cathedral. It is octagonal and built entirely of white marble. The interior is very magnificent, and has the appearance of an ancient temple. In the centre is a large font, with four small baths around for the immersion of children, the centre being intended for adults: the whole is ornamented with splendid mosaics. The pulpit, supported upon nine columns, was executed by Niccolo Pisano. The bassi-relievi are of oriental alabaster and Parian



marble. Within the walls is an extraordinary echo, which, thanks to the musical and sonorous voice of the sexton, we heard to very great advantage: the sound ringing through the building as clear and distinct as a bell.

Leaving the Baptistery, we proceeded to the Campo Santo. This was the ancient burial-ground of Pisa, and is one of its most interesting edifices. It forms an immense rectangle, and the light and elegant Gothic arches surrounding it, composed of white marble, have the most beautiful effect imaginable. It is asserted the soil in the centre was brought by the crusaders from the Potter's Field at Jerusalem. The Campo Santo is now converted into a kind of museum. Many of the ancient marble sarcophagi, placed beneath the shadow of the galleries, display exquisite bassi-relievi, and several very curious and perfect inscriptions are also preserved there. But the most interesting and curious part is the fresco paintings which adorn the walls, covering their whole extent; unfortunately many of them have

been injured by the effects of time and damp. The fact of there being scarcely two countenances alike in the immense number of figures represented is very singular. Several of these magnificent frescoes are attributed to the hand of Perugino, the master of Raphael. The compartment describing the last Judgment is an extraordinary conception; the blessed are represented on one side and the cursed on the other, and there are several very curious groups of some unfortunates, many of them with mitres upon their heads, being, despite their struggles, dragged away to the infernal regions. I should like to see the Campo Santo by moonlight, which must heighten the effect of its long colonnades, and the exquisite tracery of its arches. Scenes like these are always enhanced by the pale hue and lengthened shadows thrown by the silvery planet.

Returning to the hotel where our travelling-carriage awaited us, we started on our return to Leghorn. In leaving the town of Pisa we stopped to visit the beautiful little church of the Spina, that had attracted our attention

so much yesterday. The exterior, as I mentioned before, is of exquisite workmanship, and sculptured throughout in white marble. But the interior is poor, and offers nothing worthy of notice. We endeavoured to obtain a sight of the relic this church is said to contain, a thorn from the crown of thorns, but found it was only shewn in a religious ceremony which takes place once in four years.

We were again stopped at the troublesome Custom-house, but met with no other delay during the drive. On reaching Leghorn, we employed the remainder of our time in seeing what we could of that city. The grand square is large and rather handsome, and the high street is one of the most amusing places possible for a stroll, affording quite a contrast to the splendid but deserted thoroughfares of Pisa. Here all is movement and confusion ; groups of different grades and nations are every where to be seen, denoting by their bustle and business-like mien the importance and prosperity of this free port of Tuscany. The shops are handsome and

amusing, particularly the beautiful manufactories of scagliola tables. We visited a straw-hat warehouse. G. purchased one of the finest for me at six dollars ; I never saw any equal to them amongst those sent to the English markets, although there they always fetch so high a price. The magazines of alabaster are very pretty, and filled with delicate models of the public buildings in Pisa.

We next entered some picture-shops to make a few purchases, and, while we were sitting there looking over the portfolios, we came to a view of the Jews' synagogue, said to be the finest in the world. The people in the shop asked if we had seen it, and told us a great festival was held there to-day. Upon this, we immediately started for the place, passing in our way through the narrow, gloomy-looking streets of the Jews' quarters, in which it is situated. But when we arrived at the door an unforeseen difficulty awaited me ; I had never been in a synagogue before, and did not know that there were different entrances for the ladies and gentlemen. We saw before us two



flights of steps exactly similar, each guarded by a sentry ; but the gentlemen were not allowed to mount the one, nor I the other. I was afraid of being separated, and did not at all like the idea of going alone. At length, however, after a good deal of demur, it was consented that I should accompany the gentlemen ; so in I went, and soon found myself in the midst of an immense building entirely filled with men, who were seated upon forms placed as closely as possible together, without any reference to uniformity, two or three rows being placed one way, and then several others the contrary. Each person, almost without exception, wore a silk or satin scarf. The seat of every individual was furnished with a small drawer to hold his books. Towards the upper end of the building was a kind of rostrum, where five or six priests were standing, chanting out, in fine sonorous voices, parts taken from the great book of the Law that was open before them. I cannot exactly describe their dress, but it was very singular ; they wore a kind of white



cashmere cloak, and high black hats, the backs of them partially covered by the hoods of the cloaks.

The most striking part of the building was the ceiling. In the centre of it was inlaid a large irregular slab of the brightest azure colour, upon which a Hebrew inscription was engraven in characters of gold. Surrounding the synagogue on three sides, were two rows of galleries faced with close wooden lattice-work, completely concealing the women who were ranged behind. We remained some time listening to the chanting, and gazing at the strange scene and the dark faces around us, belonging to the most distinct and most ancient people in the world, the chosen nation of God.

When we came again into the street, I thought it a pity I should not see the ladies, so, leaving G. and our friends waiting at the entrance, I mounted the staircase until I came to a door ; I opened it, and immediately found myself in one of the galleries, and in the midst of an assembly of gaily dressed persons, looking more as if they had

come to a ball than to a religious meeting. Tables were placed in different directions, and seated around them were groups of laughing, merry-looking, black-eyed girls, tittering and chatting together, without in the least heeding the distant chanting below; they formed quite a contrast to the staid and devotional appearance of the men. The ladies mostly wore low gowns and short sleeves, with flowers in their hair; but several were decorated with high, gilt head-dresses, of about a foot and a half long. I have since seen some prints of Syrian women with similar helmets, for they are more like helmets than any thing else, excepting in being composed of open filagree work.

As I hurried round the gallery alone, I became the object of universal attention and curiosity, and many were the remarks and laughs I suggested. I really felt quite uncomfortable, and quickened my steps, thinking I should soon complete the tour; but I had forgotten there were only three sides to the corridor; so that, when I came to the end, I had to turn back, very much to

the amusement of the ladies, and to my own chagrin. At length, I came to a door, as I imagined, the one I had entered at; I went out, and ran down stairs as fast as I could: but what was my dismay, when, upon reaching the street, I found G. was not there, although the sentries were standing at the two entrances just the same as when I ascended, and all appeared *in statu quo*, excepting that I was alone. I was so frightened I did not know what to do, for I was afraid of going up stairs again; and to retrace my steps through the narrow, dirty streets of the Jews' quarters appeared impossible. At length I resolved to go down a little lane that seemed to encircle the building, and a few seconds brought me to the other side, which was precisely similar, and where, to my delight, I found G. and his friend waiting at the foot of the staircase, from whence they had never stirred. I had taken the wrong turning, and had come down at the opposite entrance to the synagogue.

As soon as we returned, it was time to

embark. In our way to the boat we passed the dockyard, and saw the splendid colossal statue of Ferdinando I.; four slaves executed in bronze are chained to its base. At work near the harbour, and, indeed, in almost every part of Leghorn, are to be seen hundreds of galley-slaves chained together, some dressed in yellow and others in red; the former are condemned for minor offences, and are prisoners for a term of years, the latter are criminals, committed for murder and other great crimes, the nature of which is written in large letters upon their backs; these are condemned to labour for life, there being no capital punishment in Tuscany.





## CHAPTER X.

At Sea—Change of Cabin—Genoa Harbour—Police Regulations—Streets—Palaces—Palazzo Brignole—Terraces—Troops—Palazzo Serra—Salle d'Or—Church of the Jesuits—Illusion—Palazzo Ducale—Band—Cathedral—Church of St. Francesco—Palazzo Durazzo—Royal Palace—Drive—City—Promenades—View—Lunatic Asylum—Costume—Velvet Manufactory—Genoese Soup—Dr. Ferrara—Leave Genoa—Nice—Toulon—French Coast—Breakfast—Harbour of Marseilles—Conclusion.



## CHAPTER X.

WE set sail for Genoa ; but my equanimity was very much disturbed, as well as G.'s for me, by my cabin being again taken possession of by some one else. After a great deal of difficulty, however, the captain gave me a single one upon deck, and G. slept below.

*September 15th.* — By day-break this morning we were at anchor in the magnificent harbour of Genoa la Superba. But, instead of being allowed to enjoy the lovely panorama that awaited us upon deck, we were hurried there before we were dressed, to be counted over, one by one, like a flock of sheep, for the satisfaction of the police and the board of health. Unfortunately, there was, through some neglect of the captain, a

supernumerary sailor, and we were detained at least three hours, before his presence could be accounted for, and we allowed to land. But Genoa is a proverbial point of delay for the passengers of steam-packets.

This lovely bay, bordered with its amphitheatre of palaces, is certainly enchanting. The light-house stands picturesquely upon a rocky promontory, sweeping far into the sea upon the right side of the gulf, while the opposite or eastern shore is strongly fortified with walls and bastions. In this direction stretches the major portion of the majestic city, crowned by the Apennines. The most prominent feature at the bottom of the bay is the palace of the Doria family, with its terraced gardens, running down to the very water's edge, and then rising behind the mansion up the face of the mountain. In this spot is erected a colossal statue of the great Andrea Doria in the character of Neptune ; it is conspicuous from every part of the harbour, and commands an uninterrupted view of this once proud mistress of the sea, the rival of

Venice, and the emporium of commerce ; but which now, like the cold inanimate statue of her great patriot, remains but as a memento of former power and greatness. The broad and polished mirror of her waters no longer displays the unconquered fleet of the proud republic, no gilded barges or waving banners throw their shadows across it, and their place is poorly occupied by a forest of fishing-boats and a few merchant-vessels from other shores, with here and there a solitary man-of-war.

At length we received permission to leave the ship ; but even then, far from being allowed to go our own ways, we were conducted in boats to a dirty, miserable-looking police-office, and, ascending a steep narrow staircase, were all thrust into a little room, that might have vied, I should think, with the Blackhole at Calcutta. Here we were obliged to remain until it pleased the authorities to examine our passports ; this was at length done in an adjoining room, each person presenting themselves separately.

As soon as we were released, we crossed



over into the town, to see all that we could in the short time left us. We commenced our peregrinations on foot, for we could not procure a carriage at the wharf. In our way to the Strada Nuova, where we were told we should find one, we visited the Church of St. Ciro, magnificently adorned with marbles and frescoes. It is one of the most ancient churches in Genoa, and was formerly the cathedral, which it surpasses in beauty, although not in size. I never saw any edifice more richly ornamented, and in the subdued light which pervaded it, it appeared as if composed of gems.

With the exception of the three principal ones, the streets of Genoa are proverbial for their narrowness and the height of the buildings that line them. Being just come from Cairo, this peculiarity did not strike us so much as it would, had we not seen the bird-cage attics of the Egyptian capital. All the buildings, with few exceptions, are of the most massive description, and cased with marble. Even the posts to admit the ingress and egress of passengers from the

lane by which we entered the principal street were composed of verd-antique.

Having engaged a carriage, we proceeded down the Strada Nuova to the Palazzo Brignole. This, as well as the Strada Balbi, is completely lined with sumptuous marble palaces, the exterior of many of them are painted in fresco, and several of the cornices of the buildings elaborately carved ; indeed, every step one takes reminds one of the former riches and magnificence of this beautiful city. The Brignole collection of paintings, as well as all those we subsequently visited, were at the top of the several palazzos, and could only be reached by toiling up flight after flight of steep stairs. The apartments were floored with inlaid marbles of different colours, and the ceilings richly painted and gilded. I particularly admired an exquisite group of Rubens and his family, by himself, and several superb Vandycks.

In our way to the Palazzo Serra we were stopped by a large body of passing troops, the first specimen we had seen of the Sardinian army ; they were fine-looking men and

well appointed. The only thing worth seeing in this palace is the celebrated "Salle d'Or;" which is perfectly dazzling, being one mass of superb gilding upon marble. The apartment is a large square, very lofty, and surrounded by pilasters. The money expended in the construction of this saloon alone is said to have been enormous. It is ornamented with four much-admired gold time-pieces. In an adjoining room, we were shewn an ill-executed portrait of the present Marchioness.

We next visited the Church of the Jesuits. The interior is gorgeous in the extreme, but the exterior extremely plain. There is a curious representation in one of the side aisles, of a saint preaching from a pulpit, with a Jesuit peeping from behind him; the whole looks like life itself. The illusion is produced by the painting being in relief.

We paused in the Court of the Palazzo Ducale, to listen to the splendid military band performing at the moment we arrived. This was, in the proud days of the Republic, the residence of the Doges; but fire and revolu-

tion have conspired to sweep away almost every memorial of them. In the large council room, noble in point of size, and still supported by costly columns of Brocatello, are a motley assemblage of statues, with plaster heads and stuffed linen draperies, placed there in lieu of those destroyed in the revolution; they were originally statues of persons who had performed any eminent public service. The two celebrated paintings by Solimene were also destroyed; but there are copies of them in the little council chamber. One represents the landing of Columbus in America—Genoa being the native city of the discoverer of the new world.

Only one tower of the cathedral is finished. The façade is in mosaic, of black and white marble, which has a gloomy effect, giving one the idea of the church being in half-mourning. The interior is very finely proportioned; but, unlike most of the other religious edifices in Genoa, the roof is simply white-washed, excepting in the choir and two of the principal chapels, and these are very finely painted. The stalls are of mosaic in wood, like those we admired so much in



the cathedral at Pisa. We remarked eight pillars of alabaster. This temple is dedicated to St. Lorenzo.

The next and last church we had time to view was that attached to the Convent of St. Francesco. It was under repair, but vied with all the others in richness. The gilding in the choir had just been renewed, and was perfectly dazzling; there was a row of gilt columns painted in basso-relievo, round the top, that stood out with such an appearance of solidity we could scarcely believe they were not so, until a priest came out of a small door in the gallery and stood beside them. When the painting and gilding in the aisles are renewed, the effect will be gorgeous. There was a fine-toned organ playing while we were there.

The Palazzo Durazzo contains one of the finest collections of pictures in the city; there are several splendid Guidos and Titians. The grand drawing-room, a superb apartment, is devoted to paintings representing the history of Achilles, executed in oil by different artists; and the ceiling, taken from the same subject, is painted in fresco by



Boni. In the room beyond this were three pictures by Vandyck, that pleased me more than any : one, a boy in the costume of Tobias ; another, a boy decked in white ; and the third, a group of children with a dog. This is a very splendid palace.

The Royal Palazzo was the last we explored. The entrance to it is very pretty, through an archway, affording a lovely vista of the pleasure-grounds, and the whole bounded by the bay. There is nothing particularly striking in the numerous apartments of the palace ; they are all handsomely furnished, but none of them by any means spacious for a royal residence. The gallery is a handsome room, lined with mirrors. The only picture that particularly struck me was a small but magnificent painting of the Crucifixion, by Vandyck ; it was in a room adjoining the king's bed-room. In his study was a fine Rubens.

The private apartment of his Sardinian majesty is furnished with a small pavilion, which, like that formerly in the Coliseum in London, ascends and descends, by means of

machinery, from the top to the bottom of the palace. We walked upon the beautiful terrace, from whence the view is superb.

We were glad to find ourselves again in the carriage, and determined to devote the remainder of our time to driving through the town and round the ramparts. The small piazza, containing the post-office, university, and the theatre, is very handsome. The promenades and public gardens above the city appear delightful, and are laid out in covered walks and drives of great extent. The view from hence is magnificent, extending over the outer bay and the surrounding country, dotted with villages and villas; amongst the latter is the one inhabited by Lord Byron before he sailed for Greece.

Although but slightly wooded, the hills in the immediate neighbourhood are picturesque, and the blue Apennines are seen in the distance. Not far from the walls, a large building was pointed out to us as the lunatic asylum.

The costume of the Genoese women is particularly elegant, consisting of a voluminous

mantle of clear white muslin, often trimmed with lace, covering the head and a great portion of the figure.

I was anxious, before leaving Genoa, to visit its far-famed velvet manufactories; accordingly we drove to one of the principal. Unlike the dark, gloomy-looking buildings situated in some close and narrow street, proclaiming the manufacturing districts of the generality of cities, this was a fine airy structure, built upon the ramparts of the town, commanding a view of the sea and surrounding country; and the effect of the free circulation of pure air was plainly visible in the ruddy cheeks and cheerful, happy appearance of the work-people, who were assembled at their looms in a large, lofty apartment, with open windows reaching from the ceiling to the floor. It was very interesting to watch the process of making the velvet. We selected the loom of a pretty young Genoese girl, who was engaged upon a length of the richest quality, of deep crimson. She slackened her work that we might observe the method of throwing in the shuttle, and afterwards of cutting the

nap, composed of the finest silk, and a much more brilliant colour than that which constituted the foundation. After having seen it made, and the time and care required, I no longer wonder at the enormous price demanded for Genoa velvet.

Having learned all we could from our pretty instructress, whose tongue was at least as busy as her fingers, we turned to several other looms, each equally attractive. Brocaded satin for furniture, and silk handkerchiefs, were manufacturing in the same room. In an adjoining apartment were several women and children busily employed in winding the silk.

On our return to the quay, we stopped at a restaurant, and were regaled with some of the delicious dish called Genoese soup, a very different thing from any we had tasted before, and highly to be recommended.

Upon reaching the ship, the first person we met was our Egyptian friend, the Doctor F. He appeared in great trepidation, and told me he was very anxious to be safe off, as he had been very nearly taken into custody.



I now learned, for the first time, that he was a native of Piedmont, and had, about twenty years ago, been one of the chief conspirators in a revolutionary *émeute* which had miscarried. He succeeded in escaping to Egypt, where, as we have seen, he settled, and had never since attempted to set foot in his native country. But to-day, the sight of its beautiful shores gave him an irresistible desire to land with his children; accordingly, thinking his name would not be remembered, he accompanied the other passengers to the police-office; but while waiting with the rest for his passport to be returned, he saw it was laid separate from the others, and perceived the police-officers looked anxiously at him. The stake was too great to be trifled with, as all his confederates were immured in dungeons for life, having been so during the last twenty years; and, were he to be discovered, he felt his fate would be the same. Seizing his children, therefore, by the hand, he rushed from the office, and did not breathe freely until he found himself safe on board the Neapolitan steamer, and sailing out of the harbour.



The evening was lovely; we were under way again about five o'clock, and the view of the bay and city, as we receded from them, was beautiful in the extreme. We sat upon deck watching the bold outline of the Corniche, with now and then a peep at the distant Alps, covered with snow, until it was too dark to distinguish any thing.

*September 16th.*—We had passed Nice before I left my cabin, whence G. came to summon me to look at the number of ships of different descriptions, and from various countries, that were sailing into the harbour of Toulon.

The aspect of the shore was completely changed since yesterday; instead of the sunny, smiling hills of Italy, nothing met the view but abrupt, iron-bound rocks, affording nutriment to only a few stunted fir-trees.

Breakfast was spread upon deck, and before it was finished we were steering between the rocky islands in the vicinity of Marseilles; they might really have vied in arid bleakness with those in the Red Sea. Suddenly the ship turned to the right, and we

were steaming rapidly through a wide bay, skirted on the further side by the level, open country so peculiar to France. Again we made a sharp turn, and found ourselves in the narrow entrance of the harbour of Marseilles, that runs up like a broad river almost into the heart of the town, and there remains stagnant. Crowds of shipping were to be seen on all sides, and steamers in profusion; men-of-war and merchant-men were collected in scores, all proclaiming one of the greatest maritime ports in the Mediterranean. But the dirt of the muddy waters, and the effluvia they emitted as we cut through them, were perfectly disgusting, and must render the place exceedingly unhealthy.

As is usually the case, we were detained a considerable time by the tiresome police regulations.

Not finding my father here, as we expected, we engaged a small apartment at the Hôtel de Nouailles, resolving to await answers to our letters from England. And here I shall conclude my journal of our overland passage, in which I have endea-

voured to record the many and varied scenes that flitted before our eyes. Their recollection, and the feelings with which we viewed them, can never be effaced from my mind; and although much of sorrow was mixed up with their occurrence, I trust that none but pleasurable impressions will remain.

THE END.



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